

To Prevent y^e Fly Destroying
Turnips &c Page 41

Miscellaneous Pieces.

CONSISTING OF

SELECT POETRY,

AND

METHODS

OF

IMPROVEMENT

IN

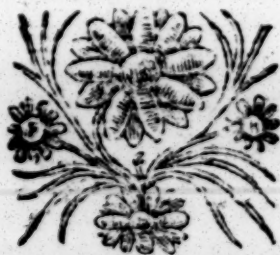
Husbandry, Gardening,

AND

Various other Subjects, useful to

FAMILIES.

The FOURTH EDITION.



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MDCCCLII.





Miscellaneous Pieces.

A DIALOGUE between the Soul, Riches, Fame, and Pleasure.

Riches.



Eluded Mortal, turn and view my Store,
While all my glitt'ring Treasures I explore.
The Gold of both the *Indian* Worlds is mine,
And Gems that in the *Eastern* Quarries shine.
For me advent'rous Men attempt the Main,
And all the Fury of its Waves sustain,
For me all Toils and Hazards they disdain.
For me their Country's sold, their Faith betray'd,
The Voice of Interest ne'er was disobey'd.

Soul.

Yet I thy tempting Offers can despise,
Nor lose a Wish on such a worthless Prize.
When yonder sparkling Stars attract my Sight,
Thy Gold, thy boasted Gems lose all their Light.
My daring Thoughts above these Trifles rise,
And aim at glorious Kingdoms in the Skies.
I there expect celestial Diadems,
Out-shining all thy counterfeited Gems.

A

Fame

*Miscellaneous Pieces.**Fame.*

'Tis nothing strange that thy ambitious Mind
 In fordid Wealth should no Temptation find.
 But I have Terms which thy Acceptance claim,
 Heroick Glory, and a mighty Name.
 To these the greatest Souls on Earth aspire,
 Souls most endow'd with the celestial Fire;
 Whom neither Wealth nor Beauty can inflame;
 These hazard all for an illustrious Name.

Soul.

And yet thou art a mere fantastic Thing,
 Which can no solid Satisfaction bring.
 Should I in costly Monuments survive,
 And, after Death, in Men's Applauses live,
 What Profit were their vain Applause to me,
 If doom'd below to endless Infamy?
 Sunk in Reproach, and everlasting Shame
 With God, and Angels, where's my promis'd Fame?
 But if their Approbation I obtain,
 And deathless Wreaths, and heavenly Glories gain,
 I may the World's false Pageantry disdain. }

Pleasure.

But where the Baits of Wealth and Honour fail,
 Th' enchanting Voice of Pleasure may prevail:
 The lewd and virtuous both my Vassals prove;
 No Breast so guarded but my Charms can move.
 All that delights Mankind, attends on me,
 Beauty, and Youth, and Love, and Harmony.
 I wing the smiling Hours, and gild the Day,
 My Paths are smooth, and flow'ry all my Way.

Soul.

But ah! these Paths to black Perdition tend,
 There soon thy soft deluding Visions end.

Those

Miscellaneous Pieces.

5

Those smooth, those flow'ry Ways lead down to Hell,
Where all thy Slaves in endless Night must dwell.
The Road of Virtue far more rugged is,
But O! it leads to everlasting Bliss.
And all beyond the thorny Passage lies
The Realm of Light discover'd to mine Eyes;
Gay Bowers, and Streams of Joy, and lightsome Fields,
With happy Shades, the beauteous Prospect yields;
Those blissful Regions I shall shortly gain,
Where Peace, and Love, and endless Pleasures reign.

The *Drone* and the *Spider*. A FABLE.

In Imitation of Mr. GAY,

AS, banish'd from th' industrious Hive,
A *Drone*, despairing now to live,
Travers'd with mournful Hum the Air,
He fell into a *Spider*'s Snare.
In Hopes to break the slender Chain,
His Wings he shook, but shook in vain:
The more he strove, entangled more,
He gave the fruitless Labour o'er.

Ah, most unhappy *Drone*, he cry'd;
The Means of Life were first deny'd;
The cruel Honey-making Weal
Drove me all helpless from the Cell:
And now, of Liberty bereft,
I'm to a *Spider*'s Mercy left!
But all must die, or soon or late;-----
With *Patience* I submit to Fate.

The *Spider* lurk'd unheeded by,
And heard the sad Soliloquy;
Then rushing on his Captive, said;
Shall abject Cowards *Patience* plead?
Had that firm Virtue steel'd your Breast,
With Freedom you had yet been blest;

Where

Where Industry Preferment meets,
 Had shar'd the Toil, and shar'd the Sweets.
 Observe this Web-----What happy Art
 The Fabrick shews in ev'ry Part !
 View well the Texture and Design ;
 What Silk was ever half so fine !
 With what Exactness too decrease
 The Circles regularly less !
 Thro' each the parting Rays extend,
 And all the curious Frame suspend.
 This common Centre is my Throne :
 The Mechanism all my own :
 Myself from out these Bowels drew
 The subtle Film, and spun the Clue.
 How diff'rent is your Case and mine !
 Despis'd, exploded, you repine ;
 While I, disdaining to depend,
 Find in myself a real Friend.

He spoke, the *Drone*, his lawful Prize,
 Unfit to live, unpity'd dies.

The M E D I T A T I O N.

I.

IT must be done (my Soul) but 'tis a strange,
 A dismal and *mysterious* Change,
 When thou shalt leave this *Tenement* of Clay,
 And to an *unknown* *somewhere* wing away ;
 When *Time* shall be *Eternity*, and thou (how.
 Shalt *be* thou know'st not *what*, and live thou know'st not

II.

Amazing State, no Wonder that we dread
 To *think* of *Death*, or *view* the *Dead*.
 Thou'rt all wrapt up in Clouds, as if to thee
 Our very *Knowledge* had *Antipathy*.
 Death could not a more *sad* Retinue find,
Sickness and *Pain* before, and *Darkness* all behind.

III.

Some courteous Ghost tell this *great Secrecy*,
 What 'tis you *are*, and we *must* be.
 You warn us of *approaching* Death, and why
 May we not know from you what 'tis to *die* ?
 But you, having *shot* the Gulph, delight to see
 Succeeding Souls *plunge* in with *like Uncertainty*.

IV.

When Life's close Knot by *Writ* from Destiny,
Disease shall cut, or *Age* untie ;
 When after some *Delays*, some *dying* Strife,
 The Soul stands *shivering* on the *Ridge* of Life ;
 With what a *dreadful Curiosity*
 Does she *launch* out into the Sea of vast *Eternity* !

V.

So when the spacious Globe was delug'd o'er,
 And *lower* Holds could save no more,
 On th' *utmost* Bough th' astonish'd Sinners stood,
 And view'd th' *Advances* of th' *encroaching* Flood.
 O'ertopp'd at length by th' Element's Increase,
 With *Horror* they resign'd to the *untry'd Abyss*.



Hints towards the Improvement of *Trees*, *Fruits*, and *Flowers*.

I. To make Gilliflowers double, and of several Colours.

THE great Mr. Ray, so celebrated for his Knowledge in Plants, mentions the following Method of doing it, and seems to highly value it. He had some white Gilliflowers, which in the Spring bore all of them single Flowers. He transplanted them in Autumn, and in the Spring following, kept them from blowing.
 In

In the Summer they produced double Flowers; which proving all to be white, he took the following Method to have some of different Colours. He sow'd some of the Seed in a very succulent Earth, which he had caused to be dry'd in the Sun, and then sifted through a Sieve. Every Morning and Evening he water'd it with Water of several Colours. On some of the Seeds he poured yellow Water, on others blue; here red, there green, &c. He continued to water them for three Weeks; and every Evening took the Pots into the House, that the Dew of the Night might not dilute and weaken the Colours, with which he had tinctured the Water. It succeeded according to his Desire. The Sprouts of the Seed impregnated themselves with the Colours he had made use of; and the Plants bore Gilliflowers of beautiful Colours. Some were of a Saffron Colour, some White, some Purple, some variegated with divers Colours, &c. *Ray's Hist. of Plants, Book 1. Chap. 20.*

The Colours you use to tincture the Water, must be taken from Vegetables; for those that come from Minerals are too corrosive, and will kill the Plants.

This Secret may be practised on all Sorts of white Flowers. It is likely it will produce a wonderful Effect on white Lillies.

II. *To make a barren Tree bear Fruit.*

Open the Earth at the Foot of a Tree; cut the Ends of the great Roots? take off the Roots that are too long, and straggling, and all the little Roots that are near the Stem. Throw some good new Earth into the Hole, and cover the Roots with it exactly. Do this and the Tree will soon give Signs of its Vigour. *Philosoph. Transact. April. 1669.*

III. *The best Method to plant Trees.*

It has been observed, that when the Rain penetrates not to the very Roots of the Trees, and that we take not Care to supply that Want by Waterings, or by conveying some Stream thither, we soon see such Trees die away. Take Care,

Care, therefore, that the Water may reach the Ends of the Roots. To this End, plant not the Trees too deep, nor the Roots lower than the good Earth; but plant your Trees in such a Manner, that the Water and the Heat of the Sun may gently provoke the Roots to do their Duty. They cannot be too near the Surface of the Earth, were it not for the too great Heats and Droughts of Summer, which devour the Moisture of the Earth, and burn and dry up the Roots to death. *Philosoph. Transact. February, 1669.*

IV. *To render the Fruits of a Tree more delicious.*

The best Way is to bore a Hole in the Trunk of the Tree, near the Root, and to fill up the Hole with the Sap of the same Tree, in which you have first infused some sweet and odoriferous Matter. *Philosoph. Transact. February, 1668.*

V. *To have Grapes ripe in the Spring.*

Graft a Vine on a Cherry Tree; the Grapes which it produces, will be forward and ripe in the Season of Cherries. But the main Affair is to graft a Vine well on a Cherry Stock. The Way is this: We bore a Hole with an Augur in the Trunk of the Cherry Tree; in this Hole we graft the Vine Branch, and let it grow there till it has filled the Hole of the Augur, and is closely joined to the Cherry Tree. Then we cut off the Vine Branch from the Vine, after which it will draw all its Nourishment from the Cherry Tree, whose Sap will hasten the Formation and Maturity of the Grapes, which will be ripe two Months sooner than ordinary.

VI. *To make Cabbages pome the sooner.*

The Curious, when they transplant their Cabbages, put Sea Weed, with a Pinch of Nitre, under each Root: This makes them thrive and pome to Admiration.

They who observe the same Method, when they remove their Lettuce or their Succory, have Cabbage Lettuce as

big as one's Head, and Succory of a monstrous Size. Even the Taste of them is more delicious.

VII. *To have Strawberries earlier than usual.*

Water the Strawberries every three Days with Water, in which some Horse-Dung has been steeped. We mend the Ground, says Lord *Bacon*, with Dung: All the World knows this; but 'twere well they knew likewise how efficacious Water is, when it has been fatten'd and heated by Dung, to advance the Vegetation of Plants, and the Maturity of Fruits. Lord *Bacon*, *Cent. 5. N. 403.*

VIII. *To have Roses very late.*

The Pleasure is as great to have backward Flowers, as to have them early; the Antients set a great Value on Roses that blew about the End of Autumn. The Weakness of the Sun in that Season, makes us believe we are not then to expect any Thing fine from Nature; nevertheless, there are several Ways to succeed in it. The following Experiments are attested by Lord *Bacon*.

If in the Spring you cut off the Branches that seem likely to bear Roses, the Shoots will produce some in the Month of *November*. The Reason is, because the Juice that would have been conveyed to the principal Branches, goes to the Shoots, hastens them, and makes them bear the Roses which Nature reserved for the following Spring. *Cent. 5. N. 403.*

If you pull off the Buds of Rose Bushes at the Time when they begin to unfold, you will see new Shoots spring out on the Sides, and these Shoots will blow very late. The Course of the nourishing Juice being suspended and turned aside, it takes another, and conveys itself to the Eyes and Buttons that were not to have come out till the Year following. *Cent. 5. N. 414.*

We cut off all the old Branches, and leave only those that are of the last Year, and which ought not to bear Roses till next. All the Aliment conveys itself to these young Branches, and makes them bear Flowers in Autumn, which
they

they should not have borne till the Spring following. *Cent.* 5. *N.* 415.

You need only uncover the Roots of the Rose Bush about *Christmas* for some Days. This hinders the Juice from mounting from the Root to the Top of the Plant; the Vegetation is retarded and interrupted. It begins afresh, as soon as you throw again the Earth upon the Roots, but the Leaves and Flowers come later. *Cent.* 5. *N.* 416.

Pull up a Rose Bush for some Weeks before the Buds appear. When you replant it, the Juice will be some Time e'er it retakes its Course through the Pores of the Roots, which retards the coming of the Flowers.

Plant a Rose Bush in a very shady Place, as under a Hedge. From thence two Things arrive: 1st. The Plant is not warmed by the Sun, whose Heat hastens the Motion of the Sap. 2d. The Hedge draws to itself most of the Juices of the Earth, and leaves but little to the Plants its Neighbours; and these two Causes joined together considerably retard the Vegetation of the Rose Bush, which must of Necessity yield Roses much later. *Cent.* 5. *N.* 420.

To this we will add with Lord *Bacon*, that all we have said of the Rose Bush, may be applied to other flow'ring Plants, &c.

IX. *Some Methods of making Corn Seed very fruitful.*

Take a Bushel of Corn, and put it in a large Copper Cauldron; pour upon it five Pails of Water. Let it boil over the Fire till the Corn be burst, and the Water impregnated with the essential Salt of the Seed. Strain this Water through a Linen Cloth, and that nothing may be lost, give the Corn to the Poultry. Put into a great Kettle three Pounds of Salt Petre, or of Nitre, which is the same Thing: Pour upon it the Water in which the Corn was boiled, and four Pails full of the Filth that soaks from a Dunghill. Boil all these together, the Salt Petre will melt.

Having done this, take a large Tub, and put in it the Quantity of Wheat, Rye, Barley, &c. that you intend to sow: Pour in your Liquor, which should be lukewarm,

and cover the Corn about four Inches above it, because it will soon swell. Cover it close, that it may retain the Heat the longer, and put the Salts in Motion. Leave your Corn thus four and twenty Hours, that it may imbibe these fructifying Salts, which will not fail to open, dilate, and unfold the numberless Sprouts that are contained in each Seed; for that is the main Thing to be done, in order to the Multiplication of any Plant that is raised from Seed.

Take out the Corn, let it dry a little in the Shade, and then sow it very thin, because a third Part less than usual will sufficiently feed the Ground. Put a little Straw, cut very small, among it, that you may sow it by Handfulls, without mistaking. They who live near the Sea, will do well to add to it one third of Sea Sand, which will make the Increase much greater.

The Water that remains will serve for the same Use; for it is good to the very last. When the Sap begins to mount, a Pint of this Water at the Foot of each young Tree, will make it do Wonders. Allow but as much to a Vine, it will repay you a hundred Fold in Fruits the next Vintage.



*The 139 Psalm paraphrased to the
14th Verse.*

I.

IN vain, great God, in vain I try
 T'escape thy quick all searching Eye.
 Thou with one *undivided* View
 Dost look the whole Creation through.
 The unshap'd *Embryo's* of my Mind,
 Not yet to Form or Likeness wrought,
 The tender Rudiments of Thought
 Thou see'st, before she can her own *Conception* find.

II.

II.

My private Walks to thee are known,
In *Solitude* I'm not alone ;
Thou round my Bed a Guard dost keep,
Thy Eyes are open, while mine sleep.
My softest Whispers reach thy Ear :
'Tis vain to fancy Secrecy ;
Which Way so e'er I turn, thou'rt there,
I am all round beset with thy *Immensify*.

III.

I can't wade through the Depth, I find,
It drowns and swallows up my Mind.
'Tis like thy immense Deity,
I cannot fathom that, or thee.
Where then shall I a Refuge find
From thy bright comprehensive Eye ?
Whither, O whither shall I fly,
What Place is not possess'd by thy all-filling Mind !

IV.

If to the heavenly Orbs I fly,
There is thy Seat of Majesty.
If down to Hell's Abyss I go,
There I am sure to meet thee too.
Should I with the swift Wings of Light
Seek some remote and unknown Land,
Thou soon would'st overtake my Flight.
And all my Motions rule with thy *long-reaching* Hand.

V.

Should I t' avoid thy piercing Sight,
Retire behind the Screen of Night,
Thou can'st with one cœlestial Ray
Dispel the Shades, and make it Day.
Nor need'st thou by such Mediums see,
The Force of thy clear radiant Sight,
Depends not on our grosser Light ;
On Light thou sitt'st *enthron'd*, 'tis ever Day with thee.

VI.

The *Springs* which Life and Motion give
Are thine, by thee I move and live,

My

My Frame has nothing hid from thee,
 Thou know'st my whole *Anatomy*.
 T' an Hymn of Praise I'll tune my Lyre ;
 How amazing is this Work of thine !
 With *Dread* I into myself retire,
 For tho' the *Metal's base*, the *Stamp* is all *Divine*.

The T U R K E Y *and the* A N T.

A F A B L E.

I N other Men we Faults can spy,
 And blame the Mote that dims their Eye,
 Each little Speck and Blemish find,
 To our own stronger Errors blind.

A Turkey, tir'd of common Food,
 Forsook the Barn and sought the Wood,
 Behind her ran her Infant Train,
 Collecting here and there a Grain.
 Draw near, my Birds, the Mother cries,
 This Hill delicious Fare supplies ;
 Behold, the busy *Negro* Race,
 See, Millions blacken all the Place !
 Fear not, like me with Freedom eat,
 An Ant is most delightful Meat.
 How blest, how envy'd were our Life,
 Could we but 'scape the Poult'rer's Knife !
 But Man, curst Man on Turkeys preys,
 And *Christmas* shortens all our Days ;
 Sometimes with Oisters we combine,
 Sometimes assist the fav'ry Chine.
 From the low Peasant to the Lord,
 The Turkey smokes on ev'ry Board.
 Sure Men for Gluttony are curst,
 Of the sev'n deadly Sins the worst.

An Ant, who climb'd beyond his Reach,
 Thus answer'd from the neighb'ring Beach,

E'er

E'er you remark another's Sin,
Bid thy own Conscience look within,
Controul thy more voracious Bill,
Nor for a Breakfast Nations kill.

On the Art of PRINTING.

HA I L sacred ART ! thou Gift of Heaven, design'd
T' impart the Charms of Wisdom to Mankind,
To call forth Learning from the Realms of Night,
And bid bright Knowledge rise to publick Sight.

T' immortal Labours of old *Greece* and *Rome*,
By Thee secur'd from Fate, shall ever bloom ;
To farthest Times their latest Charms display,
Nor worn with Age, nor subject to decay.

By thee subdu'd, no longer Ign'rance reigns,
Nor o'er the World her barb'rous Power maintains :
Fair Science re-assumes her antient Sway !
To her the Nations their glad Homage pay,

Blest be the Monarch who thy Worth can prize,
And, Spight of Superstition, dares be wise !
But doubly blest be He whose happy Thought
The rare Invention into Being brought !

Two Rival Artists this high Honour claim ;
(Noble the Strife, where the Reward is Fame)
Each, pleading Right, the glorious Prize demands,
In deep Suspence divided Judgment stands ;
On either Side their Forces take the Field,
But neither conquers, nor will either yield.

Then let them both the common Prize receive,
And FUST and COSTER's Names for ever live.

C O N T E N T M E N T.

FArewell aspiring Thoughts, no more
My Soul shall leave the peaceful Shore,
To sail Ambition's Main ;

Fallacious

Fallacious as the Harlot's Kiss,
 You promise me uncertain Bliss,
 And give me certain Pain.
 A beauteous Prospect first you shew,
 Which e'er survey'd you paint anew,
 And paint it wond'rous pleasant :
 This in a third is quickly lost ;
 Thus future Good we covet most,
 But ne'er enjoy the present.
 Deluded on from Scene to Scene,
 We never end, but still begin,
 By flatt'ring Hope betray'd.
 I'm weary of the painful Chace,
 Let others run the endless Race
 To catch a flying Shade.
 Let others boast their uselefs Wealth,
 Have I not Honesty and Health ?
 Which Riches cannot give :
 Let others to Preferment soar,
 And, changing Liberty for Pow'r,
 In golden Shackles live.
 'Tis Time, at length, I should be wise,
 'Tis Time to seek substantial Joys ;
 Joys out of Fortune's Pow'r :
 Wealth, Honours, Dignities, and Fame,
 Are Toys the blind capricious Dame
 Takes from us ev'ry Hour.
 Come, conscous Virtue, fill my Breast,
 And bring Content, thy Daughter, dress'd
 In ever-smiling Charms :
 Let sacred Friendship too attend ;
 A Friendship worthy of my Friend,
 Such as my LÆLIUS warms.
 With these I'll in my Bosom make
 A Bulwark Fortune cannot shake,
 Tho' all her Storms arise ;
 Look down and pity gilded Slaves,
 Despise Ambition's giddy Knaves,
 And wish the Fools were wise.

A Method

A Method of improving L A N D.

The whole Secret of Improvement consists in the right Use of Salts. *Salts* (says *Palissy*) is the principal Substance and Virtue of Dung. A Field may be sown every Year, if we restored to it by Stercoration, what we take from it in the Harvest; and there is no Doubt but we might draw from our Ground an immense Profit, provided we assisted Nature by Art: So that if we can but find out the Means to impart to it an abundant Matter, proper for Germination and for Vegetation, we may be sure to reap a proportionably plenteous Crop.

Seeing all Improvement depends on Salts, the main Business is to get together a great Quantity at little Expence, that the Profit may be the greater. The Manner of which is thus:

1. Provide three very large Casks, and stave out the Heads of them; put in them almost whatever comes in your Way, as Bones of all Sorts of Animals, Feathers, Skins, Shreds of Leather, old Gloves, Shoes, Horns, Hoofs of Horses and other Beasts: In a Word, all Things that abound in Salt. Break the Bones, and cut all the rest in Pieces. In the first Cask put whatever will soonest infuse; that is to say, the softest Things; in the second, the Matters that are not so soft; and in the third, the hardest Substances. Then fill all three of them with Rain Water, if you can get it: River Water is good; the Water of Pools, Ponds, &c. comes in the next Degree. Let what is in the first Cask infuse four Days, fix what is in the second, and eight what is in the third.

After this Time of Infusion, separate the Water from the Substances, which you may throw away; but carefully preserve the Water.

2. Moreover, all the Plants that grow along the Woods, in the Plains, on the Mountains, in Valleys and in Gardens, ought to be gathered, together with their Flowers and their Seeds. These we burn to Ashes, from which we extract the Salts, by the Evaporation of the Humidity. The Bark of Oaks, being full of Salt, is also very good; and so is Rosemary, Lavender, Sage, Betony, Mint, St. John's Wort, Sun Flowers, &c. In the Evaporation the Salts get together

ther by Chryftallization, and it is eafy to pick them out. They muft be dry'd to preferve them.

3. Take as many Pounds of Salt Petre, or Nitre, as you have Acres of Land to fow : For each Acre, diffolve a Pound of Salt Petre in twelve Pints of Water that foaks from the Dunghill. When the Salt Petre is quite melted, throw in a little of thofe Salts of Plants, according to the Quantity you have of them. This Liquor is then called the *universal Matter*, becaufe Nitre is truly the univerfal Spirit of the Elementary World.

This is the main Point of the whole Secret of Improvement. We will for the future call the Water that is got ready in the Casks, *prepared Water* ; and the Water in which are the Salts extracted from Plants, and the Nitre, *universal Matter*.

Get ready your Corn, or other Seed, for two Acres at a Time, or what you can get fown in one Day or two.

For one Acre take twelve Pints of the *prepared Water*, and mix with it immediately the *universal Matter*, in which there ought to be a Pound of diffolved Nitre. The Veffel into which you put thefe Liquors, muft be large enough to contain the Corn which you defign for one Acre ; then ftrow in your Corn into thefe Liquors : Let it fall in gently, that you may take off with a Skimmer the Corn that fwims on the Water, which is not fit to fow. *Seeds which fink in Water are the beft, and will produce the moft : Thofe which swim, are unfit to multiply*, fays RAY, *Hift. Plant*, Lib. 1. Chap. 18. P. 34. There muft be two Inches of Water above the Seed ; and if you have not enough, fill it up with the beft Water you can get ; that of the Horfe-Pond is the moft proper.

Leave the Corn to foak for twelve Hours, and ftir it up and down every two : If by that Time the Seed does not fwell, let it lie together, till it begins to plump up confiderably. Then take it out, and put it in a Sack to drain. Leave it there fome Hours, that it may ferment and grow warm. Take Care not to lofe the Water that drains away, it being good to the laft Drop for all Sorts of Seeds and Corn.

Sow

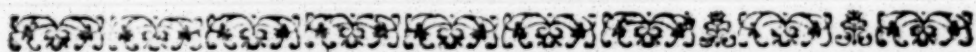
Sow this Corn while it is yet a little moist. One third less than usual will serve for an Acre: Nay, you may safely use but half as much, and mingle among it some Straw cut very small, that the Sower may take it up by Handfulls, and sow it in the ordinary Way, as we have said already.

Chuse the fairest, cleanest, plumpest, and heaviest Corn you can.

Fat and heavy Grounds ought to be ploughed early, before the Rains begin, which render the Earth yet more heavy. We sow this Sort of Soil as soon as it is plow'd, that the Seed, by the Magnetick Virtue with which it is impregnated, may attract the universal Spirit that is diffused in the Air. We ought, if we can, to beforehand with the great Rains; that when they fall, the Marriage of Heaven and Earth may be already consummated, by the Germination and by the Vegetation of our Corn that is deposited in the Womb of the Universal Mother of all Vegetable Productions. All Seeds should be sown in dry Weather, says Ray, Three or four Days after a great Rain. Hist. Plant. Lib. 1. Chap. 18. P. 34.

Quintinie makes the same Remark, nor can we have too much Regard to it; for according to this we ought to govern ourselves, to know what Method 'tis best to chuse to improve our Lands. The same Matter is not good alike in all Places; and they who observe not these Distinctions, are in Danger of finding ill Success, and will wrongfully blame the Secrets we impart to them. There are, says that eminent Gardener, two general Defects in Soils. The first is, to be too moist, which is commonly accompanied with too much Cold and Heaviness: The second is, to be too dry; and such Soils are over-light, and very apt to be scorched and parched up. Two different Remedies must be applied to these opposite Inconveniences. We see likewise, that of the Dungs we employ, some are fat and refreshing, as Cow Dung, and that of Oxen: Others are hot and light, as of Sheep and Pigeons. Now seeing the Remedy ought to be suited to the Disease, hot and light Dungs ought to be used in moist, cold, and heavy Earths, to render them

more light and friable. In like Manner the Dung of Oxen and Cows is most proper for lean, dry, and light Soils, to make them more fat and substantial ; and thereby to hinder the drying Winds of the Spring, and the extream Heats of the Summer, from parching them up too easily. Page 218. This, no Doubt, is arguing aright in the Affairs of Agriculture and Gardening ; which, by such Observations only, can be brought to Perfection.



A Night-Piece on D E A T H.

BY the blue Taper's trembling Light,
 No more I waste the wakeful Night,
 Intent with endless View to pore
 The Schoolmen and the Sages o'er :
 I'll seek a readier Path and go
 Where Wisdom's surely taught, *below*.

How deep yon Azure dyes the Sky !
 Where Orbs of Gold unnumber'd lie,
 While thro' their Ranks in Silver Pride
 The nether Crescent seems to glide.
 The slumb'ring Breeze forgets to breath,
 The Lake is smooth and clear beneath,
 Where once again the spangled Show,
 Descends to meet our Eyes below.
 The Grounds which on the Right aspire,
 In Dimness from the View retire :
 The Left presents a Place of Graves,
 Whose Wall the silent Water laves.
 That Steeple guides thy doubtful Sight
 Among the livid Gleams of Night,
 There pass with melancholy State,
 By all the solemn Heaps of Fate,
 And think, as softly sad you tread
 Above the venerable Dead,

Time

Miscellaneous Pieces.

21

*Time was, like thee they Life possést,
And Time shall be, that thou shalt rest.*

Those Graves with bending Osier bound,
That nameless heave the crumbled Ground,
Quick to the glaring Thought disclose
Where *Toil* and *Poverty* repose.

The flat smooth Stones that bear a Name,
The Chissel's slender Help to Fame,
(Which e'er our Sett of Friends decay
Their frequent Steps may wear away)
A *Middle Race* of Mortals own,
Men, half ambitious, all unknown.

The Marble Tombs that rise on high,
Whose Dead in vaulted Arches lie,
Whose Pillars swell with sculptur'd Stones,
Arms, Angels, Epitaphs and Bones,
These (all the poor Remains of State)
Adorn the *Rich*, or praise the *Great* ;
Who while on Earth in Fame they live,
Are senseless of the Fame they give.

Ha! while I gaze, pale *Cynthia* fades,
The bursting Earth unveils the Shades !
All flow, and wan, and wrapp'd with Shrouds,
They rise in visionary Clouds,
And all with sober Accent cry,
Think, Mortal, what it is to die.

Now from yon black and fun'ral Yew,
That bathes the Charnel-House with Dew,
Methinks I hear a *Voice* begin ;
(Ye Ravens, cease your croaking Din,
Ye tolling Clocks, no Time resound
O'er the long Lake and Midnight Ground)
It sends a Peal of hollow Groans,
Thus speaking from among the Bones,

When

Miscellaneous Pieces.

When Men my Scythe and Darts supply,
 How great a *King of Fears* am I !
 They view me like the last of Things :
 They make, and then they dread, my Stings.
 Fools ! if you less provok'd your Fears,
 No more my Spectre Form appears.
 Death's but a Path that must be trod,
 If Man wou'd ever pass to GOD :
 A Port of Calms, a State of Ease
 From the rough Rage of swelling Seas.

Why then thy flowing fable Stoles,
 Deep pendent Cypress, mourning Poles,
 Loose Scarfs to fall athwart thy Weeds,
 Long Palls, drawn Hearses, cover'd Steeds,
 And Plumes of black, that as they tread,
 Nod o'er the 'Scutcheons of the Dead ?

Nor can the parted Body know,
 Nor wants the Soul, these Forms of Woe :
 As Men who long in Prison dwell,
 With Lamps that glimmer round the Cell,
 Whene'er their suff'ring Years are run,
 Spring forth to greet the glitt'ring Sun :
 Such Joy, tho' far transcending Sense,
 Have pious Souls at parting hence.
 On Earth, and in the Body plac'd,
 A few, and evil Years they waste :
 But when their Chains are cast aside,
 See the glad Scene unfolding wide,
 Clap the glad Wing, and tow'r away,
 And mingle with the Blaze of Day.

O D E to W I S D O M.

By a L A D Y.

O *Wisdom* ! Queen of ev'ry Art,
 That glads the Sense, and mends the Heart,
 Bleft

Miscellaneous Pieces.

23

Blest Source of purer Joys :
In every Form of Beauty bright,
That captivates the mental Sight
With Pleasure and Surprise :

At thy unspotted Shrine I bow :
Attend thy modest Suppliant's Vow,
That breathes no wild Desires :
But taught by thy unerring Rules,
To shun the fruitless Wish of Fools,
To nobler Views aspires.

Not *Fortune's* Gem, *Ambition's* Plume,
Nor *Beauty's* fading Bloom,
Be Objects of my Pray'r :
Let *Aw'rice*, *Vanity*, and *Pride*,
Those envy'd glitt'ring Toys divide,
The dull Rewards of Care.

To me thy better Gifts impart,
Each moral Beauty of the Heart,
By studious Thoughts refin'd ;
For *Wealth*, the Smiles of glad Content,
For *Pow'r*, it's amplest, best Extent,
An Empire o'er the Mind.

When *Fortune* drops her gay Parade,
When *Pleasure's* transient Roses fade,
And wither in the Tomb ;
Unchang'd is thy immortal Prize,
Thy ever verdant Laurels rise
In undecaying Bloom.

By thee protected, I defy
The Coxcomb's Sneer, the stupid Lye
Of Ignorance and Spite :
Alike condemn the leaden Fool,
And all the pointed Ridicule
Of undiscerning Wit.

Thy

Thy Breath inspires the *Poet's* Song,
The *Patriot's* free, unbias'd Tongue,
The *Hero's* gen'rous Strife ;
Thine are Retirement's silent Joys,
And all the sweet engaging Ties
Of still, Domestick Life.

No more to fabled Names confin'd,
To the supreme all-perfect Mind
My Thoughts direct their Flight :
Wisdom's thy Gift, and all her Force
From thee deriv'd, eternal Source
Of intellectual Light.

O send her sure, her steady Ray,
To regulate my doubtful Way
Thro' Life's perplexing Road :
The Mists of Error to controul,
And thro' its Gloom direct my Soul
To Happiness and Good.

Beneath her clear discerning Eye
The visionary Shadows fly
Of Folly's painted Show :
She sees thro' ev'ry fair Disguise,
That all but *Virtue's* solid Joys
Are Vanity and Woe.



An H Y M N. In three Parts.

P A R T I.

GOD of my Health, whose tender Care
First gave me Pow'r to move,
How shall my thankful Heart declare
The Wonders of thy Love?
While void of Thought and Sense I lay,
Dust of my Parent Earth,
Thy Breath inform'd the sleeping Clay,
And call'd me to the Birth.

From thee the Parts their Fashion took,
And, e'er my Life begun,
Within the Volume of thy Book
Were written one by one.
Thy Eye beheld in open View
The yet unfinish'd Plan ;
The shadowy Lines thy Pencil drew,
And form'd the future Man.

O ! may this Frame, which rising grew
Beneath thy plastic Hands,
Be studious ever to pursue
Whate'er thy Will commands.
The Soul which moves this earthly Load,
Thy Semblance let it bear,
Nor lose the Traces of the GOD
Who stamp'd his Image there.

P A R T II.

Thou, who within this Earthly Shrine
Hast pour'd thy quick'ning Ray,
Oh ! let thy Influence on me shine,
And purge each Mist away.

Miscellaneous Pieces.

With curious Search let others ask
Through Nature's Depth to see ;
Oh ! teach my Soul the better Task,
To know itself and thee.

Teach me to know how weak the Mind,
That yields to erring Pride ;
And make my doubting Reason find
Thy Word its safest Guide.
Let me not, lost in Learning's Maze,
Religion's Flame resign :
For what's the Worth of Human Praise,
Compar'd, my God, to thine ?

Keep in my Soul the strong Delight,
The Hopes that in me rise,
While Faith presents before my Sight
The Bliss that never dies.
Oh ! be those Hopes my only Boast,
That Faith my whole Employ,
Till Faith in Knowledge shall be lost,
And Hope in fullest Joy.

P A R T III.

Where'er I turn my wakeful Thought,
Unnumber'd Foes I see ;
Guide of my Youth, forsake me not,
But lead me safe to thee.
As on I press, Distrust and Doubt
Diffusive step between ;
While Pleasures tempt me from without,
And Passions war within.

Yet fix'd on thee, I lose each Fear,
Each vain Assault I brave ;
I know thee, Lord, not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

Oh !

Oh cast my Errors from thy Sight,
And let them pass away,
Unheeded as a Watch by Night,
Or as a Cloud by Day.

So while, in secret Thought arraign'd,
O'er my past Life I go,
And mark how oft I urg'd thy Hand
To strike th' avenging Blow :
So oft shall my repeated Lays
My thankful Heart declare,
And joy to celebrate thy Praise,
Whose Mercy deign'd to spare.

The Cook-maid, the Turnspit, and the Ox.

A F A B L E.

To a POOR MAN.

CONsider Man in ev'ry Sphere ;
Then tell me, is your Lot severe ?
'Tis Murmur, Discontent, Distrust,
That makes you wretched. God is just.
I grant that Hunger must be fed,
That Toil too earns thy daily Bread.
What then ? thy Wants are seen and known ;
But ev'ry Mortal feels his own.
We're born a restless needy Crew :
Show me the happier Man than you.
Adam, though blest above his Kind,
For Want of social Woman pin'd :
Eve's Wants the subtle Serpent saw ;
Her fickle Taste transgress'd the Law :
Thus fell our Sire ; and their Disgrace
The Curse entail'd on human Race.

Miscellaneous Pieces.

When *Philip's* Son, by Glory led,
 Had o'er the Globe his Empire spread ;
 When Altars to his Name were drest,
 That he was Man his Tears confest.

The Hopes of Avarice are checkt ;
 The proud Man always wants Respect.
 What various Wants on Pow'r attend ?
 Ambition never gains it's End.
 Who hath not heard the Rich complain]
 Of Surfeits and corporeal Pain ?
 He, barr'd from ev'ry Use of Wealth,
 Envies the Plowman's Strength and Health :
 Another in a beauteous Wife
 Finds all the Miseries of Life !
 Domestick Jars and jealous Fear
 Embitter all his Days with Care.
 This wants an Heir ; the Line is lost :
 Why was that vain Entail engroft ?
 Canst thou discern another's Mind ?
 What is't you envy ? Envy's blind.
 Tell Envy, when she would annoy,
 That Thousands want what you enjoy.

The Dinner must be dish'd at one,
 Where's this vexatious Turnspit gone ?
 Unless the skulking Cur is caught,
 The Sir-loin's spoil'd and I'm in Fault.
 Thus said ; (for sure you'll think it fit
 That I the Cook-maid's Oaths omit)
 With all the Fury of a Cook,
 Her cooler Kitchen *Nan* forfook ;
 The Broomstick o'er her Head she waves,
 She sweats, she stamps, she puffs, she raves ;
 The sneaking Cur before her flies,
 She whistles, calls, fair Speech she tries,
 These nought avail ; her Choler burns,
 The Fist and Cudgel threat by turns.
 With hasty Stride she presses near,
 He slinks aloof, and howls with Fear.

Was ever Cur so curs'd, he cry'd,
What Star did at my Birth preside?
Am I for Life by Compact bound
To tread the Wheel's eternal Round?
Inglorious Task! of all our Race
No Slave is half so mean and base.
Had Fate a kinder Lot assign'd,
And form'd me of the Lap-Dog kind,
I then, in higher Life employ'd,
Had Indolence, and Ease enjoy'd,
And, like a Gentleman carest,
Had been the Lady's fav'rite Guest.
Or were I sprung from Spaniel Line,
Was his sagacious Nostril mine,
By me, their never erring Guide,
From Wood and Plain their Feasts supply'd,
Knights, Squires, attendant on my Pace,
Had shar'd the Pleasures of the Chace.
Endu'd with native Strength and Fire,
Why call'd I not the Lion Sire?
A Lion! such mean Views I scorn.
Why was I not of Woman born?
Who dares with Reason's Pow'r contend?
On Man we brutal Slaves depend;
To him all Creatures Tribute pay,
And Luxury employs his Day.

An Ox by Chance o'erheard his Moan,
And thus rebuk'd the lazy Drone.

Dare you at partial Fate repine?
How kind's your Lot compar'd with mine!
Decreed to Toil, the barb'rous Knife
Hath sever'd me from social Life;
Urg'd by the stimulating Goad,
I drag the cumbrous Waggon's Load;
'Tis mine to tame the stubborn Plain,
Break the stiff Soil and house the Grain;
Yet I without a Murmur bear
The various Labours of the Year,

But

But then consider that one Day,
 (Perhaps the Hour's not far away)
 You, by the Duties of your Post,
 Shall turn the Spit when I'm the Roast;
 And for Reward shall share the Feast,
 I mean shall pick my Bones at least.

'Till now, th' astonish'd Cur replies,
 I look'd on all with envious Eyes;
 How false we judge by what appears!
 All Creatures feel their sev'ral Cares.
 If thus yon mighty Beast complains,
 Perhaps Man knows superior Pains.
 Let Envy then no more torment.
 Think on the Ox and learn Content.
 Thus said, close following at her Heel,
 With chearful Heart he mounts the Wheel.



To plant a Wood at a small Expence, that will soon cast an agreeable Shade.

FOR this Purpose make Choice of the Trees that easily shoot out Roots; as Willows, Oziers, the Poplar, the Alder. Lay Branches of them their full Length in the Earth: At all their Knots there will come out Shoots, that will make as many Trees. *Lord Bacon's Cent. 5. 425.*

To make barren Trees bear Fruit.

There are some Trees charming to look on, which nevertheless bear no Fruit; the Reason whereof certainly is the too great abundance of Sap. These barren Trees must be pierced with an Awger in the Trunk, even to the Pith. Part of the Sap, as it mounts, turns aside and evacuates by this Aperture, which makes the Tree fruitful. *Cent. 5. n. 428.* This is a wholesome Way of bleeding.

To make the Seeds, Kernels, and Stones of Fruits come up speedily.

Take some Kernels of Apples, Pears, or Oranges, or some Stones of Peaches, Apricots, and Plums, and put them into the Onion, which we call *Squilla Marina*; or, if you will, into a large common Onion. Put them into good Earth, and be assured, that being excited by the Moisture and by the Heat of the Onion, they will sprout the sooner. This is, as it were, a Manner of grafting: The Graft derives its Nourishment from the Trunk on which it is grafted. This Experiment might be carried farther, and 'tis likely that if we put the Seeds of Onion into an Onion itself, the Seed will come up the sooner, and bear an Onion larger and better nourished. It is natural to imagine, that Seeds serv'd in this Manner, will find more Nourishment than in the bare Earth.

To have early Cucumbers.

We know by Experience, that if we cut close to the Ground the Stalks of Cucumbers, some Days after their Germination, and throw Earth upon them, the Plant will not appear till the Spring after, when it blossoms and yields much more Fruit than usual.

Lord Bacon is of Opinion, that the Reason why Annual Plants out-live not the Winter, but die at the End of Autumn, is because they have exhausted all their Juice in the Product of their Leaves and Fruits; and that by preventing this Diffipation, they would preserve themselves for the Year following, provided always that we protect them from the excessive Cold.

To give Flowers what Colour we please.

In Regard to Plants, whose Stem and Branches are strong, we pierce them to the very Pith, and work into the Aperture the Colours we would give the Flower, and then cover up the Hole with Cow Dung or with Clay, and the Flowers will have as many different Colours, as we put in Sorts.

It should be observed, that the Virtue or Impression of these borrowed Colours, will last but for that Year, and that
the

the Plant will leave these false Colours, to give the Flowers those that are natural to them. There are some who say it is good to water the Earth at the Foot of the Plant with the same Colours we put into the Aperture of the Stem.

By the same Method we may give to Flowers extraordinary Scents, by putting in Musk, &c.

The same Thing may be practised in Regard to Fruits; and we may imbibe them, if we will, with a medicinal purgative Power, or a sweet and sugary Quality, by insinuating into the Aperture, made in the Trunk or Branches, Treacle, Rhubarb, Sugar, Honey, or any other Thing, of which we desire the Fruits should have a Flavour.

But we must be very careful that what we put in, whether Colour, or odoriferous, or medicinal Drug, be not Mineral, because of its corrosive Quality, which would kill the Plant.

As for Colours, *Lake* is good, and all the Colours that are expressed out of macerated Flowers, as from Violets, &c.

In Regard to what we sow, if we steep the Seed in Sack, or in Wine mixed with Honey, in Milk, or even in Water, in which we have put Sugar, or any odoriferous Things, the Fruits will be much more delicate, and, as it were, all perfumed. This the Curious, and Men of good Palates, seldom fail to do in Regard to Melons.

To give Fruits what Figure we please.

Make a Mould of Clay, within which there must be the Figure you would give to an Apple, a Pear, or a Peach, Let the Mould be of two or three Pieces, as they are generally made to cast Figures in Wax; lay it before the Fire to harden a little; then put the Fruit, while 'tis yet small, into the Mould; and for fear it should open, bind it hard, and keep it close in this Manner, till the Fruit has fill'd all its Vacancy. Nothing is more pleasant, than to see after this an Apple, that represents very regularly, the Face, or the Head of an Animal.

But

The Virtue of Ashes in rendring Plants and Flowers larger and more beautiful.

To make a Plant grow to an extraordinary Size, water it sometimes with Lye, made with Ashes of the like Plants. 'Tis certain, that the Salts, that are in such a Lye, contribute very much to the abundantly supplying the Plants with what is requisite to their Vegetation; especially such as these Salts have any Analogy with, by their Configuration. For 'tis most certain, that the Salts taken from the Ashes of burnt Tulips, holding more Proportion with the disposition of the Parts which compose the Bulb, the Stem, the Leaves, and the Flower of the Tulip, are much more proper to make it grow to an extraordinary Size, than the Salts of Plants of another Kind.

This gives us occasion to take Notice by the way, that our Farmers burn indifferently Fern, Nettles, Juniper, Brambles, &c. to spread the Ashes on their Land, and think by so doing to increase its Fertility: The Question is, to know whether those Salts that are of a quite different Nature and Figure, from those of the Seeds with which we have sown our Field, can contribute to their Vegetation and Multiplication.

To render Fruits more delicious and earlier ripe.

'Tis said that to hasten the Maturity of Fruits, and to make them more agreeable to the Taste, we need only pierce the Trunk of the Tree, and thrust into the Hole a Peg, made of some Wood, whose Tree is of a hotter Quality. Such are the Turpentine Tree; the Mastick, Guaiacum, Juniper, &c. A Mulberry Tree becomes more fruitful by this Method; and the Mulberries excellently good, besides that their Pre-maturity is very desirable.

Nothing is more comfortable to Plants, than to water them with Water warm'd in the Sun; and in which has been put some Pigeons Dung, and Ashes of Plants of the same kind. *Ferrari Flora, lib. 4. cap. 3.*

Plant a Rose Tree at the end of *October*, in a Pot fill'd with good Earth, mix'd with a succulent and rotten Dung. Water it twice every Day with a little warm Water. In cold and frosty Weather take it in Doors, and never let it be abroad in the Night. Towards the Spring, when mild *Zephirus* returns with the Heat of the Sun, to court the Plants to put on their green Attire, you must water the Rose Tree with Water a little warmer: Do this, and you shall see with what Diligence the Roses will appear, to welcome in the first Days of the Spring.

Ferrari relates after *Porta*, that if a dextrous Hand inoculates a Rose Tree Bud upon an Apple-Stock, the Tree will bear at the same Time, about the end of *September*, the Flowers of the Spring, and the Fruits of Autumn.

This Secret is not extraordinary, but deserves to be known. To have Gilliflowers, Pinks, and Roses very late, we have only to bruise gently with our Fingers, the new-born Buds, or the Cups, that contain the Flower. The Plant must be watered very much during the Heats of the Summer. By this little Artifice we keep back in the Stem, the Moisture designed by Nature for the perfect Formation of the Flower; but it grows warm, and retakes its Motion, that it may produce other Flowers.

If we plant the Bulbs of Lillies very deep in the Earth, they will blow the later. Thus to have the Flowers the longer, we set some of the Bulbs three Inches in the Ground, some five, and others seven.

To give new Colours to Flowers.

There are particularly three Colours, that are rare in Flowers, and which the Curious are desirous to introduce among them. *Black*, whose lugubrious Hue is so proper to paint the Havock that Death makes in Families. *Green*, so delightful to the Eyes, and that nourishes and strengthens the Sight. *Blue*, that transmits to Earth the Colour of the Heavens.

We

We may make Flowers take these three sorts of Colours without much trouble : For Black, we make Use of the little Fruits that grow upon Alders, keeping them till they are very dry, and then reducing them to impalpable Powder : For Green, we take the Juice of Rue ; and, for Blue, the Blue-Bottles that grow amongst Corn. We dry them, and reduce them likewise to a very fine Powder, then use them as follows :

We take the Colour with which we would impregnate a Plant, and mingle it with Sheep's Dung, a little Vinegar, and a little Salt. The Colour must make up one third of the Composition. We lay this Matter, which ought to be of the Consistency of Paste, on the Root of a Plant, whose Flowers are white. We water it with some Water, a little tinged with the same Colour, and do nothing else to it but what is usual. Thus we have the Pleasure to see Pinks that were white, change to be as black as *Ethiops*. We do the like for the green and the blue.

To succeed the better, we prepare the Earth. We chuse one that is light and very fat, dry it in the Sun, reduce it into Powder, and then sift it. We fill a Pot with it, and set in the Middle a white Gilliflower ; for white is the only Colour that is tractable, and will take these Tinctures. No Rain nor nightly Dews must fall upon this Plant ; and in the Day it must be set in the Sun.

If we would have this white Flower cloath itself in regal Purple, we make Use of *Brasil* Wood, to make the Paste, and to tincture the Water for the Irrigations. By this Artifice we might have charming Lillies : By watering the Plant with three or four Colours, in as many different Places, we should have Lillies of several Colours, that would be beautiful to Admiration.

The Curious lay their Tulip Bulbs to macerate in prepared Liquors, whose Dyes they will then take. Some notch these Bulbs a little, and work in dry Colours into the little Notches.

The *Benedicite* ; or, The Song of the
three Children paraphras'd.

YE Works of God, on him alone,
In Earth his Footstool, Heaven his Throne,
Be all your Praise bestow'd ;
Whose Hand the beauteous Fabrick made,
Whose Eye the finish'd Work survey'd,
And saw that All was Good.

Ye Angels, that with loud Acclaim
Admiring view'd the new-born Frame,
And hail'd th' eternal King ;
Again proclaim your Maker's Praise,
Again your thankful Voices raise,
And touch the tuneful String.

Praise him, ye blest Ætherial Plains,
Where, in full Majesty, he deigns
To fix his awful Throne ;
Ye Waters, that above him roll,
From Orb to Orb, from Pole to Pole,
Oh !----make his Praises known !

Ye Thrones, Dominions, Virtues, Pow'rs,
Join ye your joyful Songs with ours,
With us your Voices raise ;
From Age to Age extend the Lay,
To Heaven's eternal Monarch pay
Hymns of eternal Praise.

Cælestial Orb !-----whose pow'rful Ray
Opes the glad Eyelids of the Day,
Whose Influence all Things own ;
Praise him, whose Courts effulgent shine
With Light, as far excelling thine,
As thine the paler Moon.

Ye glitt'ring Planets of the Sky,
Whose Lamps the absent Sun supply,
With him the Song pursue ;
And let himself submissive own,
He borrows from a brighter Sun,
The Light he lends to you.

Ye Show'rs, and Dews, whose Moisture shed,
Calls into Life the op'ning Seed,
To him your Praises yield ;
Whose Influence wakes the genial Birth,
Drops Fatness on the pregnant Earth,
And crowns the laughing Field.

Ye Winds, that oft' tempestuous sweep
The ruffled Surface of the Deep,
With us confess your God :
See, through the Heav'ns, the King of Kings,
Up-born on your expanded Wings,
Comes flying all abroad.

Ye Floods of Fire, where-e'er ye flow,
With just Submission humbly bow
To his superior Pow'r ;
Who stops the Tempest on its Way,
Or bids the flaming Deluge stray,
And gives it Strength to roar.

Ye Summer's Heat, and Winter's Cold,
By Turns in long Succession roll'd,
The drooping World to chear ;
Praise him who gave the Sun and Moon,
To lead the various Seasons on,
And guide the circling Year.

Ye Frosts, that bind the wat'ry Plain,
Ye silent Show'rs of fleecy Rain,
Pursue the heav'nly Theme ;
Praise him who sheds the driving Snow,
Forbids the harden'd Waves to flow,
And stops the rapid Stream.

Ye Days and Nights, that swiftly born,
 From Morn to Eve, from Eve to Morn,
 Alternate glide away ;
 Praise him, whose never-varying Light,
 Absent, adds Horror to the Night,
 But present gives the Day.

Light,----from whose Ray all Beauty springs,
 Darkness,----whose wide expanded Wings
 Involve the dusky Globe ;
 Praise him, who when the Heav'ns he spread,
 Darkness his thick Pavilion made,
 And Light his regal Robe.

Praise him, ye Light'nings, as ye fly,
 Wing'd with his Vengeance through the Sky,
 And red with Wrath divine ;
 Praise him, ye Clouds, that wand'ring stray,
 Or fix'd by him in close Array,
 Surround his awful Shrine.

Exalt, O Earth ! thy heav'nly King,
 Who bids the Plants, that form the Spring,
 With annual Verdure bloom ;
 Whose frequent Drops of kindly Rain,
 Prolifick swell the rip'ning Grain,
 And bless thy fertile Womb.

Ye Mountains, that ambitious rise,
 And heave your Summits to the Skies,
 Revere his awful Nod ;
 Think how you once affrighted fled,
 When *Jordan* sought his Fountain-Head,
 And own'd th' approaching God.

Ye Trees, that fill the rural Scene,
 Ye Flow'rs that o'er th' enamel'd Green
 In native Beauty reign,
 O ! praise the Ruler of the Skies,
 Whose Hand the genial Sap supplies,
 And clothes the smiling Plain.

Ye secret Springs, ye gentle Rills,
That murm'ring rise among the Hills,
Or fill the humble Vale ;
Praise him, at whose Almighty Nod
The rugged Rock dissolving flow'd,
And form'd a springing Well.

Praise him, ye Floods, and Seas profound,
Whose Waves the spacious Earth surround,
And roll from Shore to Shore ;
Aw'd by his Voice, ye Seas, subside,
Ye Floods, within your Channels glide,
And tremble and adore.

Ye Whales, that stir the boiling Deep,
Or in its dark Recesses sleep,
Remote from human Eye ;
Praise him, by whom ye all are fed,
Praise him, without whose heavenly Aid,
Ye languish, faint, and die.

Ye Birds, exalt your Maker's Name,
Begin, and with th' important Theme
Your artless Lays improve ;
Wake with your Songs the rising Day,
Let Musick sound on ev'ry Spray,
And fill the vocal Grove.

Praise him, ye Beasts, that nightly roam
Amid the solitary Gloom,
Th' expected Prey to seize ;
Ye Slaves of the laborious Plough,
Your stubborn Necks submissive bow,
And bend your weary'd Knees.

Ye Sons of Men, his Praise display,
Who stamp't his Image on your Clay,
And gave it Pow'r to move ;
Ye, that in *Judab's* Confines dwell,
From Age to Age successive tell
The Wonders of his Love.

Let

Ye

Let *Levi's* Tribe the Lay prolong,
'Till Angels listen to the Song,
And bend attentive down ;
Let Wonder seize the heav'nly Train,
Pleas'd, while they hear a mortal Strain,
So sweet, so like their own.

And you, your thankful Voices join,
That oft at *Salem's* sacred Shrine
Before his Altars kneel ;
Where thron'd in Majesty he dwells,
And from the mystic Cloud reveals
The Dictates of his Will.

Ye Spirits of the Just and Good,
That, eager for the blest Abode,
To heav'nly Mansions soar.
O! let your Songs his Praise display,
Till Heav'n itself shall melt away,
And Time shall be no more.

Praise him, ye meek and humble Train;
Ye Saints, whom his Decrees ordain
The boundless Bliss to share ;
O! Praise him, till ye take your Way
To Regions of eternal Day,
And reign for ever there,

Let us, who now impassive stand,
Aw'd by the Tyrant's stern Command,
Amid the fiery Blaze ;
While thus we triumph in the Flame,
Rise, and our Maker's Love proclaim,
In Hymns of endless Praise.



To give new Odours to Flowers,

The Method is almost the same to implant new Colours on Flowers, as to perfume them with an Odour that is not natural to them. We may begin to remedy the ill Smell of a Plant, even before its Birth, that is to say, when we sow it, if it comes from Seed. We steep some Sheep's Dung in Vinegar, and put to it a little Musk, Civet, or Amber-grease, in Powder. We lay the Seeds, or even the Bulbs, to macerate some Days in this Liquor. 'Tis known by Experience that the Flowers which come from them, will diffuse a most sweet and delicious Odour. If we would be sure not to fail, we must water the new-born Plants with the same Liquor in which we steep'd the Seeds.

Ferrari says, that a Friend of his undertook to take from the *African* Marygold its offensive Smell, and that he succeeded with a little Care. He steep'd the Seeds for two Days in Rose-water, in which he had infused a little Musk. He let them dry a little, and then sow'd them. The Flowers did not entirely lose their nauseous Smell: However, a Sweetness was found to breathe from amidst their natural Smell, which made that Defect be supported with some Pleasure. He sow'd the Seeds of these Plants, that were already a little mended, with the same Preparation as before, and they produced Flowers that might vie in Sweetness with Jessamins and Violets.

An Excellent Receipt for preventing the Fly's damaging the seedling Leaves of Turnips, Cabbages, Savoys, Cole, Weld, Flax, and many other Vegetables, for less than Six-pence an Acre Charge.

Mix one Ounce of Flour of Brimstone with three Pounds of Turnip-feed, daily, for three Days successively, in an earthen glazed Pot, and keep it covered close, stirring all together well at each fresh Addition, that the Seed may be the more tainted by the Sulphur; then sow it as usual on one Acre of Ground; and let the Weather come wet or dry, it will keep off the Fly till the third or fourth seedling Leaf is formed; and by this Time they will all be somewhat bitterish, and consequently very much out of the Danger of this little black flying Insect; which, in the Summer Time of the

Year, may be sometimes seen in Swarms on the Wing near the Ground, searching for, and settling on fresh Bites, till they ruin thousands of Acres in some Seasons, by lying and residing under the little Clots of Earth all Night, and doing their Mischief the Day following.

How to prepare Wheat Seed and sow it, as practised in Middlesex.

At Night the Farmer puts in a sufficient Quantity of clear Water into a large Tub, in which he had fixed a Tap and Tap-whips; in this he puts five Bushels of Wheat Seed for sowing two Acres of Ground, and immediately stirs and skims off the Seeds of Weeds and all light Kernels; then he directly draws off all the Water, and takes out the Wheat Seed. When this is done, he puts in another or fresh Parcel of clean Water into the Tub again, with a Pint of common Salt, and a Pottle of Stone Lime; which, with good stirring, will soon dissolve; then he puts in his five Bushels of Wheat Seed again, and, with a Stick, stirs about and well mixes the Wheat, Lime, and Liquor together, and in this Condition lets all remain till next Morning, when he draws off the watery Part, and lays the Wheat on a Heap on the Ground to drain, dry, and sow, when the Servants have breakfasted. If you find the Kernels have not Lime enough about them, you may sift on more, but they have this Way, generally a sufficient Quantity lodged on them: But to proceed, In order to get the Ground in a Readiness for Sowing it with Wheat, about the beginning of *October*, they fallow it up in *April*, and commonly by plowing two of their four Bout-lands into one; at the first Stirree-time, they plow this one Bout-land, and another such, into one Broad-land; at the second Stirree-time, they hack it athwart, and next harrow all plain: Then, at the fourth or last Plowing, they sprain and plow in their Wheat Seed in three or four Bout-lands, the Way the Drain lies, leaving two Water-thoroughs, by moulding up the Earth out of them to the Bout-lands, and little or no Seed in them; and thus it is that they lay up their wet Land high and dry, and leave at the same Time, a large Passage for Floods of Waters to run quickly off.

A Method

A Method practis'd by a certain Shepherd in the Vale of Aylesbury, by which he recovered and fatted many rotten Sheep.

This knowing Shepherd I am well acquainted with, and with his Practice of recovering and fattening Sheep that have taken the Rot, and were not too far gone with it. Such Sheep, though reduced to great Poverty in their Flesh, he kept in a Yard, and fed them under Cover, as Hogs when they are fattening commonly are; here these infected Sheep had Troughs before them, in which the Shepherd put kiln-dried split Pease, that he mixed with some Pollard, and sometimes with Bran, and always had a Rack of fine Hay by them, with a Trough of Water. The Meat was given them at several Times to prevent gluttony, and Water fresh accordingly; which, with littering them with Straw now and then, so well agreed with these Sheep that they soon recovered, by thus drying up the watery Quality of their Flesh and Entrails, and fattened well, for selling to the Butcher, at about two Months End. Some, instead of Pease, will kiln-dry Horse-beans, and give them split with Pollard or Bran. Others will give the Sheep whole Horse-beans, or whole Pease, with Bran, for feeding and fattening them in like Manner. But in Case such rotten Sheep are thus fed and confined under Cover only every Night, and turned out to graze every Morning, there is no Occasion to give them Water in a Trough, for that the Grass and Weeds they pick up abroad, will be sufficient to moisten their Bodies.

The POET and his PATRON,

A F A B L E.

WHY, Celia, is your spreading Waist
So loose, so negligently lac'd?
Why must the wrapping Bed Gown hide
Your snowy Bosom's swelling Pride?
How ill that Dress adorns your Head,
Distain'd, and rumpled from the Bed!

G 2

Those

Those Clouds, that shade your blooming Face,
 A little Water might displace,
 As Nature ev'ry Morn bestows
 The Crystal Dew, to cleanse the Rose.
 Those Tresses, as the Raven black,
 That wav'd in Ringlets down your Back,
 Uncomb'd, and injur'd by Neglect,
 Destroy the Face, which once they deck'd.

Whence this Forgetfulness of Dress?
 Pray, Madam, are you marry'd? Yes.
 Nay, then indeed the Wonder ceases,
 No Matter now how loose your Dress is;
 The End is won, your Fortune's made,
 Your Sister now may take the Trade.

Alas! what Pity 'tis to find
 This Fault in half the Female Kind!
 From hence proceed Aversion, Strife,
 And all that sours the wedded Life.
 Beauty can only point the Dart,
 'Tis Neatness guides it to the Heart;
 Let Neatness then, and Beauty strive
 To keep a wav'ring Flame alive.

'Tis harder far (you'll find it true)
 To keep the Conquest, than subdue;
 Admit us once behind the Screen,
 What is there farther to be seen?
 A newer Face may raise the Flame,
 But ev'ry Woman is the same

Then study chiefly to improve
 The Charm, that fix'd your Husband's Love.
 Weigh well his Humour. Was it Dress,
 That gave your Beauty Power to bless?
 Pursue it still; be neater seen;
 'Tis always frugal to be clean;
 So shall you keep alive Desire,
 And Time's swift Wing shall fan the Fire.

In Garret high (as Stories say)
 A Poet sung his tuneful Lay;

So soft, so smooth his Verse, you'd swear
Apollo, and the Muses there ;
Thro' all the Town his Praises rung,
His Sonnets at the Play house sung ;
High waving o'er his lab'ring Head,
The Goddesses Want her Pinions spread,
And with poetick Fury fir'd,
What Phœbus faintly had inspir'd.

A noble Youth, of Taste and Wit,
Approv'd the sprightly Things he writ,
And fought him in his Cobweb Dome,
Discharg'd his Rent, and brought him Home.

Behold him at the stately Board,
Who, but the Poet, and my Lord !
Each Day, deliciously he dines,
And greedy quaffs the gen'rous Wines ;
His Sides were plump, his Skin was sleek,
And Plenty wanton'd on his Cheek ;
Astonish'd at the Change so new,
Away th' inspiring Goddesses flew.

Now, dropt for Politicks, and News,
Neglected lay the drooping Muse ;
Unmindful whence his Fortune came,
He stifled the poetick Flame ;
Nor Tale, nor Sonnet, for my Lady,
Lampoon, nor Epigram was ready.

With just Contempt his Patron saw,
(Resolv'd his Bounty to withdraw)
And thus, with Anger in his Look,
The late-repenting Fool bespoke.

Blind to the Good that courts thee grown,
Whence has the Sun of Favour shone ?
Delighted with thy tuneful Art,
Esteem was growing in my Heart ;
But idly thou reject'st the Charm,
That gave it Birth, and kept it warm.

Unthinking Fools, alone despise
The Arts, that taught them first to rise.

PSALM

P S A L M CXLVI.

PREPARE the Voice, and tune the joyful Lyre,
 And let the glorious Theme my Soul inspire :
 To thee, my God, I sing ; thy mighty Name
 With heav'nly Rapture shall my Soul inflame.
 My tuneful Homage shall like Incense rise,
 And glad the Air, and reach th' approving Skies ;
 While Life and Breath remain, the sacred Song
 Shall fill my Breast, and dwell upon my Tongue.

As some fair Structure, whose firm Basis lies
 On Strength of Rock, and threat'ning Winds defies ;
 So stedfastly my Hopes on Heav'n are plac'd,
 Nor Earth, nor Hell, my Confidence can blast.
 Let others still for Human Help attend,
 And on the Flatt'ries of the Great depend ;
 Relentless Death shall mock their airy Trust,
 And lay their boasted Confidence in Dust.
 As the fantastick Visions of the Night,
 Before the op'ning Morning take their Flight ;
 So perish all the Boasts of Men, their Pride,
 And vain Designs, the laughing Skies deride.

But he alone securely guarded lives,
 To whom the mighty God Protection gives ;
 The mighty God, who made the stedfast Earth,
 And gave the Springs that swell the Ocean Birth ;
 Who form'd the Stars, and spread the circling Skies,
 And bade the Sun in all his Glory rise :
 No Breach of Faithfulness his Honour stains/
 With Day and Night his Word unchang'd remains :
 On Human Woes he looks with pitying Eyes,
 To help th' Oppress'd, and answer all their Cries ;
 The Orphan's soft Complaint, and Widow's Tears,
 Obtain Redress, and fix his list'ning Ears :
 His Throne from Changes stands for ever free,
 And his Dominion shall no Period see.

The

The A D V I C E.

I.

WHAT's forming in the Womb of Fate
Why art thou so concern'd to know?
Dost think 'twou'd be Advantage to thy State?
But wiser Heaven does not think it so.
With thy Content thou would'st this Knowledge buy,
No Part of Life thou'dst pleasant find
For dread of what thou see'st behind,
Thou would'st but taste of the inlightning Fruit and die.

II.

Well then has Heaven Events to come
Hid with the blackest Veil of Night;
But still in vain if we forestall our Doom,
And with Prophetick Fears ourselves affright:
Grand Folly! whether thus 'twill be or no,
We know not, and yet silly Man
Secures his Evils what he can,
And stabs himself with Grief, lest Fate should miss the blow.

III.

Be wise, and let it be thy Care
To manage well the present Hour;
Call home thy ranging Thoughts and fix them here:
This only mind, this only's in thy Pow'r.
The rest no settled, steady Course maintain,
Like Rivers, which now gently slide
Within their Bounds, now with full Tide
O'erflow, which Houses, Cattle, Trees resist in vain.

IV.

'Tis he that's Happy, he alone
Lives free and pleasant, that can say
With every Period of the setting Sun,
I've lived, and run my Race like him To-day.
To-morrow let the angry Heavens frown,
Or smile with Influence more kind,
On Chance depends what's yet behind,
But sure what I have seiz'd, already's all my own.

V. Fortune

V.

Fortune who no Diversion knows
 Like Disappointment, laughs to see
 How variously she can her Gifts transpose,
 Sometimes to one, sometimes t'another free.
 Be sure to enjoy her while she's pleas'd to stay:
 But if for Flight she does prepare,
 Don't you at parting drop a Tear,
 But hold your Virtue fast, for that alone you may.

The dying Christian to his SOUL.

An O D E.

By Mr. P O P E.

I

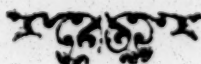
VITAL Spark of heav'nly Flame!
 Quit, oh quit this mortal Frame:
 Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
 Oh the Pain, the Bliss of dying!
 Cease, fond Nature, cease thy Strife,
 And let me languish into Life.

II.

Hark! they whisper; Angels say;
 Sister Spirit, come away.
 What is this absorbs me quite?
 Steals my Senses, shuts my Sight,
 Drowns my Spirits, draws my Breath?
 Tell me, my Soul, can this be Death?

III.

The World recedes; it disappears!
 Heav'n opens on my Eyes! my Ears
 With Sounds seraphic ring:
 Lend, lend your Wings! I mount! I fly!
 O Grave! where is thy Victory?
 O Death! where is thy Sting?



The RAVENS, *the* SEXTON, *and the*
EARTH-WORM.

A F A B L E

HOW weak, how vain is Human Pride !
Dares Man upon himself confide

The Wretch, who glories in his Gain,
Amasses Heaps on Heaps in vain.

Why lose we Life in anxious Cares
To lay in Hoards for future Years ?

Can those (when tortur'd by Disease)
Chear our sick Heart, or purchase Ease ?

Can those prolong one Gasp of Breath,
Or calm the troubled Hour of Death ?

What's Beauty ? Call ye that your own,
A Flow'r that fades as soon as blown ?

Those Eyes of so divine a Ray,
What are they ? mould'ring, Mortal Clay !

Those Features, cast in heav'nly Mould,
Shall, like my coarser Earth, grow old ;

Like common Grass, the fairest Flow'r
Must feel the hoary Season's Pow'r.

What's Man in all his Boast of Sway ?
Perhaps the Tyrant of a Day.

Alike the Laws of Life take Place
Through ev'ry Branch of Human Race ;

The Monarch of long regal Line
Was rais'd from Dust as frail as mine :

Can he pour Health into his Veins,
Or cool the Fever's restless Pains ?

Can he (worn down in Nature's Course)
New brace his feeble Nerves with Force ?

Can he (how vain is Mortal Pow'r !)
Stretch Life beyond the destin'd Hour ?

Consider, Man ; weigh well thy Frame ;
The King, the Beggar is the same.

Dust form'd us all. Each breathes his Day,
Then sinks into his native Clay.

Miscellaneous Pieces.

Beneath a venerable Yew
 That in the lonely Church-yard grew,
 Two Ravens fate. In solemn Croak
 Thus one his hungry Friend bespoke.
 Methinks I scent some rich repast ;
 The Savour strengthens with the Blast,
 Snuff then ; the promis'd Feast inhale,
 I taste the Carcase in the Gale.
 Near yonder Trees, the Farmer's Steed,
 From Toil and daily Drudg'ry freed,
 Hath groan'd his last. A dainty Treat !
 To Birds of Taste delicious Meat.

A Sexton, busy at his Trade,
 To hear their Chat suspends his Spade :
 Death struck him with no farther Thought,
 Than meerly as the Fees he brought.
 Was ever two such blund'ring Fowls,
 In Brains and Manners less than Owls !
 Blockheads, says he, learn more Respect,
 Know ye on whom ye thus reflect.
 In this same Grave (who does me Right,
 Must own the Work is strong and tight)
 The 'Squire that yon fair Hall possessest,
 To Night shall lay his Bones at Rest.
 Whence could the gross Mistake proceed ?
 The 'Squire was somewhat fat indeed.
 What then ? The meanest Bird of Prey
 Such Want of Sense could ne'er betray,
 For sure some Diff'rence must be found
 (Suppose the smelling Organ sound)
 In Carcases, (say what we can)
 Or where's the Dignity of Man ?

With due Respect to Human Race
 The Ravens undertook the Case.
 In such Similitude of Scent,
 Man ne'er could think Reflection meant.
 As Epicures extol a Treat,
 And seem their sav'ry Words to eat,

They

They prais'd dead Horfe, luxurious Food,
The Ven'son of the prescient Brood.

The Sexton's Indignation mov'd,
The mean Comparifon reprov'd ;
Their undifcerning Palate blam'd,
Which two-legg'd Carrion thus defam'd.

Reproachful Speech from either Side
The Want of Argument fupply'd.
They rail, revile : As often ends
The Conteft of difputing Friends.

Hold, fays the Fowl ; fince Human Pride
With Confutation ne'er comply'd,
Let's ftate the Cafe, and then refer
The knotty Point : For Taſte may err.

As thus he fpoke, from out the Mold
An Earth-worm, huge of Size, unroll'd
His monſtrous Length. They ſtrait agree
To chuſe him as their Referee.

So to th' Experience of his Jaws
Each ſtates the Merits of the Cauſe.

He paus'd, and with a ſolemn Tone
Thus made his ſage Opinion known.

On Carcaſes of ev'ry Kind
This Maw hath elegantly din'd ;
Provok'd by Luxury or Need,
On Beaſt or Fowl or Man I feed :
Such ſmall Diſtinction's in the Savour,
By Turns I chuſe the fancy'd Flavour ;
Yet I muſt own (that Human Beaſt)
A Glutton, is the rankeſt Feaſt.
Man, ceaſe this Boaſt ; for Human Pride
Hath various Tracts to range beſide.
The Prince who kept the World in Awe,
The Judge whoſe Dictate fix'd the Law,
The Rich, the Poor, the Great, the Small,
Are levell'd. Death confounds 'em all.
Then think not that we Reptiles ſhare
Such Cates, ſuch Elegance of Fare ;
The only true and real Good
Of Man was never Vermine's Food.

'Tis seated in th' immortal Mind ;
 Virtue distinguishes Mankind,
 And that (as yet ne'er harbour'd here)
 Mounts with the Soul we know not where.
 So good Man Sexton, since the Case
 Appears with such a dubious Face,
 To neither I the Cause determine,
 For diff'rent Tastes please diff'rent Vermin.

True W I S D O M.

I.

Pronounce him blest, my Muse, whom *Wisdom* guides
 In her own Path to her own heavenly Seat.
 Thro' all the Storms his Soul securely glides,
 Nor can the Tempests, nor the Tides,
 That rise and roar around, supplant his steady Feet.

II.

Earth, you may let your golden Arrows fly,
 And seek, in vain, a Passage to his Breast,
 Spread all your painted Toys to court his Eye,
 He smiles, and sees them vainly try
 To lure his Soul aside from her eternal Rest.

III.

Our Head-strong Lufts, like a young fiery Horse,
 Start, and flee raging in a violent Course ;
 He tames and breaks them, manages and rides 'em,
 Checks their Career, and turns and guides 'em,
 And bids his Reason bridle their licentious Force.

IV.

Lord of himself, he rules his wildest Thoughts,
 And boldly acts what calmly he design'd,
 Whilst he looks down and pities Human Faults ;
 Nor can he think, nor can he find,
 A Plague like reigning Passions, and a subject Mind.

V.

But oh ! 'Tis mighty Toil to reach this Height,
 To vanquish Self is a laborious Art ;

What

What manly Courage to sustain the Fight
To bear the noble Pain, and part
With those dear charming Tempters rooted in the Heart!

VI.

'Tis hard to stand when all the Passions move,
Hard to awake the Eye that Passion blinds
To rend and tear out this unhappy Love,
That clings so close about our Minds,
And where th' enchanted Soul so sweet a Poison finds.

VII.

Hard ; but it may be done. Come, heavenly Fire,
Come to my Breast, and with one powerful Ray
Melt off my Lusts, my Fetters : I can bear
A while to be a Tenant here,
But not be chain'd and prison'd in a Cage of Clay.

VIII.

Heav'n is my Home, and I must use my Wings ;
Sublime above the Globe my Flight aspires :
I have a Soul was made to pity Kings,
And all their little glitt'ring Things ;
I have a Soul was made for infinite Desires.

IX.

Loos'd from the Earth, my Heart is upward flown ;
Farewell, my Friends, and all that once was mine ;
Now, should you fix my Feet on *Cæsar's* Throne,
Crown me, and all the World my own,
The Gold that binds my Brows could ne'er my Soul confine.

X.

I am the LORD's, and *JESUS* is my Love ;
He, the dear GOD, shall fill my vast Desire.
My Flesh below ; yet I can dwell above,
And nearer to my SAVIOUR move ;
There all my Soul shall center, all my Pow'rs conspire.

XI.

Thus I with Angels live ; thus half divine
I sit on high, nor mind inferior Joys :
Fill'd with his Love, I feel that GOD is mine,
His Glory is my great Design,
That everlasting Project all my Thoughts employs.

The surest Method of preserving Fruits and Greens from Snails and Slugs.

MANY Ways have been prescribed to remedy this Evil, as to lay Tobacco-Dust, Soot, Saw-Dust, or Barley Chaff round about the Stems of Plants, which indeed will keep them off for a little Time, but the first Rain that falls, gives them full Liberty to pass over these Fortifications; neither are we more successful in putting Tar upon the Stems of Trees, for a few warm Days dries it up: But the most ingenious Contrivance to keep of this destructive Vermin, is the following; which is so cheap and easy that few Lovers of Gardens will be without it.

Wrap about the Stem of a Tree two or three Rounds of Line, or Rope made of Horse Hair, such as are commonly used to hang Cloaths upon; these are so full of Stubs and stragling Points of the Hair, that neither a Snail nor Slug can pass over them, without wounding themselves to Death; so that the Head of the Tree, if it be a Standard or Dwarf, can receive no Harm from them, if we secure the bottom of the Stems; but to secure a Wall-Tree, we must yet use a little more Caution; for besides preventing their Passage up the Stem of the Tree, we must fasten one of these Ropes close to the Wall, so as to enclose all the Branches of the Tree, and allow Space enough to nail up the Summer Shoots within the Compass of the Hair-Line; and it may be so disposed, that as the Tree increases in bigness, and spreads more and more upon the Wall, the same Ropes may be alter'd to serve for several Years.

In *Espaliers* of Fruit-Trees it is only necessary to wrap these Hair-Lines about the Stems of Trees near the Roots, and about the bottom of every Stake, which Work should be done in the Winter, when the Snails are laid up in their close Quarters.

To preserve *Collyflower Plants*, or other tender Herbs, which are liable to be destroyed by Slugs or Snails, the Hair Lines may be fasten'd about the Edges of the Beds
they

they are planted in. It is to be remark'd, that these Lines are best for this Use, when the Hair they are made of is very short, for then they will be full of Points, and compleatly arm'd against any Attempts of those murdering Vermin.

To have large Crops of Corn.

Some Husbandmen lay together in a Ditch a Quantity of Horse Dung, and often throw Water upon it ; and when it has lain rotting for some Time, they drain away the Water, that is impregnated with the Salt of the Dung. Then they boil it a little in a Copper Vessel ; put in it a little Nitre ; and when it has been off the Fire so long as to be luke-warm, they steep in it the Corn they intend to sow ; and let it macerate in the Liquor for the Space of three Days, that it may swell, and the first Sprouts may open, dilate and unfold themselves : After this they take it out of the Water to dry a little, and then sow it. And because an Acre will require a third Part less than usual, they chop some Straw very small, and put a Third among the Corn they have prepar'd as above. This Method succeeds very well, and some Farmers have had very plentiful Crops by making use of it.

Take the Dung of Cows, Horses, Sheep, and Pigeons, of each the same Quantity : Put the whole together in a Vessel of Wood or Copper ; no matter which : Upon it pour Water boiling hot : Leave it so for some Days, and then pour out the Water from the Ordure into another Vessel, into which put as many Pounds of Nitre, as you intend to sow Acres of Land. When the Nitre is melted, put in your Wheat or other Corn, and let it soak in it four and twenty Hours. Then take out the Corn, and sow it a little wet, if it be a dry Season ; but if the Weather be wet, spread it upon Sheets in your Granary, to let it dry a little before you sow it. Two thirds of what is usually sown on each Acre will be enough. Once Plowing the Land without Dinging it will likewise be sufficient : And though the Soil be ever so lean and barren, you may depend on having
a good

a good Crop, which will be ripe some Weeks sooner than the usual Times of Harvest.

Virgil teaches us what the Husbandmen in his Times did, that they might have a more plentiful Crop. I have seen several Husbandmen, says he, who laid their Seeds to steep in Lees of Oil, that had some Nitre in it, that the Ears might be larger and more fruitful; or you may steep your Corn, or any other Seed, in Oil of Whale, for four and twenty Hours. After having taken it out, sprinkle it over with Lime, having first mixed among it a little pulverized Nitre: Then dry it, and sow it very thin.

What Things chiefly rot Sheep by J----- B-----.

It is necessary (says he) that a Shepherd should know what Things chiefly rot the Sheep, that he may the better preserve them. There is a Grass, called Spearwort; it has a long narrow Leaf like a Spear's Head, it will grow a Foot high, and it beareth a yellow Flower as broad as a Penny; it groweth always in low Places, where the Water useth to stand in Winter. Another Grass is called Penny-Grass, it groweth low, close to the Earth in moorish Grounds; it hath a Leaf as broad as Two-pence, but never beareth a Flower. All Manner of Grass that a Land-Flood runs over, is bad for Sheep; because of the Sand and Filth that sticketh upon it: All moorish Ground, and Marsh Ground is bad for Sheep: The Grass that groweth upon Fallows is not good for Sheep, for there is much of it weedy, and oftentimes it cometh up by the Root, and that bringeth Earth with it; and the Sheep eat both: Mildew Grass is very bad for Sheep, and that we may find out by the Leaves of the Trees in the Morning, especially of Oaks: Take the Leaf (says he) and put thy Tongue to them, and thou shalt taste like Honey upon them; therefore the Sheep should not be let out of the Fold till the Sun hath Power to dry up the Mildew. Want of Food will cause a great Rot among Sheep; for then they'll have neither good Flesh nor good Skins. White Sinclcs are very bad for Sheep in Pastures and in Fallows. There is another Rot (continues he) that is called the Pellet, which proceeds from great Wet, especially in woody Countries, where thy find want of Driness.

A new Way of easily propagating Plants and Trees, communicated by a Letter from a Gentleman at Paris.

S I R,

Seeing you are so well versed in the Knowledge of Plants; and take great Pleasure in cultivating them sometimes with your own Hands, in your most delicious and curious Garden, I hope you will not take it amiss that I do myself the Honour to impart to you a small Discovery which I made the last Time I traversed over the *West-Indies*. I am flattered by my Friends, that I have carried my Reflections further than any of the modern Naturalists; for though some of them have had a Glimpse of this new Method, which I practise, to make all Sorts of Branches of Trees take Root easily, and in a little Time, I am assured it never yet came into any of their Thoughts to apply this Secret to the Use and Perfection of Gardening; to which, I dare promise, it will conduce not a little, when the Curious come to have the Knowledge of it. 'Tis no more but this.

The last Time I went through the *West-Indies*, whither I had the Honour to be sent by the King in 1698, to bring into *France* the most extraordinary Plants I could meet with, I imagined with myself, in Pursuance of some Experiments which I had made at *Guadaloupe*, that without the Help of Bell-Glasses and hot Beds, we might multiply in *Europe* the very same curious Plants that I brought over for his Majesty three Years ago; I resolved to make Trial of what I had had so long in my Mind. The Subject I chose for my first Essay, was the Dwarf Pomegranate Tree, which was carried in the Year 1695 from the Coast of *Brazil* to *Guadaloupe*, from whence I since brought it into *France*. I must confess, Sir, that several private Affairs prevented me from following my Experiments so close as I ought to have done, to come to any certain Conclusion in the Affair; and 'twas not till the 20th of *March* 1703, that I set about the Work in Earnest, fully resolved to allow myself Time enough to be certain whether I could make any Thing of it or not. I took the End of a Branch of a small *Indian* Pomegranate Tree, which was as big as a Goose Quill; I put it

into a Glass Phyal, with River Water, and exposed it to the South Sun in a Window at the Top of my House: I changed the Water twice or thrice a Week; I could not perceive for some Days that any Thing new had happened to my little Branch. When the Sun began to grow warmer, I changed the Water every Day, because I fancy'd at least, that the oftner I renewed the Water, the little Branch look'd more healthy and lively: 'Tis true, there happened some cold Weather, which retarded the Vegetation I so impatiently expected; and from thence I concluded that we should not be too forward to try this Experiment, till the Weather be settled to be mild, that we may not give ourselves Trouble to no Purpose: But at length my Joy was compleat about six Weeks afterwards; for I perceived, towards the lower End of the Branch that soaked in the Water, a white Point, about two Lines long, and as big as a Pin, which proved to be a small tender Root.

I then thought it proper to give a more succulent Nourishment to this Infant Plant; so I took a little rich Earth, crumbled it in my Fingers, and sprinkled it in the Water. The next Morning I observed that the Root was grown as big again; I poured in Water very gently, that I might not wash off the Earth that stuck round the little Root; and thus I gave it fresh Water, adding likewise a little Earth, reduced as before to a very fine Powder, and let it fall round my little Tree, that it might cleave to the Foot of it. And indeed, when the Water was grown clear, I found that this Earth covered the young Root, and the Foot of my little Plant. Three Days afterwards, I discovered a second Root below the first; then I assured myself that I had found the Way to make the Slips of Exotick Plants take Root, without the Help of Bell-Glasses or hot Beds.

I was careful to nourish this second Root as I had done the first; and I managed Matters so well, that in ten or twelve Days my new Roots vegetated considerably: Even the Top of the Branch continued not in a State of Idleness, but grew bristled with many little Points that were as many Buttons, ready to shoot out Leaves. Thus I had a little Tree in all its Forms.

The

The next Thing to be done, was to wean it from this too slender Nourishment, and give it a more substantial Food ; for I am fully convinced that all Sorts of Trees find not Nourishment enough in Water, and that Fruit Trees especially, besides the little Nitre that the Water contains, require the Salts and nourishing Juices of the Earth, to enable them to bloffom and bear Fruit. In a Word, 'twas Time to transplant my little Tree from the Element of Fish into the Element of Plants, which is the Earth. And here I apprehended very much to split upon some Rock ; but there was no Remedy, it must be delayed no longer, and therefore I set about it in this Manner :

I filled a little Pot with good Earth ; I drew my little Tree out of the Phyal, its Roots being wrapped up in the Earth that had gathered about them : In this Condition I put it gently into the Pot, covering its Roots by little and little. I omitted not to moisten the Earth very well ; and that my little Plant might not change Elements all of a sudden, I filled a Dish with Water, in which I set the Bottom of the little Pot, that the Roots might find the same sort of Nourishment, which had given them Birth.

'Twould be needless to observe that during some Days after this Transplantation, I took Care not to expose my little Tree to the cool Air of the Night, nor to the too great Heat of the Sun in the Day. In a short Time I fancy'd that it began to find that Water agreed not so well with it as Earth ; and that 'twas not pleas'd with the Water, in which stood the bottom of the Pot below its Roots. It shot out indeed little Branches, but of a pale Green ; and there was not the least Sign of that Vermilion, with which new Shoots usually are cloathed. Mistrusting what it ail'd, I took the Pot out of the Water, and began to treat my little Pomegranate Tree like an adult Plant, newly come out of its Infancy, and all succeeded to a Miracle. All the Summer long it was adorned with Leaves of a beautiful green and Vermilion Colour. In Winter I took the same Care of it that we usually do of our Orange Trees, and many other Plants, which cannot indure the biting Blasts and Frosts of that Season, which deforms the whole Face of Nature. It lost

its Leaves about the End of Autumn, but shot out new in the beginning of the Spring: 'Twas covered like a little Forest in the Month of May 1704, when I made a Present of it to the Abbot *de Vallemont*, who that very Year had the Satisfaction to see it produce a beautiful Flower of the finest Carnation Colour that ever was seen. Thus you have the History of this new Way of multiplying Foreign Plants.

You may imagine, Sir, I was not idle the next Year; when, the Summer being very warm, I tried the Experiments on several Plants of different Kinds. I confined not myself to the Plants useful to Life, but ventured on those that are merely curious. The *Sensitive Plant*, which is so difficult to raise, is multiply'd with great Success by the Help of my Physals: I made several Branches take Root, and not one of them failed. A Friend of mine kept all the Summer one of these Branches, which was grown to be a very Jolly Plant. Several Persons of Consideration can testify that I have multiplied this Summer several other Sorts of Foreign Plants; and some of them have now actually by them some *Granadils*, or Passion Flowers, that came likewise from Branches that took Root in Water. I cannot forget to acquaint you, that one of my little Pomegranate Trees, three Months after its Birth, by Means of this Hydraulical Vegetation, bore me four charming Flowers. Hence we see what Art can do, and how easy it will be for the future to multiply all curious Trees; however, I have not neglected the common Method, but have tried how it would succeed on the same Plants. I laid in the Ground several Branches of different Trees, but all my Care was to no Purpose; not one of them would take Root, whatever Diligence I employed to make them. I spared neither for Bell-Glasses, nor for hot Beds; but all was in vain, for not one of them gave the least Token of Life. 'Tis indeed true that we seldom fail of Success, when we go to Work by the Way of Layers; but what an endless Labour is it? 'Tis difficult to bow the Branches, and lay them in the Ground; and when we have done it, we must take Care to water them, to keep them from the excessive Heats of the Sun, and from the chilling Colds of the Night. It requires
whole

whole Years to raise up these Layers ; whereas, by my Method, our Trees will blow sometimes at three Months End. Whoever reflects on this, will certainly not deny but that let us go to Work which Way we can to multiply Plants, the Vegetation by Water only, is beyond all Dispute the most curious, most easy, and most certain. I have observed in my Travels, that the Savages of *Domingo*, when they transport Plants in their *Pyrogs* from one Island to another, never fail before they plant them. to lay them three or four Days in Water, to re-open their Pores, which might have been dry'd and clos'd up during their Transportation. And thus they prepare them to receive the nourishing Juices of the Earth. The Inhabitants of *Guadaloupe* observe the like Method ; and by this little Care they are arrived to have Trees growing among them that come from all the Parts of the World, of which I was an Eye-witness when I was there.

I forbear to mention several little Circumstances relating to this new Method of Vegetation ; which, tho' of small Moment, will agreeably surprize all such as will put in Practise this new Way of multiplying Plants and Trees : For my own Part, I should think myself very happy if this Curiosity should prove to be of any Use to the Publick, and a Means to increase or facilitate the useful and innocent Pleasures of Gardening. *I am, &c.*

A Pastoral on the Nativity of our
S A V I O U R.

M E N A L C A S.

SOME mighty Things these awful Signs portend !
Amaz'd we see new Stars the Skies ascend ;
A thousand strange usurping Lights appear,
And dart their sudden Glories thro' the Air ;
A dazzling Day, without the Sun, returns,
And thro' the Midnight's dusky Horror burns.

P A L E M O N.

And, in the depth of Winter, Spring appears,
For lo ! the Ground a sudden Verdure wears ;
The op'ning Flow'rs display their gaudiest Dye,
And seem with all the Summer's Pride to vie.

URANIO.

U R A N I O,

Nor without Myſt'ry are theſe Joys that roll
In Torrents thro' my now prophetick Soul,
And ſoftly whiſper to my raviſh'd Breaſt,
That more than all the Tribes the Race of *Judah's* bleſt.

M E N A L C A S.

But ſee the Eaſtern Skies diſcloſe a Light
Beyond the Noontide's flaming Glories bright ;
This Way its Courſe the ſacred Viſion bends,
And with much State and ſolemn Pomp deſcends.
Sonorous Voices echo from a-far,
And ſoftly warble thro' the trembling Air :
The circling Spheres the charming Sound prolong,
And answer all the Cadence of their Song :
And now the ſacred Harmony draws near,
And now a thouſand heav'nly Forms appear.

A N G E L S.

Immortal Glory give to God on high,
Thro' all the lofty Stations of the Sky ;
Let Joy on Earth, and endless Peace enſue,
The great Meſſiah's born, thrice happy Men! to you.

U R A N I O.

The great Meſſiah born! transporting Sound!
To the wide World ſpread the bleſt Accents round :
What-Joy theſe long-expected Tidings bring ?
To us is born a Saviour and a King.

A N G E L S.

An Infant in a Virgin's Arms he lies,
Who rides the Winds, and thunders thro' the Skies ;
The God to whom the flaming Seraphs bow,
Deſcends to lead the Life of Mortals now.

M E N A L C A S.

-----Surprizing Pow'r of Love !
Ev'n God himſelf thy mighty Force does prove ;
Thou rul'ſt the World below, and govern'ſt all above.

P A L E M O N.

You ſhining Meſſengers, be farther kind,
And tell us where the wond'rous Child to find.

ANGELS.

ANGELS.

Your glad Conductors to the Place we'll be,
Eager as you this mystic Thing to see,

URANIO.

Some Present to the Infant King let's bear,
For Zeal should always liberal appear.

ANGELS.

Come on, we'll lead you to the poor Abode,
Where in a Manger lies th' incarnate God ;
Reduc'd among the sordid Beasts to rest,
Who all the spacious Realms of Light possess'd :
And he whose humble Ministers we were,
Becomes a tender Virgin's helpless Care.
Thro' Heav'n, but now, the hasty Tidings rung,
And Anthems on the wond'rous Theme they sung.

PALEMON.

But to what happy Maid of human Race
Has Heav'n allotted this peculiar Grace ?

ANGELS.

Ye echoing Skies, repeat *Maria's* Name ;
Maria thro' the starry Worlds proclaim :
In her bright Face celestial Graces shine,
Her Mind's enrich'd with Treasures all Divine,
From *David's* royal House descends her noble Line.
But see the humble Seat, the poor Abode,
That holds the Virgin with the Infant God.

MENALCAS.

Thee, Virgin-born, thus prostrate, I adore,
And offer here the Choice of all my Store.
Unrill'd the Earth shall now vast Harvests yield,
And laughing Plenty crown the open Field.
Clear Rivers in the Desarts shall be seen,
And barren Wastes cloath'd in eternal green.
Instead of Thorns, the stately Fir shall rise,
And wave his lofty Head amidst the Skies ;
Where Thistles once, shall fragrant Myrtles grow,
The beauteous Rose on ev'ry Bush shall glow,
And from the purple Grape rich Wines, unpess'd, shall
flow.

PALEMON.

P A L E M O N.

Great Star of *Jacob*, that so bright does rise,
 Turn, lovely Infant, thy auspicious Eyes ;
 This soft and spotless Wool to thee I bring,
 My earliest Tribute to the new-born King.
 With thee each sacred Virtue takes its Birth,
 And Peace and Justice now shall rule the Earth.
 Thou shalt the Bliss of Paradise restore,
 And Wars and Tumults shall be heard no more.
 The Wolf and Lamb shall now together feed,
 And with the Ox the Lion's savage Breed.
 The Child shall with the harmless Serpent play,
 And lead, unhurt, the gentle Beast away.
 And where the Sun ascends the shining East,
 And where he ends his Journey in the West,
 Thy glorious Name shall be ador'd and blest.

U R A N I O.

The Hope of *Israel*, hail !-----with humble Zeal
 To thee, unquestion'd Son of God, I kneel :
 All hail to thee ! of whom the Prophets old
 Such mighty Things to our Forefathers told.
 Thy Kingdom shall from Sea to Sea extend,
 And reach the spacious World's remotest end.
 The Spicy Isle, and *Saba*'s wealthy King,
 To thee from far shall costly Presents bring.
 Thy steadfast Throne shall stand for ever fast,
 And thy Dominion Time itself out-last.

This gentle Lamb, the best my Flocks afford,
 I bring an Off'ring to all Nature's Lord.

A N G E L S.

And we, the Regents of the Spheres, thus low
 Before Mankind's illustrious Saviour bow :
 Astonish'd in an Infant's Form we see
 Disguis'd th' ineffable Divinity ;
 Who arm'd with Thunder, on the Fields of Light
 O'er came the potent Seraphim in Fight.
 Thus humbled----O unbounded Force of Love !
 Subdu'd by that, from all the Joys above,
 Thou cam'st the wretched Life of Man to prove.
 And thus our ruin'd Numbers wilt supply,
 And fill the Desolations of the Sky.

*The Owl, the Swan, the Cock, the Spider,
the Afs, and the Farmer.*

A F A B L E.

To a M O T H E R.

CONversing with your sprightly Boys,
Your Eyes have spoke the Mother's Joys.
With what Delight I've heard you quote
Their Sayings in imperfect Note!

I grant, in Body and in Mind,
Nature appears profusely kind.
Trust not to that. Act you your Part;
Imprint just Morals on their Heart;
Impartially their Talents scan:
Just Education forms the Man.

Perhaps (their Genius yet unknown)
Each Lot of Life's already thrown;
That this shall plead, the next shall fight,
The last assert the Church's Right.
I censure not the fond Intent;
But how precarious is th' Event!
By Talents misapply'd and crost,
Consider, all your Sons are lost.

One Day (the Tale's by *Martial* penn'd)
A Father thus address'd his Friend.
To train my Boy and call forth Sense,
You know I've stuck at no Expence;
I've try'd him in the sev'ral Arts,
(The Lad no Doubt hath latent Parts)
Yet trying all he nothing knows,
But Crab-like rather backward goes.
Teach me what yet remains undone;
'Tis your Advice shall fix my Son.

Miscellaneous Pieces.

Sir, says the Friend, I've weigh'd the Matter ;
Excuse me, for I scorn to flatter :
Make him (nor think his Genius checkt)
A Herald or an Architect.

Perhaps (as commonly 'tis known)
He heard th' Advice and took his own.

The Boy wants Wit ; he's sent to School,
Where Learning but improves the Fool :
The College next must give him Parts,
And cram him with the lib'ral Arts.
Whether he blunders at the Bar,
Or owes his Infamy to War,
Or if by Licence or Degree
The Sexton shares the Doctor's Fee,
Or from the Pulpit by the Hour,
He weekly floods of Nonsense pour,
We find (th' intent of Nature foil'd)
A Taylor or a Butcher spoil'd.

An Owl of magisterial Air,
Of solemn Voice, of Brow austere,
Assum'd the Pride of human Race,
And bore his Wisdom in his Face.
Not to depreciate learned Eyes,
I've seen a Pedant look as wise.

Within a Barn from Noise retir'd,
He scorn'd the World, himself admir'd,
And, like an ancient Sage, conceal'd
The Follies public Life reveal'd.

Philosophers of old, he read,
Their Country's Youth to Science bred,
Their Manners form'd for ev'ry Station,
And destin'd each his Occupation.
When *Xenophon*, by Numbers brav'd,
Retreated, and a People sav'd,
That Laurel was not all his own ;
The Plant by *Socrates* was sown.
To *Aristotle's* greater Name
The *Macedonian* ow'd his Fame.

Th' formal Owl, with Pride replete,
Their Talents equall'd in Conceit ;
And, copying the *Socratic* Rule,
Set up for Master of a School.
Dogmatic Jargon learnt by Heart,
Trite Sentences, hard Terms of Art,
To vulgar Ears seem'd so profound,
They fancy'd Learning in the Sound.

The School had Fame : The crouded Place
With Pupils swarm'd of ev'ry Race.
With these the Swan's maternal Care
Had sent her scarce-fledg'd Cygnet Heir :
The Hen (though fond and loth to part)
Here lodg'd the Darling of her Heart :
The Spider, of mechanic Kind,
Aspir'd to Science more refin'd :
The Afs learnt Metaphors and Tropes,
But most on Music fix'd his Hopes.
The Pupils now, advanc'd in Age,
Were call'd to tread Life's busy Stage ;
And to the Master 'twas submitted,
That each might to his Part be fitted.

The Swan, says he, in Arms shall shine :
The Soldier's glorious Toil be thine.

The Cock shall mighty Wealth attain :
Go, seek it on the stormy Main.

The Court shall be the Spider's Sphere ;
Pow'r, Fortune, shall reward him there.

In Music's Art the Afs's Fame
Shall emulate *Corelli's* Name.

Each took the Part that he advis'd,
And all were equally despis'd.

A Farmer, at his Folly mov'd,
The dull Preceptor thus reprov'd.

Blockhead, says he, by what you've done,
One would have thought 'em each your Son ;
For Parents, to their Offspring blind,
Consult not Parts nor Turn of Mind ;

But ev'n in Infancy decree
 What this, what t'other Son shall be.
 Had you with Judgment weigh'd the Case,
 Their Genius thus had fix'd their Place :
 The Swan had learnt the Sailor's Art ;
 The Cock had play'd the Soldier's Part ;
 The Spider in the Weaver's Trade
 With Credit had a Fortune made ;
 But for the Fool in ev'ry Class
 The Blockhead had appear'd an Afs.

An H Y M N.

THE glorious Armies of the Sky
 To thee, O mighty King !
 Triumphant Anthems consecrate,
 And Hallelujahs sing.

But still their most exalted Flights
 Fall vastly short of thee ;
 How distant then must human Praise
 From thy Perfections be !

Yet how, my God, shall I refrain,
 When to my ravish'd Sense,
 Each Creature in its various Ways
 Displays thy Excellence ?

The active Lights that shine above,
 In their eternal Dance,
 Reveal their skilful Maker's Praise,
 With silent Elegance.

The Blushes of the Morn confess
 That thou art much more fair :
 When in the East its Beams revive
 To gild the Fields of Air ;

The fragrant, the refreshing Breath
Of ev'ry flow'ry Bloom,
In balmy Whispers owns from thee
Its pleasing Odours come.

The singing Birds, the warbling Winds,
And Waters murm'ring Fall,
To praise the first Almighty Cause
With diff'rent Voices call.

Thy num'rous Works exalt thee thus,
And shall I silent be?
No, rather let me cease to breathe,
Than cease from praising thee.

*How to make Ewes take Ram, by artificial Means, at any
Time of the Year.*

A Veryingenious *French* Author (a Physician) who wrote a Treatise on Husbandry, says, That to have many Lambs, you must give the Ram and the Ewes Salt-Water to drink, some Days before they couple; so, says he, the Ewes will hold better, and the Ram will be the more lusty; but after that the Ewes are with Lamb, you must not give them any such Water to drink, because it would cause them to cast their Lambs before their Time: But an *English* Writer, an experienced Farmer, has given another Method, which he says will never fail, *viz.* by separating six or more of them from the rest of the Flock, and give to each Ewe half a Pint of strong Ale, or half a Pint of good *October*, mellow, silky Beer, and not that which is sharp by Staleness; and, for giving it in the easiest and safest Manner, you may run the Ale, or Beer, through a Funnel into the Ewe's Mouth; and when the Ewes have been all thus served, put them into a proper Place, not too large, nor too narrow, that the Ewes may be confined among one or more Rams, that have before been a little better kept than ordinary,

nary, for this Purpose. Out of six Ewes that I have known take Ram in this Manner, not one of them has failed proving with Lamb, by only giving each, as I said, half a Pint of strong Beer. made by brewing a Hogshead of it from eleven Bushels of Malt. By this Method, with the Help of a sufficient Number of Hands, an hundred Ewes may be thus dosed with strong Drink, and if Rams enough are provided, they'll presently all take Ram.

His Method must be of very great Consequence to the Nation in general, by furthering its Interest in several Branches of its Trade: First, by increasing the Number of Sheep and Lambs. Secondly, by giving the Grasier and Farmer an Opportunity to stock their Grounds with Sheep and Lambs at an easy Rate. Thirdly, by lowering the Price of Mutton and Lamb, and thereby making it become a Food for the Poor, as well as the Rich, to the greater Consumption of it. Fourthly, by this the suckling Farmers of House Lambs, as well as Grasiers and others, may have Lambs at the most convenient Times throughout the Year. Fifthly, it will produce greater Quantities of Wooll, that in Course will employ many more Hands than hitherto have been made Use of; and thus we shall be enabled to sell our Woollen Manufactures at a better Market than any other Nation can.

How to make an hundred Ewes take Ram in an Hour's Time, by natural Means.

Now, to do this serviceable Feat, there must be a sufficient Number of well fed Rams, ready provided before-hand, and confined in a proper Place, or Yard, in Proportion to the Number of Ewes that are to be rammed, more or less, according to Conveniency; and having them in a Field, or other Inclosure, where there is full Room enough to course them with one, two, or more Dogs, you must with the Dogs fright and run them about the Ground, till all the Ewes sweat and pant heartily; and when they are brought into this Condition, you are immediately, without Loss of Time, to confine the Ewes in a Place, and put the Rams directly to them; where, when they come to stand still, they will

Miscellaneous Pieces.

will piss, and by their being thus fatigued, they'll stand still, and provoke the Rams, till they are all rammed.

Works to be done in Gardens in the Months of January and February.

J A N U A R Y.

Prune Dwarfs. Make Trelisses for Wall-Fruit, if you want Walls. Trench your Ground against Spring. Pull the Moss off your Trees. Uncover the Roots. Gather Cions for grafting, before the Buds sprout, and lay them in Earth for Use, especially Pears, Cherries, and Plumbs. Dung now where it is required in the Kitchen Garden. Set Quicksets. Remove your Kernels Stocks in your Nursery, to more convenient Distances. Remove young Trees, Vines, &c. Make your early Hot-Beds for Colliflower Seed, Lettuce, Chervil, Radish, Spinage, &c. Plant some Anemonies and Ranuncula's. Earth Auricula's, if the Frosts have cast them out of the Ground. Give your choice and covered Flowers a little Air when the Sun shines warm. Set Beans, Pease, Cabbage and Colliflower Plants. If *January* proves frosty, as it does often, you must carefully cover your tender Plants to secure them therefrom : And if you planted any Trees the *October* before, and laid no Litter about their Roots, do it now. Cover your Fig-Trees against the Walls, which will preserve their tender Shoots, and not only cause the Fruit to come out early, but the Trees will produce a better Crop. Prepare such Borders as are designed to be planted with Fruit Trees the next Month, by laying therein a good Quantity of fresh Earth, stirring and levelling, as it is to continue. Mend your Espaliers with new Poles, and plash and tie your Fruit Trees to them ; remember to lay them horizontally, and at proper Distances. Cover all Pots and Tubs of Seedling Flowers in hard Frosts, and also from great Snows. Turn over your Heaps of Composts.

FEBRUARY.

F E B R U A R Y.

Begin to prune your Wall Trees before the Buds grow turgid. Dress your Pallifade, or old Trelis Hedges, or Espaliers. If you laid bare any Trees in your Orchard, cover them. Continue digging and manuring. Sow Parsley, Carrots, Parsnips, Radishes, Onions, Leeks, Anniseeds, Lamb-Lettuce, Marigolds, more Beans and Pease. Set Potatoes, Artichokes of *Jerusalem*. Sow Asparagus Seed. Make Hot-Beds for Melons, Cucumbers, Green Purslane, and other tender Sallating. Air your housed Flowers, and inure them to the Cold in the Day-time. Sow Cresses and other hardy Sallade Seeds. Graft Pears, Plums, Cherries, and towards the End begin with Pears. Remove Trees yet. Sow Auricula's, and set strong Seedlings in the Sun in Pots. Set out Turnips, Parsnips, Carrots, &c. which you kept for Seed. If the Weather be warm about the 20th of *February*, you may transplant Winter Colliflower Plants. Also you may slip and plant Artichokes, if the Soil be dry; otherwise stay till *March*. Let your Peaches and Nectarines be last pruned of all your Wall Trees, because they are subject to decay, where they were cut, if wet Weather follows.

In the Flower Garden, if the Season be mild, you may begin to clean the Surface of the Ground on the Beds and Borders where you have Flowers growing; and transplant Carnations into the Pots you would have them stand to flower in. You may also set in Borders what you saved of your Layers before *Michaelmas*. Towards the End of this Month, you should take the Surface of the Earth out of those Pots your Auricula's are set in, and replenish with fresh Mold. Secure them, if it chances to freeze, when the Buds appear in the Middle of the Plants; else you may lose them all.

It is a good Season to order your Ground for Nursery Beds against *March*, when you'll use it.

In *February* break up your Gravel Walks, and turn them, but omit raking them till *March*.

The Absurdity of WISHING.

CAN we succeed by wishing?----'tis a Jest ;
 That *constant Heftick of a Fool* at best.
 Those Things we fondly doat on, when possess'd,
 Insipid grow, and we no more caress'd.
 One Point obtain'd, another strikes the Sight,
 And *Hope* deludes us with a dazzling Light.
 Sure 'tis absurd, impertinent, and vain
 To wish for *Something* which we cannot gain ;
 Life's precious Comforts this at once destroys,
 And makes us restless for untasted Joys.
 Heav'n kindly grants the Boon which we implore :
 That Boon receiv'd, we murmur as before ;
 By wild Caprice from Youth to Age are led,
 Nor cease Complaints, till number'd with the Dead.
 The MISER, brooding o'er his treasur'd Heap,
 Can no Enjoyment from Possession reap ;
 But always thirsting to increase his Store,
 In Plenty pines, ridiculously poor.

The Youthful STATESMAN, by Ambition fir'd,
 Burns with Impatience for the *Point* desir'd ;
 But e'er the wish'd for Prospect is in View,
 Soon, soon he pants another to pursue.
 " Give me a Horse," PHILARIO cries, " I'll ride,
 " There's no Diversion in the World beside ;"
 'Till *Fancy* whispers gently in his Ear,
 " Methinks a *Pair* would more genteel appear."
 These, purchas'd once, unnumber'd Wants create ;
 Now Splendor charms him, Equipage, and State ;
 Shifting about, inconstant as the Wind,
 To various Schemes at various Times inclin'd :
 Whate'er is present grants a transient Joy,
 New Objects strike him, and as quickly cloy.

FANTASCUS, weary'd out with Town-delights,
 Days spent in Nonsense, and luxurious Nights,

Flies to the Country, there expects to meet
Ease for his Mind, and Happiness compleat :
But still past Pleasures are impress'd so strong,
No rural Scenes can captivate him long,

Prompted by Fancy and the *Love of Gain*,
MERCATOR braves the rough tempestuous Main ;
To distant Regions sails with Heart elate,
And Home returns both opulent and great ---
But has he found, by different Change of Air,
That richest Prize, an Antidote for Care ?

Sir FLUTTER hates a solitary Life,
And turns his Thoughts on " Family and Wife ;" ---
By them imagines to secure Content ;
Now Cares perplex him, " Furniture and Rent :"
With Children blest, Anxiety commences ;
He talks of nothing then but vast Expences.

Thus Discontent seems woven in our Frame,
And *perfect Bliss* is nothing but a Name.-----
Yet if we strove with Diligence sincere
To keep our Breasts from cank'ring Envy clear,
Much of this peevish Humour wou'd subside :-----
The greatest Bar to Happiness is PRIDE.

The old HEN and the COCK.

A F A B L E.

Restrain your Child ; you'll soon believe
The Text, which says we sprung from *Eve*.

As an old Hen led forth her Train,
And seem'd to peck to shew the Grain ;
She rak'd the Chaff, she scratch'd the Ground,
And glean'd the spacious Yard around.
A giddy Chick, to try her Wings,
On the Well's narrow Margin springs,
And prone she drops. The Mother's Breast
All Day with Sorrow was possess'd.

A Cock

A Cock she met ; her Son she knew ;
And in her Heart Affection grew.

My Son, says she, I grant your Years
Have reach'd beyond a Mother's Cares ;
I see you vig'rous, strong and bold,
I hear with Joy your Triumphs told ;
'Tis not from Cocks thy Fate I dread :
But let thy ever-wary Tread
Avoid yon Well ; that fatal Place
Is sure Perdition to our Race.
Print this my Counsel on thy Breast ;
To the just Gods I leave the rest.

He thank'd her Care ; yet Day by Day
His Bosom burn'd to disobey,
And every Time the Well he saw
Scorn'd in his Heart the foolish Law ;
Near and more near each Day he drew,
And long'd to try the dang'rous View.

Why was this idle Charge ? he cries :
Let Courage female Fears despise.
Or did she doubt my Heart was brave,
And therefore this Injunction gave ?
Or does her Harvest store the Place,
A Treasure for her younger Race ?
And would she thus my Search prevent ?
I stand resolv'd, and dare th' Event.

Thus said. He mounts the Margin's Round,
And pries into the Depth profound.
He stretch'd his Neck ; and from below
With stretching Neck advanc'd a Foe ;
With Wrath his ruffled Plumes he rears,
The Foe with ruffled Plumes appears ;
Threat answer'd Threat, his Fury grew,
Headlong to meet the War he flew ;
But when the wat'ry Death he found,
He thus lamented, as he drown'd.

I ne'er had been in this Condition,
But for my Mother's Prohibition.

An artificial Water for writing Letters of Secrecy.

TAKE Vitriol, finely powdered, put a little thereof into a new Ink-Horn, pour clean Water on it, and after it has stood a little, write therewith either on Vellom or Paper, and the Writing cannot be seen any other Way than by drawing the Letter through a Water which is thus prepared : Take a Pint of Water, put into it one Ounce of powdered Galls, temper it together, and strain it thro' a Cloth, put the Water into a Dish that's wide enough to draw your Writing through it, and you will read it as you do other Writings ; and to make the secret Contents less liable to Suspicion, you may write on the contrary Side of the Paper or Parchment with black writing Ink, Matters of less Consequence.

Another Secret, to write a Letter white upon white, which cannot be read but in fair Water.

Take clean Allum, beat it to a fine Powder, mix it with Water, so as not to be too thin ; then take a new Pen, and with this Mixture write what you please upon Paper, and let it dry ; then let him, who is to read it, lay the Letter into a flat Bason or Dish, that is filled with clean Water, and in a Quarter of an Hour the Letters will appear white upon white, so that they may be plainly seen and read. Or, take the Juice of Onions, write with it, he who would read it, must hold it over the Fire, and the Writing will turn of a reddish or brownish Colour.

Of the Place of PARADISE ; or, the Garden of EDEN ; according to Sir Walter Raleigh.

CONCERNING the first Habitation of Man, we read, *That the Lord planted a Garden Eastward of Eden, and there he put the Man whom he made*, GEN. 2. 6. Of this Seat and Place of Paradise, all Ages have held Dispute ;
and

and the Opinions and Judgments have been in Effect as divers among those that have written upon this Part of *Genesis*, as upon any one Place therein, seeming most obscure : Some there are, that have conceived the Being of the terrestrial *Paradise*, without all Regard of the World's Geography, and without any Respect of the East and West, or any Consideration of the Place where *Moses* wrote, and from whence he directed (by the Quarters of the Heavens) the Way how to find out and judge in what Region of the World this Garden was planted by GOD, wherein he was exceeding particular and precise. Others, by being themselves ignorant in the *Hebrew*, followed the first Interpretation, or trusting to their own Judgments, understood one Place for another ; and one Error is so fruitful, as it begetteth a thousand Children, if the Licentiousness thereof be not timely restrained.

Now, touching *Paradise*, first it is to be enquired, whether there were a *Paradise*, or no ? or whether *Moses's* Description were altogether mystical, and allegorical ? as *Origen*, *Philo*, *Franciscus Georgius*, with others, have affirmed ; and that under the Names of those four Rivers, *Pison*, *Gebon*, *Hiddekel*, and *Perath*, the *Tree of Life*, and the *Tree of Knowledge*, there were delivered to us other Mysteries and Significations ; as, that by the four Rivers were meant the four Cardinal Virtues, *Justice*, *Temperance*, *Fortitude*, and *Prudence* ; or, by others, *Oyl*, *Wine*, *Milk*, and *Honey*. This Allegorical Understanding of *Paradise*, by *Origen* first invented was again by *Franciscus Georgius* revived (says *Sixtus Senensis*,) whose frivolous Imaginations *Sixtus* himself doth fully and learnedly answer, in the 34th Annotation of his fifth Book, *Fol.* 338, the last Edition.

S. Ambrose also leaned wholly to the Allegorical Construction, and set *Paradise* in the third Heaven, and in the Virtues of the Mind ; which is, as I conceive it, in our Souls : To the Particulars whereof, he alludeth in this Sort, By the Place or Garden of *Paradise*, was meant the Soul or Mind ; by *Adam*, Men, or Understanding ; by *Eve*, the Sense ; by the *Serpent*, Pleasure ; by the *Tree* of Good and Evil, Wisdom ; and by the rest of the Trees, the Vir-

tues

tues of the Mind, or in the Mind planted, or from thence springing. Notwithstanding all which, upon the first of *Corin. C. 6.* he in direct Words alloweth both of a Celestial and Terrestrial *Paradise*; the one into which *St. Paul* was wrapp'd, the other into which *Adam* was put by GOD. *Aug. Chrysamensis* was of Opinion, that a *Paradise* had been, but that there was not now any Mark thereof on the Earth, the same being not only defaced, but withal the Places now not so much as existing: To which *Luther* seemed to adhere. The *Manichees* also understood, that by *Paradise* was meant the whole Earth. Others have thought that it was near the Orb of the Moon.

Tertullian, *Bonaventure*, and *Durandus*, make *Paradise* under the Equinoctial, and *Postellus*, quite contrary, under the North Pole: The *Chaldeans* also, for the most Part, and all their Followers, followed the Opinion of *Origen*, or rather *Origen* their's, who would either make *Paradise* a Figure, or Sacrament only, or else would have it seated out of this sensible World, or raised into some high and remote Region of the Air. But as *Hopkins* says of *Philo Judeus*, that he wondered by what evil Angel he was blown up into this Error, so can I not but greatly marvel at the learned Men, who so grossly and blindly wandered; seeing *Moses*, and after him the Prophets, do plainly describe this Place by the Region in which it was planted, by the Kingdoms and Provinces bordering it, by the Rivers which watered it, and by the Points of the Compass upon which it lay, in Respect of *Judea*, or *Canaan*.

To the first, therefore, that such a Place there was upon the Earth, the Words of *Moses* make it manifest, where it is written, *And the Lord God planted a Garden Eastward of Eden, and there he put the Man whom he had made*: And that this Story of Mankind was not aliegorical, it followeth in the Text of the 2d Chapter and 9th Verse, in these Words: *For out of the Ground made the Lord God to grow every Tree pleasant to the Sight, and good for Meat, &c.* so at first, it appears, that GOD created ADAM elsewhere, as in the World at large, and then put him into the Garden; and the End why, is express'd, *That he might dress it, and keep*
it;

it ; *Paradise* being a Garden, or Orchard, filled with Plants and Trees of the most excellent Kinds, pleasant to behold, and withal good for Meat : Which proveth, that *Paradise* was a Terrestrial Garden, garnished with Fruits, delighting both the Eye and Taste. And to make it more plain, and to take away all Opinion of Allegorical Construction, he affirmeth that it was watered and beautified with a River ; expressing also the Region, out of which this River sprang, which he calleth *Eden* ; and that *Eden* is also a Country near unto *Charon* in *Mesopotamia*, *Ezekiel* witnesseth.

Furthermore, by the Continuation and Order of the Story, is the Place made more manifest ; for GOD gave ADAM free Liberty to eat of every Tree in the Garden, (the Tree of *Knowledge* excepted) which Trees *Moses* in the 9th Verse saith that they were good to eat, meaning the Fruit which they bore. Besides, GOD left all Beasts to ADAM to be named, which he had formerly made ; and these Beasts were neither in the third Heaven, nor near the Circle of the Moon, nor Beasts in Imagination ; for if all these Things were enigmatical or mystical, the same might also be said of the Creation of all Things : But *Moses* wrote plainly, and in a simple Stile, fit for the Capacities of ignorant Men, and he was more large and precise in the Description of *Paradise*, than in any other Place of Scripture, on Purpose to take away all Scruple from the Incredulity of future Ages, whom he knew (out of the Gift of Prophecy) would be apt to fabulous Inventions, and that if he had not described both the Region and the Rivers, and how it stood from *Canaan*, many of the unbelieving *Israelites*, and others after them, would have misconstrued this Story of Mankind.

It appearing then evident that *Paradise* was a local Place upon the Earth, we must next enquire in what Part of it, it was situated.

Now, besides those notable Marks, *Euphrates* and *Tigris*, the better to find the Way which leadeth to the Country of *Eden*, we are to take for Guides these two Considerations, (to wit.) That it lay Eastward from *Canaan* and *Judæa*, and that it was of all others the most beautiful and fertile. First, then, in Respect of Situation, the next Country to
Judæa

Judea Eastward, was *Arabia Petraea*; but in this Region was *Moses* himself, when he wrote; and the next unto it Eastward also, was *Arabia the Desert*; both which, in Respect of the Infertility, could not be *Eden*; neither have any of the *Arabians* any such Rivers, as are expressed to run out of it: So as it followeth of Necessity, that *Eden* must be Eastward, and beyond both *Arabia Petraea*, and *Deserta*. But because *Eden* is by *Moses* named by itself, and only described by the Rivers and Fertility, we must seek it in other Scriptures, and where it is, by the Addition of the neighbouring Nations, better described. In the Prophet *Isaiab* I find it coupled and accompanied with other adjacent Countries, in these Words, spoken in the Person of *Sennacherib*, by *Rabsakeb*: *Have the Gods of the Nations deliver'd them, which my Fathers have destroyed, as Golan, and Haran, and Reseph, and the Children of Eden, which were at Tellaſſar? and in Ezechiel, where he prophesieth against the Tyrians? They of Haran, and Canneh, and Eden, the Merchants of Sheba, Ashur, and Chilmad, were thy Merchants, &c.*

Upon examining where these Countries lay, we find them all in, or bordering upon *Mesopotamia*, where the famous City of *Babylon* once stood, and which is now a Province of the *Turkish* Empire, called *Diarbec*; so that the Region of *Eden* was that Country which was afterwards called *Mesopotamia*, and since named *Diarbec*, comprehending likewise a Portion of *Shinar* and *Armenia*. We find some Part of these Countries called by the Name of *Eden*, in several antient Authors, and even as late as the Year 1555 we find Mention made of the Isle of *Eden*, situated in the River *Tigris*, not far from *Babylon*. But it may be asked, whether this Region of *Eden*, which we have mentioned, be of such Fertility and Beauty, as *Eden*, the Seat of *Paradise*, was; which, if it be denied, then must we also consider, that there was no Part of the Earth that retained that Fertility and Pleasure, that it had before the Curse; neither can we ascribe the same Fruitfulness to any Part of the Earth, nor the same Virtue to any Plant thereon growing, that they had before the Flood; and therefore this Region of *Eden*
may

may be now no such flourishing Country, as it was when it was first created in its Perfection. Yet this I find written of it : First, in *Herodotus*, who was an Eye Witness, and speaketh of the very Place itself ; for the Isle of *Eden* is but twelve Miles, or thereabout, from *Nineve*, and so from *Mousul*. “ *Where Euphrates runneth out into Tygris, not far from the Place where Ninus is seated. This Region, of all that we have seen, is most excellent : And he addeth afterwards, It is so fruitful in bringing forth Corn, that it yieldeth two hundred Fold, the Leaves of Wheat and Barley being almost four fingers broad : As for the Height of Millet and Sesame, they are even in Length like unto Trees ; which, although I know to be true, yet I forbear to speak hereof, well knowing, that those Things which are reported of this Fruitfulness, will seem very incredible to those who never were in the Country of Babylon. They have commonly in all the Country Palm-Trees growing of their own Accord, the most of them bearing Fruit, out of which they make both Meats, and Wine, and Honey, ordering them as the Fig-Trees.* Thus far **HERODOTUS**.

To this Palm-Tree, so much admired in the *East-Indies*, *Strabo* and *Niger* add a fourth Excellency, which is, that it yieldeth Bread ; “ *of which these People make Bread, Wine, Honey, and Vinegar : But ANTONIUS, the Hermit, findeth a fifth Commodity, not inferior to any of those four, which is, that from this self-same Tree there is drawn a Kind of Flax, of which People make their Garments, and with which, in East-India, they prepare the Cordage for their Ships. And that this is true, Athanasius, in the Life of Antonius, the Hermit, confesseth, saying, That he received a Garment made thereof from the Hermit himself, which he brought with him out of this Region.* So therefore these Trees, which the *East-Indies* so highly esteem, and so much admire, (as indeed the Earth yieldeth no Plant comparable to this) those Trees, I say, are in this upper *Babylon*, or Region of *Eden*, as common as any Trees of the Field. *STRABO* saith, “ *there are of Palms over all the whole Region, growing of their own Accord.* Of this Place *QUINTUS CURTIUS* maketh this Report : “ *As you travel on the left*

Hand of Arabia, (famous for Plenty of sweet Odours) there lieth a Champion Country placed between Tygris and Euphrates, and so fruitful and fat a Soil, that they are said to drive their Cattle from Pasture, lest they should perish by Satiety. "The Babylonians cut their Corn twice a Year, saith NIGER. And as Countries generally are more fruitful to the Southward, than in the Northern Parts, so we may judge the Excellency of this by that Report which STRABO maketh of the South Parts of America, which is the North Border of Eden, or a Part thereof. His Words are these: This Region aboundeth with pleasant Fruits, and Trees always green; which witnesseth a perpetual Spring, not found elsewhere but in the Indies only, by Reason of the Sun's Neighbourhood, the Life and stirrer up of Nature in a perpetual Activity. In brief, so great is the Fertility of the Ground, that the People are constrained twice to mow down their Corn Fields, and a third Time to eat them up with Sheep; which Husbandry the Spaniards wanting in the Valley of Mexico, for the first forty Years, could not make our Kind of Wheat bear Seed, but it grew up as high as the Trees, and was fruitless: Besides, these Fields are altogether without Weeds, saith Pliny, who addeth this Singularity to that Soil, That the second Year the very Stubble (or rather falling down of the Seeds again) yieldeth them a Harvest of Corn, without any further Labour.

But now to conclude, it appeareth to me by the Testimonies of the Scriptures, that *Paradise* was a Place created by GOD, and a Part of this our Earth and habitable World, seated in the lower Part of the Region of *Eden*, afterwards called *Aram Fluviorum*, or *Mesopotamia*, which taketh into it also a Portion of *Shinar* and *Armenia*; this Region standing in the most excellent Temper of all others, *to wit.* 35 Degrees from the *Æquinoctial*, and 55 from the North Pole: In which Climate the most excellent Wines, Fruits, Oyl, Grain of all Sorts, are to this Day found in abundance. And there is nothing that better proveth the Excellency of this said Soil and Temper, than the abundant growing of the Palm-Trees, without the Care and Labour of Man: For wherein soever the Earth, Nature, and the Sun, can
most

most boast that they have excelled, yet shall this Plant be the greatest Wonder of all their Works. This Tree alone giveth unto Man whatsoever his Life beggeth at Nature's Hand : And though it may be said, that these Trees are found both in the *East* and *West-Indies*, which Countries are also blessed with a perpetual Spring and Summer, yet, balancing those Pleasures and Benefits with the fearful and dangerous Thunders and Lightenings, the horrible and fearful Earthquakes, the dangerous Diseases, the Multitude of venomous Beasts and Worms, with other Inconveniencies, which are frequent both in the *East* and *West-Indies*, then there will be found no Comparison between these and *Mesopotamia*.

On the Works of CREATION.

BEAUTY complete, and Majesty divine,
In all thy Works, ador'd Creator, shine.
Where'er I cast my wond'ring Eyes around,
The God I seek in ev'ry Part is found.
Pursuing thee, the flow'ry Fields I trace,
And read thy Name on ev'ry Spire of Grass.
I follow thee thro' many a lonely Shade,
And find thee in the solitary Glade.
I meet thee in the kind, refreshing Gale,
That gently passes thro' the dewy Vale.
The Pink, the Jess'min, and the purple Rose,
Perfum'd by thee, their fragrant Leaves disclose.
The feather'd Choir that welcome in the Spring,
By thee were taught their various Notes to sing.
By thee the Morning in her crimson Vest,
And Ornaments of golden Clouds is drest.
The Sun, in all his Splendor, wears thy Beams,
And drinks in Light from thy exhaustless Streams.
The Moon reveals thee by her glimm'ring Ray;
Unnumber'd Stars thy glorious Paths display.
Amidst the solemn darkness of the Night,
The Thoughts of God my musing Soul delight.

Thick Shades and Night thy dread Pavilion form ;
 In State thou rid'st upon the flying Storm ;
 While thy strong Hand its fiercest Rage restrains,
 And holds the wild unmanag'd Winds in Reins.
 What Sparklings of thy Majesty appear,
 When thro' the Firmament swift Lightnings glare ?
 When Peals of Thunder fill the Skies around,
 I hear thy Voice in the tremendous Sound.
 But, oh ! how small a Part is known of thee,
 From all thy Works immense Variety ?
 Whatever mortal Men Perfection name,
 Thou, in an infinite Degree, dost claim.

And while I here thy faintest Shadows trace,
 I pine to see the Glories of thy Face ;
 Where Beauty in its never-changing Height,
 And uncreated Excellence shines bright.
 When shall the heav'nly Scene, without Controul,
 Open in dazzling Triumph on my Soul ?
 My Pow'rs with all their Ardor shall adore,
 And languish for terrestrial Charms no more.

The Man, the Cat, the Dog, and the Fly.

A F A B L E.

NATURE expects Mankind should share
 The Duties of the public Care.
 Who's born for Sloth ? To some we find
 The Plough-share's annual Toil assign'd ;
 Some at the founding Anvil glow ;
 Some the swift-sliding Shuttle throw ;
 Some, studious of the Wind and Tide,
 From Pole to Pole our Commerce guide ;
 Some (taught by Industry) impart
 With Hands and Feet the Works of Art ;
 While some, of Genius more refin'd,
 With Head and Tongue assist Mankind :

Each

Miscellaneous Pieces.

85

Each, aiming at one common End,
Proves to the Whole a needful Friend.
Thus, born each other's useful Aid,
By Turns are Obligations paid.

The Monarch, when his Table's spread,
Is to the Clown oblig'd for Bread ;
And, when in all his Glory drest,
Owes to the Loom his royal Vest :
Do not the Mason's Toil and Care,
Protect him from th' inclement Air ?
Does not the Cutler's Art supply,
The Ornament that guards his Thigh ?
All these, in Duty, to the Throne
Their common Obligations own.
'Tis he (his own and People's Cause)
Protects their Properties and Laws :
Thus they their honest Toil employ,
And with Content the Fruits enjoy.
In ev'ry Rank, or great or small,
'Tis Industry supports us all.

The Animals, by Want oppress'd,
To Man their Services address :
While each pursu'd their selfish Good,
They hunger'd for precarious Food ;
Their Hours with anxious Cares were vex'd,
One Day they fed, and starv'd the next :
They saw that Plenty, sure and rise,
Was found alone in social Life ;
That, mutual Industry profess'd,
The various Wants of Man redress'd.

The Cat, half-famish'd, lean and weak,
Demands the Privilege to speak.

Well, Puss, (says Man) and what can you
To benefit the Public do ?

The Cat replies ; These Teeth, these Claws,
With Vigilance shall serve the Cause.
The Mouse, destroy'd by my Pursuit,
No longer shall your Feasts pollute ;

Nor

Nor Rats, from nightly Ambuscade,
With wasteful Teeth your Stores invade.

I grant, says Man, to gen'ral Use
Your Parts and Talents may conduce ;
For Rats and Mice purloin our Grain,
And Threshers whirl the Flail in vain :
Thus shall the Cat, a Foe to Spoil,
Protect the Farmer's honest Toil.

Then turning to the Dog, he cry'd,
Well, Sir ; be next your Merits try'd.

Sir, says the Dog, by Self-applause
We seem to own a friendless Cause.
Ask those who know me, if Distrust
E'er found me treach'rous or unjust.
Did I e'er Faith, or Friendship break ?
Ask all those Creatures ; let them speak.
My Vigilance and trusty Zeal,
Perhaps might serve the public Weal.
Might not your Flocks in Safety feed,
Were I to guard the fleecy Breed ?
Did I the nightly Watches keep,
Could Thieves invade you while you sleep ?

The Man replies, 'Tis just and right,
Rewards such Service should requite.
So rare, in Property, we find
Trust uncorrupt among Mankind,
That, taken in a public View,
The first Distinction is your due.
Such Merits all Reward transcend ;
Be then my Comrade and my Friend.

Addressing now the Fly. From you
What public Service can accrue ?

From me ! the flutt'ring Insect said ;
I thought you knew me better bred.
Sir, I'm a Gentleman. Is't fit,
That I to Industry submit ?
Let mean Mechanicks, to be fed,
By Bus'ness earn ignoble Bread :

Lost in excess of daily Joys,
No Thought, no Care, my Life annoys.
At Noon (the Lady's matin Hour)
I sip the Tea's delicious Flower :
On Cates luxuriously I dine,
And drink the fragrance of the Vine.
Studious of Elegance and Ease,
Myself alone I seek to please.

The Man his pert Conceit derides,
And thus the useless Coxcomb chides.

Hence, from that Peach, that downy Seat ;
No idle Fool deserves to eat.

Could you have sapp'd the blushing Rind,
And on that Pulp ambrosial din'd,
Had not some Hand, with Skill and Toil,
To raise the Tree, prepar'd the Soil ?

Consider, Sot, what would ensue,
Were all such worthless Things as you :
You'd soon be forc'd (by Hunger stung)
To make your dirty Meals on Dung,
On which such despicable Need,
Unpitied, is reduc'd to feed.

Besides, vain selfish Insect, learn
(If you can Right or Wrong discern)
That he who with industrious Zeal,
Contributes to the public Weal,
By adding to the common Good,
His own hath rightly understood.

So saying, with a sudden Blow,
He laid the noxious Vagrant low :
Crush'd in his Luxury and Pride,
The Spunger on the Public dy'd.

WORKS to be done in Gardens in the Month of March.

In the KITCHEN - GARDEN.

Continue to sow Radishes, Silesia, Imperial, and Cabbage Lettuce ; sow Scorzonera, and slip Skirrets of the last Year, leaving only the tender Fibres, and not any of
of

of the greater Roots, about the Plants. Sow Pease and Beans; make Plantations of Mint, Balm, Thyme, Savoury, Sage, Pennyroyal, Tanzey, Rue, and other durable Herbs, for Household Use, except Lavender and Rosemary, which are best deferred till *April*. Plant out some Cauliflower Plants, to succeed those planted in Autumn; refresh the Cucumber and Melon Beds with hot Dung, and sow now for a full Crop; transplant Lettuce for cabbaging, and to stand for Seed; sow Cabbages and Savoys for a Winter Crop, and Sellery for early blanching; sow Chardones to transplant next Month; dress Artichokes, leaving only three or four Suckers on each strong Root, and slipping off the rest for Transplantation. Towards the Middle of this Month, rake and dress Asparagus Beds, the Buds of which will appear in *April*; and now you may make new Plantations of Asparagus in the natural Ground prepared for that Purpose. Towards the End of this Month, sow upon hot Beds, Purslane, Nasturtium, *French* Marigolds, and *Africans*; sow Marigolds in the natural Ground; sow Sallads, Leeks, Beets, Fennel, Dill, and Burnet; sow Endive very thin, to prevent its running to Seed; make young Plantations of Chives; divide the Roots of Tarragon, and transplant the Slips about eight Inches apart; dress up Strawberry Beds, keeping them clean from Runners, till the Plants blossom, and giving them Water when necessary; slip and set Sage, &c. and where the Soil is Clay, or over moist, mingle it with Brick Dust. Take Care to shelter Trees and Plants from the Injuries of the Weather; water all young planted Herbs and Trees carefully in the Morning; destroy all Weeds before they run to Seed; and by the End of this Month your Garden ought to be compleatly cropp'd. Now put Kidney Beans in warm Borders, where they may be defended from cold Winds; but do this in dry Weather, because too much Moisture will make them rot in the Ground; sow Purslane in warm Borders, in common Ground, and sow Turnips in open Ground, to come in *May*; and now sow sweet Marjoram, and other Aromatick Plants, on a dry, warm Soil:

In the F R U I T - G A R D E N.

In this Month of *March*, finish the Plantation of Fruit-Trees, and fill up all Vacancies ; also compleat the pruning of Apricots, Peaches, and Nectarines. The Beginning of the Month is a fit Time to prune such Peaches, Plumbs, Pears and Cherries, as have had one Year's Growth ; which is to be done very discreetly, having a due Regard to the Vigour or Weakness of the Trees. It is not too late to cut off new planted Trees against a Wall, and to reduce them to three or four Buds. Now prune Fig-Trees, cutting off all superfluous Wood : Graft Apples and Cherries the first take best on Crab Stocks, and the last on the black Cherry : Now cut off the Heads of those Stocks which were inoculated last Year, two Inches above the Bud slope-wise, beginning the Slope opposite the Bud ; and the dead Wood, called by some Persons the *Cockspur*, is to be clean cut off next Year in *March*, that the Stock and Cyon may the better incorporate, and the Wound be healed. Now lay Layers of the Vine and Fig, and erect horizontal Shelters over some of the earliest Blossoms of Fruit-Trees, to secure them from nipping Frosts and Dews ; dig and clear the Ground between Rows of Raspberries and Gooseberries, which will strengthen the Blossoms, and encourage the Trees.

In the F L O W E R - G A R D E N.

Transplant Carnations, Pinks, Sweet Williams, Rose Campions, Honeyuckles, and most other Sorts of fibrous-rooted Plants ; stir the Earth of Borders and Beds of Flowers, which were planted at *Michaelmas*, but be careful not to hurt the Roots nor Buds ; this will destroy Weeds, and make them look pleasant. Tulips, Ranunculus's, Anemonies, and Hyacinths, now shew their Buds for flowering, therefore carefully look after and cover them in bad Weather. You may now set double Anemonies, and other Flower-Roots, to blow after these that now appear, and place your Pots or Boxes of seedling Auriculas in a shady Place, (if the Plants appear) giving them frequently a little Water in dry Weather ; but let them not have too much Water

at a Time, and but little Sun. Take Care of Pots of choice Auriculas; for Frosts, cold Winds, and much Rain, are very hurtful to them. Pick off decay'd Leaves from Carnations, double Rose Campions, Scarlet Lychnis, and other Plants of *Michaelmas* Plantation, and give such of them as need it some fresh Mould, which will make them blow the stronger.

Near the End of this Month sow the Seeds of most Kinds of Plants of two Years Continuance; as also Annuals, which may supply your Borders the next Year, such as *French* Honeyfuckles, Sweet Williams, Stock July Flowers, and many others; also, the Seeds of all hardy Annual Flowers. Make fresh hot Beds for your choice Annuals, which were sown in *February*, with good Earth, placing the Plants in them a Week after they are made, and the violent Heat gone off.

Sow on hot Beds Nasturtium, Balsams, Convolvulus, *Indian* Pink, and other exotick Plants that are not very tender, and come soon to Perfection: Transplant Carnation Layers for blowing, if not planted out in Autumn. Sow the Seeds of the humble and sensitive Plant in hot Beds; and in common Ground sow the Seeds of the Arbutus, Mezerion, Apocinum, Palm-Tree, and such like; graft the *Spanish* white Jessamine on the common *English* Sort; plant and make Layers of the Passion-Tree; slip and set Box for Edgings; sow the Seeds of the Juniper and Fir-Tree, and transplant Yews, Holly, Phillarea, and other Evergreens.

An ODE to the CREATOR of the
W O R L D.

I.

O Muse unfeign'd! O true celestial Fire!
Brighter than that which rules the Day,
Descend! a Mortal Tongue inspire
To sing some great Immortal Lay;

Begin,

Begin, and strike aloud the consecrated Lyre !
 Hence ye Prophane be far away !
 Hence all ye impious Slaves that bow
 To Idol Lusts, or Altars raise ;
 And to false Heroes give fantastick Praise ! [owe.
 And hence ye Gods, who to a Crime your spurious Being
 But hear, O Heaven, and Earth and Seas profound !
 Hear ye unfathom'd Deeps below,
 And let your echoing Vaults repeat the Sound ;
 Let Nature trembling all around,
 Attend her MASTER's awful Name ;
 From whom Heaven, Earth, and Sea and All
 The wide CREATION came.

II.

He spake the great Command, and Light,
 Heaven's eldest born and fairest Child,
 Flash'd in the low'ring Face of antient Night,
 And pleas'd with it's own Birth serenely smil'd,
 The Sons of Morning on the Wing,
 Hov'ring in Choirs his Praises sing ;
 When from unbounded vacuous Space
 A beauteous rising World they saw,
 When Nature shew'd her yet unfinish'd Face,
 And Motion took the establish'd Law,
 To roll the various Globe on high :
 When Time was taught his Infant Wings to try,
 And from the Barrier sprung to his appointed Race.

III.

SUPREME ALMIGHTY, still the same !
 'Tis HE, the Great Inspiring Mind,
 That animates and moves the universal Frame,
 Present at *once* in all, and by no Place confin'd ;
 Not Heaven itself can bound his Sway,
 Beyond the untravell'd Limits of the Sky
 Invisible to Mortal Eye,
 He dwells in uncreated Day :
 Without Beginning, and without End, 'tis HE
 That fills the unmeasur'd Orb of vast Immensity.

IV.

What Pow'r but His, can rule the changeful Main,
 And wake the sleeping Storm, or its loud Rage restrain ?
 When Winds their gather'd Forces try,
 And the chaf'd Ocean proudly swells in vain,
 His Voice reclaims th' impetuous Roar :
 In murm'ring Tides th' abated Billows fly,
 And the spent Tempest dies upon the Shore.
 The Meteor World is His, Heaven's wintry Store,
 The moulded Hail, the feather'd Snow,
 The Summer Breeze, the soft refreshing Shower,
 The loose divided Cloud, and many colour'd Bow :
 The crooked Light'ning darts around
 His Sov'reign Orders to fulfill ;
 The shooting Flame obeys th' eternal Will
 Launch'd from his Hand, instructed where to kill,
 Or rive the Mountain Oak, or blast the unshelter'd Ground,

V.

Yet pleas'd to bless, indulgent to supply,
 He with a Father's tender Care
 Supports the num'rous Family,
 That peoples Earth, and Sea, and Air.
 From Nature's Giant Race th' enormous Elephant,
 Down to the Insect Worm and creeping Ant ;
 From th' Eagle Sov'reign of the Sky,
 To each Inferior feather'd Brood ;
 From Crowns and purple Majesty,
 To humble Shepherds on the Plains,
 His Hand unseen divides to all their Food,
 And the whole World of Life sustains.

VI.

At one wide View his Eye surveys
 His Works in every distant Clime ;
 He shifts the Seasons, Months, and Days,
 The short-liv'd Offspring of revolving Time :
 By Turns they die, by Turns are born ;
 Now chearful Spring the Circle leads,
 And strows with Flowers the smiling Meads ;

Gay Summer next in ruffet Robes adorn,
 And waving Fields of yellow Corn ; [spreads;
 Then Autumn, who with lavish Stores the Lap of Nature
 Decrepid Winter, laggar'd in the Dance,
 (Like feeble Age oppress'd with Pain)
 A heavy Season does maintain,
 With driving Snows, and Winds and Rain,
 Till Spring recruiting to advance,
 The various Year rolls round again.

VII.

But who, thou GREAT ADOR'D, who can withstand
 The Terrors of thy lifted Hand?
 When long provok'd thy Wrath awakes,
 And conscious Nature to her Centre shakes ;
 Rais'd by thy Voice the Thunder flies,
 Hurling pale Fear and wild Confusion round,
 How dreadful is th' inimitable Sound,
 The Shock of Earth and Seas, and Labour of the Skies!
 Then where's Ambition's haughty Crest ?
 Where the gay Head of wanton Pride ?
 See ! Tyrants fall, and wish th' op'ning Ground
 Would take them quick to Shades of Rest,
 And in their common Parent's Breast,
 From Thee their bury'd Form for ever hide.
 In vain-----for all the Elements conspire,
 The shatter'd Earth, the rushing Sea,
 Tempestuous Air, and raging Fire,
 To punish vile Mankind, and fight for Thee :
 Nor Death itself can intercept the Blow,
 Eternal is the Guilt, eternal is the Woe.

VIII.

O Cyrus ! Alexander ! Julius ! All
 Ye mighty Lords that ever rul'd this Ball,
 Once Gods of Earth, the living Destinies
 That made a hundred Nations bow !
 Where's your Extent and Empire now ?
 Say, where preserv'd your Phantom Glory lies ?
 Can Brass the fleeting Thing secure ?
 Enshrin'd in Temples does it stay ?
 Or in huge Amphitheatres endure ?

Ah,

Ah, no! the mould'ring Monuments of Fame,
 Your vain deluded Hopes betray,
 Nor shew th' ambitious Founder's Name,
 Mix'd with yourselves in the same Mass of Clay.

IX.

Proceed my Muse! Time's wasted Thread pursue,
 And see at last th' unravell'd Clue,
 When Titles sink, and Kingdoms are no more,
 And weary Nature shall her Work give o'er:
 Behold th' Almighty Judge on High!
 See in his Hand the Book of Fate!
 Myriads of Spirits fill the Sky,
 T' attend the dread Solemnity.
 The World's last Scene, and Time's concluding Date,
 The feeble Race of short-liv'd Vanity
 And sickly Pomp at once must die;
 Foul Guilt to midnight Caves will shrink away,
 Look backwards, tremble in her Flight,
 And at Heaven's pursuing Light
 Surrounded with the Vengeance of the Day.
 How will ye, then, ye Impious, 'scape your Doom,
 Self-judg'd, abandon'd, overcome?
 Your Clouds of painted Bliss shall melt before your Sight;
 Yet shall you not the giddy Chace refrain,
 Nor hope more solid Bliss t' obtain,
 Nor once repeat the Joys you knew before;
 But sigh a long Eternity in Pain,
 Tost in the Ocean of Desire, yet never find a Shore.

X.

But see where the *mild Sov'reign* sits prepar'd
 His better Subjects to reward!
 Where am I now! What Power Divine
 Transports me! What immortal Splendors shine,
 Torrents of Glory that oppress the Sight!
 What Joys, Celestial King! thy Throne surround!
 The Sun who with the borrow'd Beams is bright,
 Sees not his Peer in all the starry Round,
 Would here diminish'd fade away,
 Like his pale Sister of the Night,
 When she resigns her delegated Light
 Lost in the Blaze of Day.

Here

Here Wonder only can take Place-----
 Then Muse th' advent'rous Flight forbear ;
 These mystick Scenes thou canst no farther trace ;
 Hope may some boundless future Bliss embrace,
 But what, or when, or how, or where,
 Are Mazes all, which Fancy runs in vain ;
 Nor can the narrow Cells of Human Brain
 The vast immeasurable Thought contain.

An Account of the ELEPHANTS of Cochin China,
 by F. Borri, who lived there several Years.*

THE *Elephant*, as well for its Bulk as Sagacity, seems to be the Master-piece of the Brute Creation. Most Authors have described it as the wisest of Beasts : Mr. *Pope* calls it a *half reasoning Animal*. It therefore merits our Curiosity ; and the following Account of them, being wrote by one who frequently travelled upon them, and a Man of Credit, is therefore the more to be depended upon.

“ There are abundance of Elephants in the Woods of *Cochin China*, which they make no Use of, because they know not how to take, or tame them : Therefore they bring them tame and well-taught from *Cambogia*, a neighbouring Kingdom. These are twice as big as those of *India* ; the round Print of their Feet they leave behind them, is not less than half a Yard Diameter ; the two Teeth striking out of the Mouth, whereof Ivory is made, are very often four Yards and a half long ; that is, those of the Males, for those of the Females are much shorter ; by which it is easy to compute how much those Elephants of *Cochin China* are bigger than

* *Cochin China* is a Country extending from the eighth Degree of North Latitude to the seventeenth. It is bounded on the North by *Tonquin* ; by the Sea of *China* on the East, the *Indian Ocean* on the South, and the Kingdom of *Cambogia* on the West. It is called by the Natives *Anam*, or the *West Country*, as lying to the Westward of *China*.

than those shewn about in *Europe*, whose Teeth are not above three Quarters of a Yard long. The Elephants live many Years; and I asking how old one might be, the Driver of it told me it was sixty Years old before it came from *Cambogia*, and had lived forty in *Cochin China*: And having myself several Times travelled upon Elephants in that Kingdom, I can relate many Things that will seem strange, but yet are very true.

An Elephant generally carries thirteen or fourteen Persons, who are thus disposed of: As we lay a Saddle on a Horse, so they clap a certain Machine upon the Elephant, which is like a Coach, wherein there are four Seats; it is fastened with Chains under the Elephant's Belly, as a Horse's Saddle is girt. The Coach has two Doors on the Sides, where six Persons sit, three on a Side, and another behind, where sit two more, and four in the Front; the *Nayre*, who supplies the Place of a Coachman, sits over the Elephant's Head, and guides him. Nor have I travelled in this Manner by Land only, but very often by Sea too, crossing Arms of it above a Mile over: And it was wonderful to any Body that knew it not before, to see such a vast great Lump of Flesh swimming under such a Weight, so that it looked like a Boat rowing. True it is, the Beast groaned under the Toil, occasioned by the unreasonable Bulk of its own Body, and the Difficulty of breathing; and therefore to ease itself of that Pain, it sucked in Water with its Trunk, and spouted it out so high, that it looked like some great Whale gliding along the Ocean.

For the same Reason of its mighty Corpulency, it finds much Difficulty in stooping down; and this being absolutely necessary for the Conveniency of Passengers to get up to, or down from the Coach, he does it not but when commanded by the *Nayre*; and if, when he is kneeling, any one stops but never so little, upon Ceremony, or any other Account, he rises up, not having Patience to continue in that Posture, it is so painful.

Nor is it less wonderful to behold how, at the *Nayre's* Command, he makes, as it were, a Ladder of his Limbs, for the greater Conveniency of those that are to get up into
the

the Coach : The first Step is his Foot, which is high enough ; for the second, he turns out the first Joint above the same Foot, distant enough from the other ; for the third, he bends his Knee ; for the fourth, his Hip-Bone, sticking out for that Purpose ; and from whence, he that gets up, lays hold of a Chain fastened to the Coach itself, where he seats himself.

By this it plainly appears how much they are mistaken, who say and write, that the Elephant can neither kneel nor lie down ; and that the only Way to take him, is to cut the Tree he leans against to sleep, for that the Elephant falling together with the false Support, and not being able to rise, he becomes a certain Prey to him that lies in Wait : Which is all a Fable ; though it is true that he lies not down to sleep, that being an uneasy Posture to him, as has been said, but sleeps always standing, with a continual Agitation of his Head.

Upon Occasion of War or Battle, they take off the Roof of the Coach ; whence, as it were from a Tower, the Soldiers fight with Muskets, Arrows, and sometimes a small Piece of Cannon, the Elephant being strong enough to carry it, his Strength being answerable to all the rest : And I have seen one myself, that would carry vast Weights upon his Trunk, another that lifted up a great Piece of Cannon with it ; and another, who by himself launched ten Galliot's, one after another, taking hold of them very dexterously with his Teeth, and shoving them into the Sea. I have seen others pull up large Trees with as much Ease as we do a Cabbage or a Lettuce : With the same Ease they throw down Houses, levelling whole Streets when they are commanded, either to do Harm to an Enemy in War, or to stop the Fury of the Flames, upon Occasion of any Fire.

The Trunk's Length is proportionable to the Height of the rest of his Body, so that he can take up any Thing off the Ground with it, without stooping. It is made of abundance of small Sinews, knit together, which makes it so pliable, that he can take up the least Thing, and yet so strong and firm as we have shewn. All the Body is covered

covered with a rough Ash-Colour Skin. An Elephant's usual Day's Journey is twelve Leagues, and his Motion has the same Effect upon those that are not us'd to it, as that of a Ship has at Sea.

I shall say nothing more wonderful concerning the Elephant's Docility, or Aptness to learn, that what is generally reported; by which it will appear, there was Reason to say, *No Beast was more sensible than the Elephant*: For it does such Things as seem to be the Acts of Prudence and Understanding. In the first Place, though the *Nayre* makes Use of a certain Instrument of Iron a Yard long, which has a Hook at one End, wherewith he strikes and punches him, that he may be watchful and mind what he bids him do, yet for the most Part he governs him only by Words: By which it appears he understands the Language very well; and some of them understand three or four that are very different, according to the several Countries they have lived in. Thus he that I travelled on, seem'd to understand the Language of *Cambogia*, whence he came, and that of *Cochin China*, where he was. And who would not admire to hear the *Nayre* discourse with the Elephant, tell him the Way and Road he is to take, what Place he is to pass by, what Inn they are to lie at, what they shall there find to eat, and, in short, give him an exact Account of all that is to be done during the Journey; and to see the Elephant perform what he expects from him, as regularly as any Man of good Sense could do? Infomuch, that when the Elephant seems to have understood what Place he was to go to, he takes the shortest Cut to it, without minding the beaten Road, Rivers, Woods, or Mountains, but goes on, not doubting to overcome all Difficulties, as in Effect he does; for if any Rivers be in the Way, he either fords or swims them; if Woods, he breaks the Boughs of the Trees, pulls them up whole, or cuts them with a sharp Iron like a Scythe; which, for this Purpose, is fastened to the fore Part of the Top of the Coach; wherewith, upon Occasion, (having first laid hold of the Boughs) he cuts them with his Trunk, and makes himself a Way, cutting through the thickest Forest; where it is easily known to have been an
Elephant

Elephant that made the Way : And all this he does with great Ease and Expedition, in Obedience to the *Nayre*.

One only Thing disturbs this Creature, and puts it to great Pain ; which is, when a Thorn, or such-like Thing, runs into the Bottom of his Foot, which is extraordinary tender, and therefore he treads very cautiously, when he goes through Places where there may be Danger of such an Accident. I went a Journey once with seven or eight Elephants in Company, and heard the *Nayres* every one warn his own Beast to look out carefully where he set his Feet ; for they were to pass over a sandy Place about a Mile in Length, where Thorns grew up among the Sand : Upon this Intimation all the Elephants held down their Heads, and looking out, as it were, for some small Thing that is lost, they walked that Mile very cautiously, Step by Step ; till being told there was no more Fear, they lifted up their Heads, going on as they had done at first. Being come at Night to the Inn, the *Nayres* sent the Elephants to the Wood to feed, without taking the Coach off their Backs ; and I asking why they did not take it down, they answered, that the Elephants fed on the Boughs of Trees, and therefore they left the Coach on their Backs, that they might cut them with that Iron which (as we said) is before it. The next Day, being come where there was no Wood, every *Nayre* carried a large Bundle of green Boughs for his Elephant. I took particular Satisfaction to observe one, who more nimbly than the rest, laying hold of those Boughs with his Trunk, bark'd them with his Teeth, and then eat them up as quick, and with as good a Gust, as we would a Fig, or any other Sort of Fruit. Discourfing the next Day with my Fellow Travellers, who were about twenty, I told them how much I was pleased to see that Elephant eat the Boughs so cleverly. Then the *Nayre*, by Order of the Elephant's Master, called him by his Name, which was *Gnin*, he being at some Distance, when he presently lifted up his Head to give Ear to what was said to him. *Remember* (said the *Nayre*) *that Gentleman, the Passenger that looked upon you Yesterday, when you was eating ; take such a Bough as one of them was, and come before him, as you did Yesterday.* No sooner

had the *Nayre* spoke these Words, but the Elephant came before me with a Bough in his Trunk, singling me out among all the Company, shew'd it me, bark'd, and eat it ; then inclining himself very low, he went away, as it were, laughing, making Signs of Joy and Satisfaction, leaving me full of Astonishment, to see that a Beast should be so apt to understand, and do what it was commanded. Yet the Elephant is obedient to none but the *Nayre*, or his Master, and he will only endure to see them get upon him ; for if he should see any other Person mount, there is Danger that he would throw down the Coach with his Trunk, and kill him ; and therefore, when any Body is to get up, the *Nayre* generally covers his Eyes with his Ears, which are very large and ill shaped

If at any Time the Elephant does not obey so readily as he should, the *Nayre* beats him cruelly on the Middle of his Forehead, standing himself all the while upright on his Head. One Time, when I was upon him, with several others, the *Nayre* beat him, as has been said, and every Stroke he gave him, it look'd as if we should have been all thrown down Headlong. Generally they give him six or seven Strokes on the Middle of the Forehead ; but with such Force, that the Elephant quakes, and yet bears all patiently. There is only one Time when he obeys neither the *Nayre* nor any other Body ; which is, when on a sudden he is enflamed with Lust ; for then, being quite besides himself, he bears with no Body, but lays hold of the Coach with all that are in it, killing, destroying, and beating every Thing to Pieces. But the *Nayre*, by certain Signs, discovers it a little before it comes, and getting down speedily with all the Passengers, unloads him, taking down the Coach, and leaves him alone in some bye Place, till that Fury is over : After which, being sensible of his Error, and as it were ashamed of himself, he goes with his Head low to receive the Blows that are to be given him, thinking he has deserved them.

Formerly the Elephants were of great Use in War, and those Armies were formidable that carried great Troops of them into the Field ; but since the *Portuguese* found out the Way of using artificial Fireworks to them, they are rather
hurtful

hurtful, than otherwise ; for not being able to endure those Sparks of Fire which get into their Eyes, they betake themselves to Flight, breaking their own Armies, killing and confounding all that stands in their Way.

The tame Elephant fights with only two Creatures, which are the wild Elephant, and the Abada, or Rhinoceros ; the latter it overcomes, but by the first is generally conquered. The Rhinoceros is a Beast in Shape between a Horse and an Ox, but as big as one of the smallest Elephants, covered all over with Scales, as it were so many Plates of Armour. He has but one Horn in the Middle of the Forehead, which is strait and pyramidal, and his Feet and Hoofs are like those of an Ox. When I was at *Nuocmon*, a City in the Province of *Pulucambi*, the Governor went out to hunt a Rhinoceros, that was in a Wood near our Dwelling Place : He had with him above a hundred Men, some on Foot, some on Horseback, and eight or ten Elephants. The Rhinoceros came out of the Wood, and seeing so many Enemies, was so far from giving any Tokens of Fear, that he furiously encountered them all ; who opened and making a Line, let the Rhinoceros run through : It came to the Rear, where the Governor was on the Top of his Elephant, waiting to kill it. The Elephant endeavoured to lay hold with his Trunk, but could not, by Reason of the Rhinoceros's Swiftnefs and leaping, he striving to wound the Elephant with his Horn. The Governor knowing it could receive no Hurt, by Reason of the Scales, unless they struck it on the Side, waited till by leaping it laid open the naked Place, and casting a Dart, dexterously struck it through from Side to Side, with great Applause and Satisfaction of all the Multitude of Spectators ; who, without any more to do, laid it upon a great Pile of Wood, and setting Fire to it, leap'd and danced about, whilst the Scales were burning and Flesh roasting, cutting off Pieces as it roasted, and eating them. Of the Entrails, that is the Heart, Liver, and Brain, they made a more dainty Dish, and gave it to the Governor, who was upon a rising Ground, diverting himself with their Merriment. I being present, obtained the Hoofs of the Governor ;

Governor ; which are looked upon to have the same Quality and Virtue as the Hoof of the Elk, and so the Horn is good against Poison, as is the Unicorn's.

The Universal Prayer.

By Mr. P O P E.

FATHER of All ! in ev'ry Age,
 In ev'ry Clime ador'd,
 By Saint, by Savage, and by Sage,
 Jehovah, Jove, or Lord !

Thou Great First Cause, least understood :
 Who all my Sense confin'd
 To know but this, that Thou art Good,
 And that myself am blind ;

Yet gave me, in this dark Estate,
 To see the Good from Ill ;
 And binding Nature fast in Fate,
 Left free the Human Will.

What Conscience dictates to be done,
 Or warns me not to do,
 This, teach me more than Hell to shun,
 That, more than Heav'n pursue.

What Blessings thy free Bounty gives,
 Let me not cast away ;
 For God is paid when Man receives,
 T' enjoy is to obey.

Yet

Yet not to Earth's contracted Span
Thy Goodness let me bound,
Or think Thee Lord alone of Man,
When thousand Worlds are round :

Let not this weak unknowing Hand
Presume Thy Bolts to throw,
And deal Damnation round the Land;
On each I judge thy Foe :

If I am right, thy GRACE impart
Still in the Right to stay ;
If I am wrong, oh teach my Heart
To find that better Way ;

Save me alike from foolish Pride,
Or impious Discontent,
At ought thy Wisdom has deny'd,
Or ought thy Goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's Woe ;
To hide the Fault I see ;
That Mercy I to others show,
That Mercy show to me.

Mean tho' I am, not wholly so,
Since quicken'd by thy Breath :
O lead me wheresoe'er I go,
Thro' this Day's Life or Death.

This Day, be Bread and Peace my Lot :
All else beneath the Sun
Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not,
And let Thy Will be done.

To Thee, whose Temple is all Space,
Whose Altar, Earth, Sea, Skies,
One Chorus let all Being raise !
All Nature's Incense rise !

An infallible Receipt to prevent the Rot in SHEEP.

PUT two Handfuls of chopped Rue into a Pail of Water over Night ; next Morning squeeze it out, and put in as much Salt into the Liquor, as will make it bear an Egg : Of this Liquor give five Spoonfuls to a Sheep, once in nine Days in the greatest Danger ; and seldomer, according to your Discretion, where the Danger is less. The Sheep may continue in the same Ground, be it ever so bad, without any Hazard. This has always been found effectual where the Sheep are not come to an absolute Rot, and is a cheap and easy Medicine to be got by all Farmers and Graziers, &c.

To prepare Ink for drawing of Lines ; which, when writ upon, may be rubbed out again.

BURN Tartar to Ashes, or till it is calcined, to a white Colour ; take thereof the Bigness of a Hazle Nut, and lay it in a Cup full of Water to dissolve, then filtrate it : To this Solution mix as much fine ground Touch-Stone as will colour it black enough to write with. With this Ink rule the Lines you would write upon : When you have done writing, only rub it over with the Crumb of a stale Rowl, or with Crumb of Bread ; the Lines will vanish, and the Paper be as clean as it was before. This may be useful for Schools.

To spot a white Horse with black Spots.

TAKE Litharge three Ounces, Quick-lime six Ounces ; beat them fine, and mix them together ; put the Mixture into a Pan, and pour a sharp Lee over it ; then boil it, and you will have a fat Substance swim at Top ; with which anoint the Horse in such Places as you design to have black, and it will turn of that Colour immediately : This will likewise change the Hair that is red, into a black Colour, only then you must take an equal Quantity of Lime and Litharge, and boil it only in fresh Water, and what swims at Top is fit for Use.

WORKS to be done in Gardens in the Month
of April.

In the KITCHEN-GARDEN.

SEt Kidney Beans in dry Weather, and in light Earth ; also Rouncival Peas and Beans, to succeed other Crops.

Where Beans have been set too thick, cut down every other Row, within three Inches of the Root, and they will produce a good after Crop, when the others are gone. Sow Spinach, for the last Time, in a moist Place, not too much exposed to the Sun ; sow Cabbage and other Lettuce, to succeed what were sown before, and Purslane and Sallery in natural Ground ; sow small Sallads in open Borders ; sow Seeds of Thyme, and other sweet Herbs ; plant Cuttings or Slips of Rosemary and Lavender in moist Weather ; and you may yet plant Slips of Thyme, Sage, and such-like Herbs ; make Plantations of Strawberries till the Middle of the Month, and towards the End hough Carrots, Parsnips, and Onions.

Make Ridges for Cucumbers and Melons, for a full Crop ; prune the Melon Plants on the forward Ridge from all superfluous Branches, but do it carefully, lest you bruise the tender Branches, and endanger the Plant. If the Weather be dry and windy, you are to stake up all new-planted Trees, watering them once a Week ; cleanse Trees and Plants from Snails, Slugs, and other Vermin, which now do much Damage.

Cover the Cucumber and Melon Ridges with Bell Glasses ; still slip and plant Artichokes in a moist Soil, and now plant out your Cauliflower Plants that were raised in *February*, for a latter Crop ; draw and transplant young Sallery Plants in Beds of rich Earth, about three Inches distant, watering them duly till they have taken Root ; hough the Ground between the Rows of Beans and Peas, drawing the Earth up to their Stems ; also draw the Earth up to the Stems of Cabbage and Cauliflower Plants. In cold Nights cover your Cucumbers and Melons close with the Glasses, other-

wise you will lose the young Fruit. Sow Turnips to come after those sown before, which should now be houghed, and the Weeds cut out. Beds of Mint must now be weeded, and all other Things that the Garden produces, if you would have them thrive; now plant new Beds of Mint, Tarragon, and such-like Herbs; transplant your large Lettuces, and water them well. Thin Cabbages and Savoy, and prick them out into Beds, so will they gain Strength by the Time you transplant them out for Use; and at the latter End of this Month look over your Artichokes, drawing out all the young Plants that have been produced since the Stocks were slipped, some of the best of which may be trimmed and planted where wanted.

In the FRUIT-GARDEN.

Take off all young Shoots from new-planted Trees against Walls that push directly forward, leaving none but what push Side-ways to form the Beauty of the Tree. Watch the new-planted Vines, and suffer not above two Shoots to remain. Trees that have too much Vigour, as Peaches, &c. will now drop their Blossoms and Fruit. Remove all Suckers from Fig-Trees, and what Apples remain to be grafted, should now be compleated. Cherry Trees that are not very thriving, should now be relieved from being Hide-bound, by cutting their Bark. All new-planted Trees should be watered frequently. Plant Cuttings of Vines, observing to have a Knot of the old Wood at the Bottom of each, and bury them in the Ground, that the uppermost Eye may be even with the Surface; weed and water your Strawberry Beds, if they need; and Fruits in the forcing Frame must have now fresh Air, according to the Season; and if their Roots and Branches be watered at proper Times, it will be of Service to them.

In the FLOWER-GARDEN.

Sow in the natural Ground the most hearty exotick Seeds, and such Flower Seeds as were omitted in the former Months; sow Columbines, Scabius, Marigolds, Amaranthus,

thus, *Gnaphalium*, and *Cyanus* ; plant Scarlet Beans, and yet plant and set fibrous-rooted Plants. Stick up Carnations, and now sow their Seed ; - pot some of your *Amaranthuses*, and give them a fresh Bed to draw them tall. Stake up all Plants and Flowers which are grown to any Height ; after Rain clip your Edgings of Box ; sow Pine and Fir Seeds, covering them with a Net, to keep them from the Birds ; and now is the Time to remove all Sorts of Evergreens. If the Weather is moist, it is not too late to make Layers of *Jessamines*, *Roses*, *Honeysuckles*, and such-like Shrubs. Make fresh hot Beds to forward young seedling Oranges, Lemons, and other Exoticks now come up, and fit to transplant from the first hot Bed ; roll Grass and Gravel Walks after Rain, and renew your Works in Sand, &c. Mow Grass often, which now grows apace ; screen your seedling *Auriculas* from the Sun, and refresh them with Water ; remove your fine *Auriculas*, which now show their Colours, under some Cover, to shelter them from the Rain and Sun ; yet let them have as much open Air as you can, especially such as you design for Seed. Cover Beds of *Tulips*, *Renunculuses*, *Anemonies*, *Hyacinths*, and such like, which are now in Bloom, but open them every Morning and Evening for fresh Air. At the latter End of this Month, take up the Roots of *Saffron*, *Colchicums*, and other bulbous-rooted Flowers, to blow at *Michaelmas*, whose Leaves are decayed ; keep them out of the Ground till *July*, and then plant them again.

An Account of the amazing Riches and Curiosities of the Chapel or Holy House of Loretto, in Italy.

THE City of *Loretto* is situated on an Eminence, three Miles to the Westward of the Gulph of *Venice*, fifteen South of *Ancona*, and one hundred and forty-five to the Eastward of *Rome*, in a pleasant fruitful Soil : It is but small, consisting only of one large Street within the Gate,

and another without : It is defended by a Wall and other Fortifications, but such as are of no great Strength.

The *Roman Catholicks* think the Chapel, or Holy House of this Place, is to be preferred before all the Holy Places under Heaven ; and, upon that Account, the rich Gifts that have been made to it by Emperors, Kings, Popes, Princes, and other Persons of Distinction of the *Roman Catholic* Persuasion, almost exceed Imagination.

The celebrated Mr. *Addison*, in his Travels through *Italy* a few Years ago, visited this Place, and tells us, in the Account of his Travels, (which he published after his Return) “ That the Riches in this Holy House are surprizingly
“ great, and as much surpassed his Expectations, as other
“ Sights have fallen short of it ; that Silver can scarce find
“ Admission, and Gold itself looks but poorly among such
“ an incredible Number of precious Stones.”

What the *Roman Catholicks* believe of the Original of this Holy House, is written in several Languages on Tables, and hung up in the Cathedral of *Loretto*, and is as follows, viz. “ That this was the Blessed Virgin’s Chamber near *Jerusalem*, in which she was born and saluted by the Angel ; that she conceived and brought up her Son JESUS here, till he was twelve Years of Age ; that after the Ascension of our SAVIOUR, the Apostles consecrated it to the Honour of the Blessed Virgin, and St. *Luke* drew a Picture of her, which is preserved here to this Day ; that the Natives apostatizing from the Faith of CHRIST, and becoming the Disciples of MAHOMET, the Angels carried it into *Dalmatia*, and placed it on a Mountain there, called *Tersatto*, near the Gulph of *Venice*, (but as to the Time of this memorable Event, they are not perfectly agreed, whether it was on the ninth, tenth, or the twelfth Day of *May*, 1291, or in the Year 1294 ;) but the People of the Country not expressing a true Veneration for it here, three Years and seven Months after, the Angels transported it over the Sea to a Wood in the Territory of *Recanati*, (which is about three Miles from *Loretto*) the Territory belonging to a noble Lady named *Loretto*, from whence it obtained the Name of *Our Lady of Loretto*. After it had remained here eight Months, on Ac-

count

count of the Wickedness of the Natives, it was removed a third Time to the Hill where it stands at present ; but a Controversy arising between two Brothers to whom the Ground belonged, four Months after, it was removed a little farther into a Highway ; and here they built over it a magnificent Church, the present Cathedral, under the Middle of the Cupola whereof it now remains. They also erected four Walls of white *Parian* Marble, which surrounded the Holy Chamber at the Distance of half a Foot, the better to preserve it. Here all the Beauties of Sculpture and Architecture may be seen, the greatest Artists in *Italy* having been employed in the Work. It is of the *Corinthian* Order, with excellent Basreliefs, in which the History of the Virgin is represented ; and there being two Rows of Niches one above another between the double Columns, in the ten below are the Statues of ten Prophets, and in those above the Images of ten of the *Sibyls*, who prophesy'd of our SAVIOUR's Birth. There remains no more now of the Virgin's Chamber than the four Walls, composed of a reddish Stone, which the Legend says is no where to be found but near *Nazareth*. The Roof has been removed, to give Light within, and a Door made on each Side ; nor is there any of the Foundation. The Chamber is about forty Foot long, twenty broad, and about twenty in Height. Our Author says, he viewed the Wall on the Inside, which they were prevented from doing without, by the Marble Inclosure ; and whatever they may pretend, it appears to be built of Brick. *Misson* also relates, that he has examined the Matter, and that they have on Purpose made Choice of Bricks of different Shapes and unequal Bigness, together with some flat greyish and reddish Stones, which are common every where, and that the Cement is common Lime and Sand, as in other ordinary Houses, but ill joined and fitted together ; which seems to evince, that the Work was done in Haste. But to go on with the Tradition concerning this House, which the *Roman Catholics* believe as firmly as their Creed : They say, that it was not known from whence it came, till the Blessed Virgin appeared to a devout Man in his Sleep, and declared the Manner of its Removal

in the Year 1296, who discovering it to the Governor and other considerable Men of the Province, they sent sixteen Persons of good Reputation to *Nazareth*, who measured the Foundations from whence it was taken, and found them to be exactly of the same Dimensions with the Walls of the Holy House. They saw also an Inscription on an adjoining Wall, which signified that it had left that Place; which demonstrated to them, that this was the Chamber of the Virgin MARY: And it has been revered by Christians accordingly, and many Miracles wrought there, says the Legend.

Paul Silva, a Hermit of great Sanctity, who lived in the Neighbourhood, also declared, that going there constantly to Mattins for ten Years on the eighth of *September* annually, two Hours before Day, he saw a Light descend from Heaven upon the Holy House, which was the Blessed Virgin, who shewed herself there on the Day of her Nativity. Another Man of Credit, named *Paul Renalduci*, attested, that his Grandfather saw the Angels convey it over the Sea, and place it in the Wood, where he had often visited it. One *Francis Prior* also attested, that his Grandfather's Grandfather being an hundred and twenty Years old, had much frequented it in the same Place, and that in his Time it was carried from thence to the Mountain of the two Brothers.

The Holy House is situated East and West. Towards the East is the little Chimney of the Chamber, and over it stands the Lady of *Loretto*, with a little Jesus on her Right Arm: The Image of our Lady is said to be of Cedar Wood, the Workmanship of *St. Luke*, and brought hither with the House. It is about four Foot high, and adorned with a particular Kind of Veil, (of which they have several of various Colours for Change,) all rich and glittering with precious Stones: One of these, *Lassels* relates, has six Rows of Diamonds down before, to the Number of three thousand, and is wrought over with a Kind of Embroidery of little Pearl, set thick every where, within the Flowers, with great round Pearl, to the Number of twenty thousand Pearls in all. Her triple Crown, covered with precious Stones, was the Present of *Lewis XIII*, King of *France*. The Crown

Crown on the Head of our SAVIOUR, also is set with Diamonds. Before the Breast of the Blessed Virgin, hangs a Royal Toison, or Fleece of rich Jewels, a Collar of Rubies, Pearls and Diamonds, and a rich Cross hanging at it. And round the Nich where the Statue stands, is a close Row of precious Stones of several Kinds and Lustres, of great Bulk and Value, forming a Kind of Rainbow of various Colours.

Towards the upper End of the House, is an Altar of Silver, given by *Cosmo II.* Great Duke of *Florence*. Before it hangs a Lamp of Gold, as great as two Men can carry. It was the Vow and Gift of the Senate of *Venice*, which had vowed it in the Time of a Plague. On either Side of the Walls are fastened two great Candlesticks of pure Gold, made like Cornucopias, and neatly wrought. These were the Gift of the Dutcheffs of *Florence*. On one Side of the Altar, in a Cupboard in the Wall, are some little Earthen Dishes, (brought thither with the House) which Tradition holds to have been our SAVIOUR's Plate, and our Lady's Vessels. This Cupboard hath now got a Door of Silver, the Gift (as 'tis said) of a Duke of *Parma*.

Before the Image of our Lady, hang about twelve Lamps of pure Gold, each as big as a Man's Head, one whereof exceeding the rest in Workmanship, was the Gift of *Sigismund*, King of *Poland*. There hangs round about many rich Vows and Presents, particularly an Image of Silver of the eldest Son of *Ferdinand III.* Emperor, with a Chain of Diamonds about it. An Angel of Silver, presenting as it were a Child of Gold in swathing Bands upon a Silver Cushion, the Gift of the Queen of *France*, being brought to-bed of the *Dauphin*, afterwards *Lewis XIV.* The Picture of a Prince of *Conde* in Silver, kneeling. A Vow of his Mother, when he went first to the Wars. The Busto of *St. Barbaro* in Silver, set with Jewels, the Gift of an Archduke of *Austria*. Another Busto of *St. Girione*, set with Jewels, given by the Queen of *Bobemia*. The Statue of *St. Ladislaus* in Silver, the Gift of *Ladislaus IV.* King of *Poland*. A fine kneeling Stool of Silver, given by Cardinal *Colonna*.

Over

Over against the Image of our Lady, at the End which looks Westward, is the Window at which, 'tis said, the Angel entered when he brought her the joyful Tidings of being the Mother of our SAVIOUR ; this Window is about three Foot high, and almost the same Breadth ; and, according to Tradition, the Virgin was telling over her Beads when the Angel appeared to her.

They add, that the Altar made by the Hands of the Apostles, and the Stone on which St. *Peter* said his first Mass, was transported hither with the House, which are now covered with Silver. The Pavement consists of square Pieces of red and white Marble ; but this is modern, for the old Floor they say was left at *Nazareth* with the Foundation of the House. The Entrance of this Chapel is by three Doors at present, *viz.* one on each Side, and one behind the Altar, though originally there was but one. The Place between the Altar and our Lady's Shrine, is called the Sanctuary : Upon this Altar Mass is celebrated from Four in the Morning to One in the Afternoon.

All round the Walls that inclose the House, are a great Number of Candlesticks and Branches ; and these Walls the Pilgrims surround on their Knees, some five, some seven, and others twelve Times, as they are disposed, saying over their Pater-Nosters and Ave-Marias, and telling their Beads, all endeavouring to get as near the Wall as they can ; and as some surround it one Way, and others the contrary, this occasions frequent jostling, and must not a little disturb their Devotions ; but this is never done when there are great Numbers of Pilgrims assembled. From the *Sancta Casa* Foreigners are led to view the Treasury ; in Comparison of which, says *Misson*, all the Riches of the Holy House are but of small Value.

This Treasury is a Room forty Paces long, and about fifteen wide, vaulted and painted over Head. On the Left Hand of this Room stand great Cupboards, which opening above, have little Nets of strong Wyar before them, to keep Hands off. In one of these Cupboards there is to be seen a Crucifix, Candlesticks, Cruets, Bason and Eure, (Things used in the celebrating the *Roman Mass*) and the

Foot

Foot of a Chalice, all of Amber. In another, such a whole Service, all of *Agate*. In another, such a whole Service, all of *Lapis Lazuli*, given by Count *Olivares*. Another, all of Corall, given by the Arch-duke *Leopold*. Another, all of Crystal. In another, one all of Silver, with Flower Pots neatly wrought, given by *Don Thadeo Barberino*, Prefect of *Rome*. In another, a stately Ebony Crucifix, adorned with many curious Pictures in Miniature, given by Pope *Clement VIII*. In another, a spread Eagle of Diamonds, given by *Mary* Queen of *Hungary*. Two Crowns of Gold, enriched with Pearl, the Gift of a Queen of *Poland*. A Crown of Gold, set with very large Rubies, given by the Dutchess of *Nevers*. In another, a Crown and Scepter of Gold enamelled, given by *Christiana*, Queen of *Sweden*. In another, an enamelled Pigeon, with a rich Jewel on its Breast, the Gift of the Prince *Ludoviso*: The Heart enriched with Diamonds, with a great Emerald in the Middle of it, of an excessive Bigness, the Gift of *Henry III*. of *France*. In another, a rich enamelled triangular Jewel, with the Picture of the Blessed Virgin in the Middle of it. In another, several great Chains of Gold, given by great Men. In another, a great Heart of Gold, as big as both a Man's Hands, enamelled with Blue, and bearing on the outside *Jesus Maria*, set in pretty big Diamonds, and within it are the Pictures of the Virgin on one Side, and of the Queen of *England*, *Henrietta Maria*, on the other: Also, another neat little Heart of Gold, enamelled, and set with Jewels, the Present of Madam *Christiana*, Dutchess of *Savoy*, and Sister to the aforesaid Queen of *England*, with her own and her Son's Picture in it. In another, the Picture of our Lady, with her Son in her Arms, cut in a great Pearl, and set in Gold. In another, a Picture of our Lady, wrought curiously with *Indian* Feathers of several Colours, and cut short as Plush; which Picture changeth Colours as often as you change its Situation, or your own Posture. In another, a great *Custodia* of Crystal, given by *Christiana* of *Tuscany*. In another, a *Custodia* of *Lapis Lazuli*. In another, a Diamond, valued at 12,000 Crowns, the Gift of the Prince *D'oria* of *Genoa*. Another of almost equal

Price, given by a *German Prince*. In another, a curious Book of Gold, covered with Diamonds, with the Leaves of Gold, and rarely painted in Miniature, the Gift of a Duke of *Bavaria*. In another, the *Samaritans Well of Gold*, with the Pictures of our SAVIOUR, and the *Samaritan Woman*, in Gold also, the Present of Cardinal *Brancaccio*. In other great Cupboards, a whole Suit for the Altar, Priest, Deacon, and Sub-Deacon, covered all over with Embroidery of Pearl, valued at 130,000 Crowns, the Present of *Catherine Zamoiskey*, Wife of the Chancellor of *Polonia*. In others, several single Diamonds of an immense Value; a golden Dove, with two Crowns above it, covered with Diamonds, Rubies, Emeralds, and other precious Stones; a Cup of *Lapis Lazuli*, with a Lid of Rock Crystal, on the Top whereof is an Angel in relievo, having a Lilly set with Diamonds on his Head: The Border of this Lid is adorn'd with four large Diamonds, and as many Rubies; the Foot is oriental Jasper and Gold, artfully intermixed and embellished with precious Stones, three Satyrs of Gold sitting upon it glittering with Rubies and Diamonds, intermixed with Pearls; and there are three golden Syrens for the Basis, holding each of them a Child, with this Distich,

*Ut quæ prole tua mundum Regina beasti,
Et Regnum & Regem prole beare velis.*

That is, Do thou, O Queen, that blessed the World with thy Offspring, bless the King and Queen with Offspring.

This glorious Cup *Henry III. of France* offered to our Lady for a Successor: And here are two Crowns in Form of Tiara's, which *Lewis XIII of France* offered on the same Account. These are both of Gold, embellished with Diamonds and Pearls; which, it is said, cost eighty thousand Crowns.

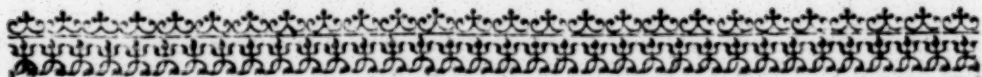
Among the golden Statues are those of the Duke of *Savoy*, with a Royal Mantle, on his Knees, and that of *Stanislaus*, King of *Poland*: And there is an Altar Cloth presented by the Lady of the great Chancellor of *Poland*, the Jewels whereof are computed to be worth an hundred and fifty thousand Crowns, with a Multitude of other valuable Presents; among which we must not forget one that *Misson* says was sent by King *James II's Queen* in 1688, viz. an
Angel

Angel of Gold, holding a Heart bigger than an Egg, covered with Diamonds of great Value ; which, he says, she offered to the Virgin just before she became pregnant of the Chevalier.

On the other Side of this Room are great Windows, betwixt every one of which are set upon long Tables, divers great Towns expressed in Silver, with their Walls, Ramparts, Churches, Steeples, Houses, Streets, Windmills, &c. being all *German* Work, and *German* Towns, and wrought with that Curiosity, that whosoever has once seen the Towns, will easily distinguish them here in Effigie.

Turcelinus, in his History of *Loretto*, relates, that in some Years, between *Easter* and *Whitsuntide*, there have resorted hither five or six hundred thousand Pilgrims ; and in the Space of two Days in *September*, when they celebrate the Feast of the Virgin's Nativity, not less than two hundred thousand. These Pilgrims set out in Bodies from the several Catholick Cities of *Italy*, and other Parts of *Europe*, each Body or Society being distinguished by the Arms of the City they come from, and by the Colour of their Cloaths: They wear a Kind of Linnen Frock with a Cowl, which quite covers their Heads, leaving only three Holes for their Eyes and Mouth ; they have large Chaplets of Beads, Girdles, Pilgrims Staves, and the Arms of the Society painted or embroidered before and behind, on the Back and Breast of every Brother. The Men usually ride on Asses, probably in Imitation of our SAVIOUR. As to the Female Pilgrims, their Habits are the richest they can procure. The Ladies usually ride in Calashes and Chaises, surrounded with a Crowd of Gentlemen mounted on Asses, and dressed in the Manner above described, who show a thousand Antick Tricks, and sing merry Songs for their Diversion. The numerous Clergy who constantly attend here, must occasion a very great Expence, there being above an hundred and twenty Masses founded to be said every Day in the Church and Chapel, besides casual ones celebrated for particular Persons ; for which Purpose only they maintain near fourscore extraordinary Chaplains ; and the Madona, or Saint herself, is continually served by twenty

Canons, thirteen Ecclesiasticks, called Incumbents, twelve Clerks, and other inferior Officers.



A S O N G o f P R A I S E.

PREPARE, my Soul, thy noblest Lays,
 And speak thy great Deliv'rer's Praise,
 Awake, my Voice, and gentle Lute,
 Nor let one grateful String be mute ;
 And, oh ! ye sacred Pow'rs of Love,
 Let me all your Influence prove :
 Ye heav'nly Virtues, guide my Tongue,
 Or teach me some celestial Song ;
 Such as your own Flame inspires,
 When you touch your golden Lyres ;
 And in the fair ethereal Bow'rs,
 Sing away your happy Hours.

Begin, begin the tuneful Lays,
 While the Morning's early Rays
 All their golden Lustre spread
 O'er the tow'ring Mountain's Head ;
 Nor cease till Noon, till sable Night
 Conceal the World from mortal Sight,

From the lowest Depths of Care,
 To God I sent a doubtful Pray'r :
 Yet he lent a gracious Ear,
 And scattered all my groundless Fear,

While these Lips draw vital Breath,
 Till I close my Eyes in Death,
 I'll ne'er forget thy wond'rous Love,
 Nor thoughtless of thy Favours prove.

Beneath

Beneath thy shadowing Wings Defence
I'll place my only Confidence ;
In ev'ry Danger and Distress,
To thee I will my Pray'r address.
Let all my Hopes on Earth be lost,
In thee I'll make my constant Boast ;
I'll spread the Glories of thy Name,
And thy unbounded Love proclaim.

You that sink in dark Despair,
To God direct your humble Pray'r ;
From his lofty Seat he hears
Our sad Complaints, and dries our Tears ;
He regards the pensive Breast,
And gives the weary Pilgrim Rest ;
On Human Mis'ries, from his Throne
With soft Compassion he looks down ;
The Weight of all our Grief, he knows,
And seems to share our secret Woes.

LORD, what is Man, that he should prove
The Object of such boundless Love ?
Whence can such wond'rous Bounty spring,
To such a vain and worthless Thing ?
Why should he so largely share
Thy Favour, and thy tender Care ?
Why thy sacred Thoughts employ,
In the Heights of perfect Joy ?

O let ev'ry grateful Tongue
Speak thy Praise in lofty Song ;
And thou, my Soul, join all thy Pow'rs,
In this blest Work employ thy Hours.



IMPROVEMENTS in HUSBANDRY,

Communicated by a Letter from a Gentleman in Hertfordshire.

S I R,

AMONG the great *Improvements* that have of late Years been made in Arts and Sciences, those in *Agriculture* (of which you have given us many Hints of *Improvement* in your *useful* and *entertaining WORK*) deserve to be ranked not in the lowest Place, on Account of the great *Benefits* Mankind receive from them.

It is not many Years since the Seeds of Turnips, and several Sorts of Grass, were first sown in the Fields, which have encreased the Value of Lands, enriched the Occupiers thereof, and enabled them to keep larger Flocks of Cattle upon them than formerly.

Our best Husbandmen do now so order their Matters, that they seldom let the Ground be idle, it generally producing them an annual Crop of Grain, Turnips, and Grass; and no sooner are their Turnips eat off, but they prepare their Ground for another Crop, either of Wheat or Barley, by plowing it once, and harrowing in the Grain. They frequently sow on this Ground Wheat, as late as the Beginning of *March*, and generally have a great Crop of it; the Turnip Ground Wheat, though for the most Part sown late, being reckoned the best in this Part of *Hertfordshire*, the Sheep that were fed upon the Turnips, and the Turnips themselves, meliorating the Land, and destroying the Weeds.

A good Crop of Turnips in this Country, is seldom sold for less, often for more, than 40 s. an Acre. As this Root therefore is so advantageous to the Farmers, the *Hertfordshire* Way of manuring and preparing the Soil for the Reception of its Seeds, may be acceptable to the Publick..

I have for some Years past occupied a large Farm, and as well as my Neighbours, find by Experience, the best Method is to plow the Land which we intend for Turnips, in the Winter Season, and in the following Spring to dress that Land with good Dung, which should be plowed into the Ground, and before the Seeds are sown we plow the
Ground

Ground a third Time, which then generally breaks up, and may be harrowed as fine as Garden Mould, and seldom fails of producing a plentiful Crop of Turnips. But if we cannot get a sufficient Quantity of Dung for the above Purpose, we manure our Turnip Land with Soot, sowing about twenty or twenty-five Bushels on every Acre, which we harrow into the Ground, and this sometimes causes it to produce a better Crop than Dung, and by many Farmers is preferred before it; for it not only manures the Land, but prevents the Flies eating the Turnips; and, when we dress with Dung, we generally sow about fourteen Bushels of Soot upon an Acre, and harrow it into the Ground after the Seed is sown, to save the Plants from those destructive Insects which do sometimes destroy them all in two or three Days after they appear above Ground.

We esteem Soot the best of all Manure for our Wheat, and we dress most of it therewith, sowing on every Acre about twenty-five Bushels; and this, on Account of its hot Nature, doth so promote and forward Vegetation, that the good Effect of it is not only visible at Harvest, but may be discerned soon after it is sown on the Ground. There is such a material Difference in the Appearance of the Corn which has, and that which has not been footed, that a Stranger may at the first View see how far it was used. And we are so fond of this black Manure, though it sometimes costs us eleven Pence a Bushel, that I believe more of it is used in *Hertfordshire*, than any other County.

Chalk we likewise esteem an excellent and lasting Manure for our Land, and we employ Labourers to get it out of the Bowels of the Earth, by sinking Pits, sometimes eight or ten Feet deep before they can find it: Of this we lay about twenty Cart Loads upon an Acre; the Labourers dig it and barrow it about the Field for Seven-pence Half-penny a Score Barrows (a Barrow may contain about a Bushel) and this doth so fertilize the Soil, that we reap the Benefit of it in an ample Manner for eighteen or twenty succeeding Years. In short, those Farmers, who on Account of Poverty, cannot foot and chalk their Grounds, do plow and sow to little Purpose; for they get but half
Crops.

Crops, and soon render their Land as poor as themselves, the Consequence whereof is generally their Ruin.

We have a small Kind of Vetches, which we call Winter Vetches, of which we sow about a Bushel and a half upon an Acre, as soon as we can after an Harvest, upon almost any Stubble, plowing the Ground but once; they are so hardy, that the most severe Winter doth not hurt them, and in the Spring they afford us an excellent Food for our Sheep. They may be eaten till Midsummer, and then the Ground may be plowed once, and Turnips sowed thereon, dressing the Ground with about twenty Bushels of Soot; and, if they should fail, the Ground may be plowed again, and sowed with Wheat, which generally succeeds well.

It has not been much practised till of late hereabouts, but we now find it a very good Way, to mow our Wheat Stubbles and carry the Straw off before plowed, it having been experienced that the plowing in the long Straw hurts the next Crop.

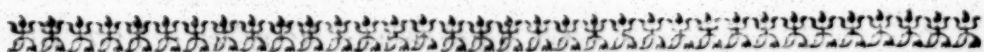
Hemsted, Feb. 10.

AGRICOLA.

How to prepare Wheat-Seed a new Way, so as to secure it against Worms and Smut.

As Clover and other Grass-lays are in particular more subject to the Breed of Worms and Grubs than other Ground, by Reason of its longer resting from the Plough and Harrows: It is absolutely necessary to provide against their Rapine, which here they commonly commit on new sown Wheat, by gnawing its first Sprout, or Blade, just within the Ground; for thus I knew a Farmer lose, I believe, twenty Pounds in one Field, by the Damage of small red Worms, while the Wheat was in its Infant Growth, in a gravelly, chalky Soil, about *Allhollantide*. Now, it is not steeping the Wheat-Seed in Brine that will effectually hinder such a Loss, for the Strength of the Brine and Lime may be soon drawn or washed away, and then the Worm may remain Master: But, to answer this great End, a more powerful Application must be made Use of, and that is one
I learnt

I learnt of a *Hertfordshire* Man.--- Put a Tap and Tap-Whips into a Tub, and then in with your two or three Bushels of Wheat-Seed : This done, take three Pounds of Copperas, which I buy for Three-half-pence per Pound, and put it into two or three Gallons of scalding Water, where, with stirring, it will dissolve presently ; let it cool a little, and put all of it, while it is warm, over the Seed ; a Quarter of an Hour after, pour over all the Wheat-Seed as much black Mudgel-hole Water as will make the whole swim four Inches ; which will give you an Opportunity, by stirring all soundly, to skim off all the Seeds of Weeds, and the light under-line Corns that occasion Smut and Pepper-Wheat. In this Liquor let the Seed lie twelve Hours, or, if you are in Haste, six, four, or two ; then draw all clear off, and lime it directly for sowing the same Morning ; but, if the Seed lay and drained twelve Hours before liming, it would be rather better ; but save the drawn off Liquor, to serve towards such another Parcel, with an Addition of one or two Pounds more of Copperas, and so on. This Ingredient is of a poisonous Nature, but of no ill Consequence to the Seed ; for it will so taint the Earth, as to keep off Grubs, Worms, and Slugs, and thus secures it, not only against their Mischiefs, but preserves it from Smuttiness.



*WORKS to be done in Gardens in the Month
of May.*

In the KITCHEN-GARDEN.

ABOUT the Beginning of this Month sow Cucumbers in the natural Ground, put about twelve Seeds in each Hole, and when they come up leave only four or five of the strongest for Fruit ; let the Earth be well work'd, and rather light than stiff ; when the Plants come up, they must be often watered ; but much Water destroys Melons.

Give Melons Air, and prune off the Water-Branches, which are known by their Breadth and Flatness ; also pinch off the Tops of Runners that have Fruit on them, for they have always three or four Joints beyond the Fruit, which take away the Nourishment the Fruit should have ; let the Fruit be well sheltered with Leaves from the Power of the Sun, till grown to Maturity, and then the Sun cannot ripen them too fast ; if the Season be dry, rather pour Water in the Alleys between the Melon Ridges, than on the Plants or Stems ; and Pond Water is the best, because most exposed to the Sun.

Replant Imperial and Silesia Lettuce, if you have any large enough ; and if any of the Imperial Lettuces are cabbaged, cut the Tops of them cross-ways, that the Flower Stems may more easily shoot for feeding. Sow *Dutch Brown* Lettuce, to be planted out for cabbaging in *June* ; sow Radishes in natural Ground ; also Purslane and Cabbage Seed. Now sow Endive very thin, to be blanched without transplanting ; transplant Cauliflower Plants, and make Drills for Sellery ; plant out Cabbages, Sellery, and Beet-Chard ; sow Sweet Marjoram, Thyme, and other Aromatick Herbs ; also July-Flowers, and other tender Plants ; and what was omitted in the former Months, must be done the Beginning of this ; water new planted Trees, Asparagus, and other Things that want, and destroy all Weeds and Vermin.

Set Peas and Beans, both *French* and *Windsor* ; sow Brocoli for Spring Use, and in moist Weather sow Turnips. A careful Gardener will now daily visit every Part of his Care, correcting the unruly, and comforting the weak Plants, in the best Manner he can.

In the FRUIT-GARDEN.

Now tie up the Shoots of the Vine to their Props, leaving only three or four of the boldest ; loosen such Branches as are bound between the Joints of the Wall, or behind the larger Wood. At the latter End of this Month nail the
most

most forward projecting Branches, where Fruit is, close to the Wall, and pick off all fruitless Shoots.

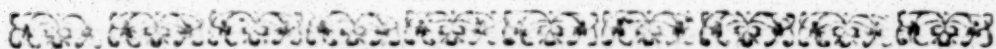
Peaches and Apricots are to be carefully thinned of their Fruit, not suffering above two or three Fruit on a Branch. All dried withered Branches from Wall-Trees are to be taken away, and the Trees cleansed from Snails, Cankers, and Vermin. Now begin the Summer with pruning of Pears, cutting off the Shoots of this Year, that come forward, to half an Inch, and taking out those in the Middle, where they crowd one another entirely; but at the Extremity of the Tree, they may be let alone to the Winter pruning, if there be Room. All perpendicular Shoots in the Middle of Dwarfs, should this Month be reduced to half an Inch. The Summer Bon-Chretien Pear should never feel the Knife but in this Month, except it be to cut out great Wood entirely; because if it has Room, it will bear at the Extremities. Now clip off the Extremities of the Shoots of Gooseberries, which will in a great Measure prevent or kill the Canker-Worm. Gather the Nests of Caterpillars, and other Insects which hurt your Trees, and pull off all crumpled Leaves, which harbour Multitudes of pernicious Vermin, though the naked Eye cannot see them.

At the latter End of this Month you may loosen the Bandages of Trees grafted in the Spring, breaking off the Clay.

In the FLOWER-GARDEN.

Repeat the sowing of annual Flowers, giving them frequent Waterings till they come up. This is the best Season to sow Carnation Seeds; now tie up Carnations which spindle for blowing; cut down the Leaves and Stems of all bulbous-rooted Flowers that have done blowing, unless such as you design for Seed; gather your Anemomy Seed as it ripens; shade choice Tulips from the Mid-day Sun, and defend them from Rains; when they have done blowing, break off their Seed-Pods, which will strengthen the Roots; plant Stock July-Flowers in Beds, and when the Weather is settled, all your choice annual Flowers, as *African* and

French Marygolds, *Amaranthus*, *Basils*, *Convolvulus*, and such like, are to be transplanted ; plant Cuttings of the *Ficoides* and *Sedums*, of the *Pyracantha*, the *Passion Flower*, the *Arabian* *Jessamine*, the *Goranium*, *Amomum Plinii*, and other exotick Shrubs, in some open Border, where they will take Root better than in Pots. Lay Layers of the *Myrtle*, *Oleander*, &c. and about the tenth of this Month inarch *Orange* and *Lemon Trees* upon *Lemon Stocks*, and by the Middle of *August*, bearing Plants may be cut from the Mother Trees. Inarch also the *Spanish* white, and the *Indian* yellow *Jessamines*, upon strong Stocks of the common white *Jessamine*.



A HYMN to CONTENTMENT.

LOVELY, lasting Peace of Mind !
 Sweet Delight of Human Kind !
 Heav'nly born, and bred on high,
 To crown the Fav'rites of the Sky
 With more of Happiness below
 Than Victors in a Triumph know !
 Whither, O whither art thou fled,
 To lay thy meek, contented Head !
 What happy Region dost thou please
 To make the Seat of Calms and Ease ?

Ambition searches all its Sphere
 Of Pomp and State, to meet thee there.
 Increasing Avarice would find
 Thy Presence in its Gold inshrined.
 The bold Advent'rer ploughs his Way,
 Thro' Rocks amidst the foaming Sea,
 To gain thy Love ; and then perceives
 Thou wert not in the Rocks and Waves.

Lovely,

Lovely, lasting Peace, appear !
This World itself, if thou art here,
Is once again with *Eden* blest'd,
And Man contains it in his Breast.

'Twas thus, as under Shade I stood,
I sung my Wishes to the Wood,
And lost in Thought, no more perceiv'd
The Branches whisper as they wav'd :
It seem'd, as all the quiet Place
Confess'd the Presence of the Grace.
When thus she spoke-----Go, rule thy Will,
Bid thy wild Passions all be still,
Know God---and bring thy Heart to know
The Joys which from Religion flow :
Then ev'ry Grace shall prove its Guest,
And I'll be there to crown the rest.

Oh! by yonder mossy Seat,
In my Hours of sweet Retreat ;
Might I thus my Soul employ,
With Sense of Gratitude and Joy :
Rais'd as antient Prophets were,
In heav'nly Visions, Praise, and Pray'r ;
Pleasing all Men, hurting none,
Pleas'd and blest'd with God alone :
Then while the Gardens take my Sight,
With all the Colours of Delight ;
While silver Waters glide along,
To please my Ear, and court my Song :
I'll lift my Voice, and tune my String,
And Thee, *Great Source of Nature sing.*

The Sun that walks his airy Way,
To light the World, and give the Day ;
The Moon that shines with borrow'd Light ;
The Stars that gild the gloomy Night ;
The Seas that roll unnumber'd Waves ;
The Wood that spreads its shady Leaves ;

The

The Field whose Ears conceal the Grain,
 The yellow Treasure of the Plain ;
 All of these, and all I see,
 Shou'd be sung, and sung by me :
 They speak their *Maker* as they can,
 But want and ask the Tongue of Man.



Remarkable Curiosities in the Kingdom of Denmark.

DENMARK is one of the Kingdoms of the vast Continent of *Scandinavia*, which makes one of the eight great Parts; that the Quarter of the World called *Europe* is divided into, viz. 1st. *Scandinavia*, containing the Kingdoms of *Swedeland*, *Denmark*, and *Norway*, chief Cities *Stockholm*, *Copenhagen*, and *Bergen* ; 2d. *Muscovia* or *Russia*, chief City *Moscow* ; 3d. *France*, chief City *Paris* ; 4th. *Germany*, chief City *Vienna* ; 5th. *Poland*, chief City *Cracow* ; 6th. *Spain*, chief City *Madrid* ; 7th. *Italy*, chief City *Rome* ; 8th. *Turkey* in *Europe*, chief City *Constantinople*. To these must be added the *European* Islands, the chief of which are *Great Britain* and *Ireland*, chief Cities *London* and *Edinburgh*.

The remarkable Curiosities of *Denmark* are as follows : In *Iceland*, a large Island belonging to *Denmark*, there are many remarkable Springs, some of them so hot as to scald the Hand, or even to boil a Piece of Beef (according to Dr. *Biornoni*) in a Quarter of an Hour ; and about the Brims of the Springs these Waters harden and petrify. *Blefkenius* relates, that in the Western Part of the Island there is a Lake which smokes continually, and is of a petrifying Quality ; so that if a Piece of Wood be stuck into it, the Part under Water becomes stony, and that in the Ground turns to Iron. This, he tells us, he twice experienced ; but adds, that what seem'd to be Iron, being thrown into the Fire, burnt like Charcoal. He also mentions another Lake in the Middle of the Island, which exhales so poison-

ous

ous a Vapour, as to kill Birds that fly near its Surface. The same Author takes Notice of two Springs, the one hot, the other cold, the Waters whereof form an excellent Bath, being conveyed by different Channels into one and the same Bason: And near these Springs there is another, the Water of which tastes like Wheat, and is excellent against the Venereal Distemper.

In the South-East Part of this Island, not far from the Sea, is a noted Volcano or burning Mountain. called *Hecla*, which not only sends forth Flames, but Streams of sulphureous Water that burns like Spirit of Wine.

In this Island is also found the Fossil called *Island Chrystal*, which has the remarkable Property of causing every Thing that is seen through it to appear double. Near to *Sleswick*, Southward, are yet to be seen the Remains of that famous Wall and Trench, made above 880 Years ago by *Gottritus*, then King of *Denmark*, to hinder the Incurfions of the *Saxons*, resembling somewhat the *Piet's* Wall in *Great Britain*. Between *Flensburg* and *Sleswick* is a small Village, which goes by the Name of *Anglen*, remarkable in this, that from the said Village, and Country adjacent, came our Ancestors, the antient *Angles*, into *Great Britain*. In *Gottorp* is an admirable Globe of Copper, ten Feet and half Diameter, so contrived by one of the Dukes of *Holstein*, that (by certain Wheels turned about by Water) it represents the Motions of the Celestial Bodies: As also another of six Feet Diameter, framed by *Ticho-brake*, that famous *Danish* Astronomer, now to be seen with a lively Representation of the *Tichobraick* System mechanically contrived, and several curious Astronomical Instruments in the *Round Tower* at *Copenhagen*; which Tower itself is likewise observable for its Manner of Ascent, being so contrived that a Coach may drive up to the Top thereof.

But the greatest Curiosities in *Denmark*, are those treasur'd up in the Royal Musæum, or Repository, at *Copenhagen*; which consists of eight different Apartments, filled with Rarities. Amongst the natural Curiosities preserved in these Chambers, one of the most remarkable is a petrified Child, the History whereof has been given us at large by *Bartholine*,

line, Licetus, and other Authors. This Child was cut out of the Mother's Belly at *Sens* in *Champagne*, in the Year 1582, after having lain there between twenty and thirty Years ; and that it is a Human Fœtus, and not artificial, is evident beyond all Dispute. Its Head, Shoulders, and Belly, are of a whitish Colour, and very much resemble Alabaster ; the Back and Loins are somewhat brown and harder ; but from the Hips downwards, it is of a red Colour, and as hard and perfect Stone as can be, exactly resembling the hard Sort of Stones generated in the Bladder. This Fœtus, after it was taken from the Mother, was first carried to *Paris*, where it was sold to a Jeweller of *Venice*, who happened to be there, for about twenty Pounds Sterling ; of whom it was afterwards purchased by *Frederick III.* King of *Denmark*, for sixty Pounds, and added to this Collection.

In one of the Chambers are to be seen two Elephant's Teeth, each weighing a hundred and fifty Pounds, which were dug out of a Stone Quarry in *Saxony*.---Here is also an Egg laid by a Woman, about the Size of a common Pullet's Egg, which *Olaus Wormius* tells us was sent him by very good Hands, and the Truth of the Fact confirmed by People of Credit. The Woman, says he, brought forth two Eggs, with the usual Child-birth Pains ; but the Neighbours, who were called in to her Assistance, broke the first, wherein they found a Yolk and a White, as in that of a Hen.*-----We likewise see here an Unicorn's Horn, as it is called, white as Ivory, and spirally twisted. This, however, is not the Horn of any Land Animal, but belongs to a Kind of Whale called a *Narval*.-Here is a Human Thigh-Bone, three Feet three Inches long, as measured by Dr. *Oliver* himself, and two very large Scollop Shells, holding about three Gallons each, and weighing 224 Pounds a piece. These were brought from the *East-Indies* ; and it is said

* As strange as this may seem to those who are unacquainted with the Animal Œconomy, we have abundant Testimonies to confirm the Truth of such Productions ; and indeed the Generation of all Sorts of Animals from Eggs, is strenuously asserted by *Harvey de Graaf*, and other great Anatomists.

said the Fish they belong to is of such Strength, that if a Man happens to get his Arm or Leg between the Shells when they are open; it claps them together so forcibly as to cut the Limb clear off.

A Piece of Marble is preserved in this Collection, which the *Lutherans* reckon a very valuable Curiosity, the natural Veins of the Stone running in such a Manner as to represent the exact Figure of a Crucifix: Some indeed have suspected the Representation to have been by Art; but upon the nicest Examination it appears to be entirely the Work of Nature*,

Amongst the artificial Curiosities are, The Veins and Arteries of the Human Body, curiously represented by Iron Wire, all of them appearing in their natural Situation; Bigness, and Colour. An artificial human Skeleton of Ivory, admirably well done by a certain *Danish* Mechanick; its right Hand grasps a large Scythe, the left holds a Sand Glass, and upon the outside of the Case, containing this Curiosity, is a commendatory Copy of Verses composed by the celebrated Anatomist *Thomas Bartholinus*. A lively History of our Saviour's Passion cut out in Ivory. An Ivory Model of a Ship with her Masts and Sails, all of Ivory. An Ivory Clock actually a going. A Cabinet of Ivory and Ebony, very beautiful to look upon, and admirably well contrived within; and remarkable for being the Work of a *Danish* Mechanick stone blind. Several large Marble Tables curiously adorned with inlaid precious Stones, naturally representing Birds of divers Sorts. A pretty turned Wooden Cup, which consists of no fewer than an hundred

No. 17.

S

Cups,

* A remarkable Instance of this Nature is to be seen in an *Egyptian* Pebble, now in the Collection of Sir *Hans Sloane*; from one End of which a Lapidary having struck off a small Piece, observ'd to his great Surprize, that the Course of the Veins represented a human Face, and not only so, but the Face of a particular Person. The Lineaments (it seems) are exactly those of our old Poet *Chaucer*, according to all the Paintings we have of him; and this has so little of Fancy in it, that every one who sees the Stone, if he ever before saw a Picture of *Chaucer*, must remember the Likeness.

Cups, put into one another ; each of which is so thin, that they'll hardly admit of a slight Touch of one's Hand without Harm. Several Tankards, Cups, Boxes, and other Vessels of Beech tree, neatly made and adorned with Variety of curious Figures by a Peasant of *Norway* ; and all with no other Tool than an ordinary Knife. Two curious drinking Vessels, one of Gold, the other of Silver, in Form of a sounding Horn : That of Gold weighs 102 Ounces and an half, is in Length two Feet nine Inches, and contains about two *English* Pints and an half. This Horn was found in the Diocese of *Ripen*, *Anno* 1639 ; has in raised Work on its outside such a Number of Animals, with Men in strange Postures, and divers Hieroglyphick Figures, as sufficiently evince its being of Pagan Extraction, and to have been used by the Heathens, in their Religious Performances. The other of Silver weighs almost four Pounds, and is termed *Cornu Oldenburgicum*, of which a certain Chronologer *Hamelmanus* gives a strange Relation, pretending that it was presented to *Otho* I. (one of the Dukes of *Oldenburg*) by a Ghost that appeared to him in a Wood as he was hunting : But in the Judgment of the best Criticks 'twas made by *Christian* I. King of *Denmark*. *Machina Planetarum*, an excellent modern Engine, by turning the Handle of which, one may readily see at any Time, either past, present, or to come, the true State of the Celestial Motions according to the *Copernick* System ; the Longitude and Latitude of each Planet ; their Apogæum and Perigæum, and true Place in the Heavens ; with several other pleasant Curiosities. *Machina Eclipsium*, another modern Engine so contrived, that by turning it round one may see both the Year, and Day, and Quantity of a Solar or Lunar Eclipse, for any Time desired, either past or to come. Both these curious Engines were projected and completed by the present Professor of the Mathematicks at *Copenhagen*, the ingenious *Olaus Rømer*. *Machina Ingens Copernicana*, a lively Representation of the *Copernick* System, being a pretty mechanical Engine moved by Clock-work, which, having the Sun immoveable in the Centre, shews the true Motion of the Earth both diurnal and annual ; as also the Moon's

Moon's Motion about the Earth in 29 Days and 12 Hours, with their various Phases, and the respective Motion of each of the other Planets. Many Prisms, Microscopes, and Burning-Glasses, particularly one of a prodigious Bigness, being 32 Inches in Diameter. A curious Cylinder of well polished Metal, by which some Colours on a Table, that appear monstrously confused to the naked Eye, do clearly represent the true Effigies of *Frederick I. of Denmark*, with his Queen *Sophiana Amelia*. Various Sorts of Arms and Habits of a great many Nations, with a curious Collection of Pictures done by some of the best Masters. Some *Indian* and *Egyptian* Idols of Wood, Stone, and Ivory, with a few of Porcelane Earth, and one of Brass from *Egypt*, in Form of a Hog. Some Pages of Writing on Palm-tree Leaves from the Coast of *Malabar*, being done by the Natives of that Country with an Iron Stile. And we are told there is a common Cherry-stone, on the Surface of which are engraven two hundred and twenty Heads, but their Smallness makes them appear imperfect and confused*.

The Air of *Denmark* is much the same with that in the southern Part of *Swedeland*, it being extremely cold. but in most Places very wholesome. The Soil is very good for Grain and Pasturage. Here is abundance of Fish, especially Herrings, as also many wild Fowls, and most Kinds of wild Beasts. The longest Day in the northmost Part is 17 Hours and an half, the shortest in the Southern is 8 Hours and an half, and the Night proportionable. The chief Commodities are Fish, Tallow, Furniture for Ships, Armour, Ox-hides, Buck-skins, Fir-wood, Wainscot, &c. This Kingdom

* Dr. *Oliver* tells us he did not see the Cherry stone here spoken of, but says that in *Holland* an *English* Gentleman once shewed him a Cherry-stone with a hundred and twenty-four Heads upon it, and all so perfect that the naked Eye might distinguish those of Kings, Popes, Cardinals, &c. by their Crowns and Mitres. This Curiosity was bought in *Prussia* for three hundred Pounds, and is said to have been the Workmanship of a poor Wretch in Prison at *Dantzick*.

Kingdom was formerly elective (altho' they usually advanced the next Heir to the Crown) untill the Year 1629, that *Frederick III.* having bravely repulsed the *Swedes*, besieging the capital City, *Copenhagen*, it was then rendered Hereditary to his Family. The *Danish* Law is highly to be prized, in that it is short and perspicuous, surpassing the Law of all other Nations in that Respect. It is wholly founded upon Equity, and comprized in one Quarto Volume in the *Danish* Tongue, and that so plain, that any Man may understand and plead his own Cause without the Aid of either Council or Attorney, and no Suit is to hang in Suspense beyond one Year and a Month. This is indeed a mighty Advantage and a singular Property of the *Danish* Law upon one Hand; but the same is attended with a vast Inconvenience on the other; for the first and principal Article thereof runs thus: That *the King hath the Privilege reserved to himself to explain, vary, to change and alter the same as he shall think good.* In all the *Danish* Dominions there is no other Religion but *Lutheranism* profess'd, except some *French* Refugees, who are allowed a Church at *Copenhagen*; and a few Popish Families, who were lately permitted to perform their Worship in a Chapel at *Gluckstet*. The *Danish* Clergy do still retain the Practice of Confession, which all Persons are obliged unto before they participate of the Blessed Sacrament of the Lord's Supper; they likewise retain Crucifixes and several Ceremonies of the *Roman* Church. Christianity was fully established in this Country about the middle of the twelfth Century, and that by the Means of Pope *Adrian IV.* (an *Englishman*) who before his Assumption to the Popedom was termed *Nicholaus Break-spear.*

The *Danes* are almost of the same Temper with their Neighbours the *Swedes* and *Germans*; but that they are generally esteemed a People more given to Pride and Cunning than either of the former. They are also considerable Lovers of Learning, but generally greater Lovers of Excess, whether in Drinking or Eating, especially in the former.

Sitting

Sitting in an ARBOUR.

I.

THUS ye good Powers, thus let me ever be
 Serene, retir'd, from *Love* and *Business* free ;
 The rest of your great World I here resign
 To the *Contentions* of the *Great* ;
 I only ask that this *Retreat*,
 This little *Tenement* be *mine*.
 All my Ambition's to this Point confin'd ;
 Others inlarge their *Fortunes*, I my *Mind*.

II.

How calm, how happy, how serene am I !
 How *satisfy'd* with my *own* Company !
 To few Things *foreign* my Content I owe ;
 But in myself *have* almost all
 Which I *dare* Good or pleasing call,
 Or (what's as well) I *fancy* so.
 Thus I affect an independent State,
 And (as a Creature can) in Self I terminate.

III.

Pleas'd with a various *Scene* of Thought I lie,
 Whilst an *obliging* Stream slides gently by,
 Silent and deep as is the Bliss I chuse,
 All round the little *winged* Choir,
 Pathetic, *tender* Thoughts inspire,
 And with their Strains provoke my Muse ;
 With Ease the *Inspiration* I obey,
 And sing as *unconcern'd*, and as well *pleas'd* as they.

IV.

If ought below deserve the Name of Bliss,
 It must (what'er the great Ones think) be this.
 So once the travelling Patriarch doubly blest
 With Dreams divine from Heaven sent,
 And his own Heaven of Content,
 On's rocky Pillow took his Rest.
 Angels stood smiling by and said, were we our Bliss
 To change, it *should be* for a State like his.

V. 'Tis

V.

'Tis strange so *cheap*, and yet so *great* a Good
 Should by so very very *Few* be *understood*.
 That Blifs which others seek with Toil and Sweat;
 For which they prodigally waste
 Their Treasures, and yet miss at last,
 Here I have at an *easy* Rate.
 So those that *costly* *Physick* use in vain,
 Sometimes by *cheap* Receipts their Health obtain.

The Youth and the Philosopher.

A F A B L E.

A Grecian Youth, of Talents rare,
 Whom *Plato's* philosophick Care
 Had form'd for Virtue's nobler View,
 By Precept and Example too,
 Wou'd often boast his matchless Skill,
 To curb the Steed and guide the Wheel.
 And as he pass'd the gazing Throng,
 With graceful Ease, and smack'd the Thong,
 The idiot Wonder they express'd,
 Was Praise and Transport to his Breast.

At length quite vain, he needs wou'd shew
 His Master what his Art could do;
 And bad his Slaves the Chariot lead
 To *Academus'* sacred Shade.

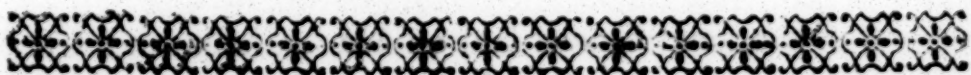
The trembling Grove confess'd its Fright,
 The Wood-Nymphs startled at the Sight,
 The Muses drop the learned Lyre,
 And to their inmost Shades retire!

How'er, the Youth with forward Air,
 Bows to the Sage, and mounts the Car.
 The Lash resounds, the Coursers spring,
 The Chariot marks the rolling Ring.
 And gath'ring Crowds with eager Eyes,
 And Shouts, pursue him as he flies.

Triumphant

Triumphant to the Goal return'd,
With nobler Thirst his Bosom burn'd ;
And now along th' indented Plain,
The self-same Track he marks again,
Pursues with Care the nice Design,
Nor ever deviates from the Line.

Amazement seiz'd the circling Crowd ;
The Youths with Emulation glow'd ;
Ev'n bearded Sages hail'd the Boy,
And all, but *Plato*, gaz'd with Joy.
For he, deep judging Sage, beheld
With Pain the Triumphs of the Field ;
And when the Charioteer drew nigh,
And, flush'd with Hope, had caught his Eye,
Alas! unhappy Youth, he cry'd,
Expect no Praise from me, (and sigh'd)
With Indignation I survey,
Such Skill and Judgment thrown away.
The Time profusely squander'd there,
On vulgar Arts beneath thy Care,
If well employ'd, at less Expence,
Had taught thee Honour, Virtue, Sense,
And rais'd thee from a Coachman's Fate
To govern Men, and guide the State.



DIRECTIONS *for manuring Land, communicated by an experienced Person.*

THE chief Thing to be regarded in Husbandry, is a due Disposition of Water ; Ground may be too wet for Vegetation, if so, which every Farmer knows at first Sight, it must be laid dry ; but it may also be too dry ; where Water can be turned over it, it is an excellent Improvement, but that can seldom be done. The Art of a Husbandman then, consists in preparing his Ground so as to hold

hold Water enough for the Use of his Plants, but not so much as to hurt them; also that the whole shall be employed for the Vegetation of the Corn he proposes to raise, not on the noxious or useless Plants or Weeds. As the latter is at present foreign to my Design, I shall confine myself to the first: Now it must be considered, Ground may not hold Water enough for Vegetation; if that is the Fault, it must proceed either from the natural Steepness of it, or from the Contexture of its Parts; it may be so porous and loose as to suffer the Water to sink as soon as received.----- If it is occasioned by the first, there is no Remedy but cutting it into Steps or Beds, as the Mountains of *Judæa* and *China* are said to have been.----If it is occasioned by the Contexture of its Parts, as Sand or Gravel, it may be remedied by laying thereon Marl, Clay, or Chalk; Gravel our Farmers well know to be an hungry Soil; and that let them lay thereon what Muck they please, it is gone in a Year or two.-----In Sand it goes not quite so soon, tho' much too soon for the Farmer; but let him lay on this Ground Marl or Chalk he will find a vast Profit. If he has no Marl or Chalk, Clay will do well, nay in some Grounds better; for as Clay is more tenacious of Water than Marl or Chalk, it will answer best on a Gravel. Again, as this kind of Ground too soon parts with the Water, so Clay, Marl, and Chalk Lands, keep it too long. If then Marl, Chalk, and Clay will make Gravel or sandy Lands hold Water, so Sand and Gravel laid on Marl, Chalk, and Clay Grounds, will certainly make them part with it. Here, however, I must make this Observation, that Sand is mostly better than Gravel to lay on such Land, except on excessive rank Clays; and there the small Weight of the sandy Particles not being heavy enough to sink them into the Clay, Gravel is better, as the Weight of its Parts sink it sooner into the Ground.

Moss Land also holds too much Water, which is remedied by trenching, but the Roots of the Moss, Heath, &c. taking a long Time to turn again into Earth, it is necessary to lay thereon some Soil; the best is Marl or Chalk, next Clay; but, if these can't be had, Earth of any Kind.----We have an old Saying:

*He that marls Sand, may buy Land ;
He that marls Moss, suffers no Loss ;
But he that marls Clay, throws his Money away.*

And the Reverse is equally true ; for he that sands his stiff Lands, will get immensely. In short, my System may be comprized in these few Rules :

1. If your Ground be too wet, drain it.
2. If too dry, water it.
3. If too stiff, lighten it.
4. If too light, stiffen it.

And as contrary Manures will work the desired Effect, I doubt not but whoever has stiff Land, and will be prevail'd on to try Sand, will look on a Sand Hole with as much Pleasure as some discover a Lead Mine. I know an Estate raised from 50 *l.* to 90 *l.* *per Annum*, which was a stiff Clay, only by sanding it : Part of this Sand was dug out of the Ground, Part came from a Brook ; the drift Sand was laid on the stiffest Soil. I know an Estate improved one third in ten Years, by claying and marling. A Field that is mine, was so light and hot, that the Manure of Cow Dung did not last above two Years : I marled it, and now Cow Dung will last six Years. On the contrary, I limed some Years ago a stiff Clay Field, and had no Benefit ; but sanding it over, I have had noble Crops.

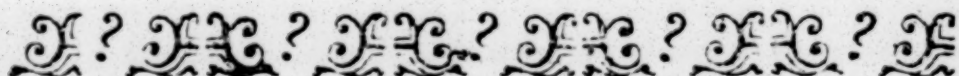
Here it is necessary to observe, I have said nothing of Fox Earth, Garden Mold, and other Earths ; nor is it all material to say more than that as they approach to the light or heavy, the Manure must be of a contrary Kind : Dungs, Soot, Lime, and various other Manures, are excellent in the Hands of the skilful Farmer ; but are by the Ignorant often thrown away. It is a Maxim among Farmers, good Land always pays ; bad never will ; and it is true ; but all Land may be made to pay, by first altering the Nature of the Soil, so as to bring it to be Garden Mould ; and then Dungs, Lime, Soot, &c. will answer all the Farmer can expect.

Composts I look on to be excellent, better mixed than laid on separately---and these should be proportioned to the Lightness or Stiffness of Land, so as to alter it.---For stiff Lands, there is no better Manure than Lime and Coal Ashes, where Sea Sand can't be had.---In the Isle of *Walney* in *Lancashire*, by using Sea Sand to their Clay Land, their Estates are treble in Value.---And here I must take Notice, that though I commend common Sand, yet whatever contains Salt is certainly preferable. Lime set over Clay Land that is sanded, will have an Opportunity better to work on the Clay, than if no Sand was there.---If the Reader will try one Experiment, it will prove the Truth of what I say; mix Clay and Sand equal Quantities well together, and set it some Time in the Sun and Rain, he will find it become a good Garden Mould; Salt quickens the Vegetation of all Plants.

If common Salt could be afforded at 1 s. or 18 d. a Bushel, it would be the best and cheapest Manure hitherto discovered, as it destroys all Manner of Insects. I have experienced its wonderful Effect on Woodland, in causing young Trees to thrive beyond Expectation. What renders *Agypt* so luxuriously fruitful after the Overflowings of the *Nile*, but the Salt that remains after the Waters have returned back? Experience may convince every one of its fertile Nature, in all Cases wherever it is applied, if it is sown on Grounds in the Time of Winter, or before heavy Showers of Rain in the Beginning of the Spring. Its Power of destroying all Manner of Insects, is beyond Dispute; for we know that no Insect can live in the least Portion of Salt. How useful then must it be to the Farmer, when he sows his Grain, especially Turnip Seed, to sow a thin Sprinkling of Salt immediately upon his Grain or Seed, and then harrow the Mould upon all? It will have wonderful Effects, an Increase of sixty or eighty Fold.

* * * According to some Letters from Swisserland, the Improvement of stony and barren Soils by the Culture of *Sansoin*, grows more and more in Use in the Cantons of *Berne* and *Soleure*, the Country about *Neufchatel*, the *Pais de Vaux*, and also in *Burgundy*. It grows in the most rejected and unlikely

likely Places, amongst Flints, Rubbish, Pebbles, and in the hardest Soils. Some in sowing mix it with Oats, to prevent its coming up too thick, and boast of prodigious Advantage from this Method.



WORKS to be done in Gardens in the Month of June.

In the KITCHEN-GARDEN.

SOW Rouncival Peas about four Inches apart, allowing two Feet Distance between the Lines, which will afford a good Crop in *September*; sow Kidney Beans, Radishes, Endive, and some Lettuces for cabbaging. Re-plant Cabbage Lettuce; about the 20th Day transplant Leeks in light rich Ground, six Inches distant from each other. After the first Week in this Month, cut no Asparagus, because it will hurt the Root.

It is now a fit Time, if the Weather be dry, to gather Herbs for drying, to lay up for the Winter; such as Mint, Sage, Balm, Thyme, Lavender, Sweet-Marjoram, &c. Now carefully preserve your Plants from the scorching Sun; all Plants must be refreshed frequently with Water in a Morning early, and in the Evening. Stir up stiff Ground to preserve it from chopping; transplant Cabbage and Savoy Plants for Winter Use; prick out Cauliflower Plants, sown last Month, in Beds of rich Earth, and shade and water them till they take Root; hough Carrots, Parsnips, Turnips, Onions, &c. Sow Brocoli Seed, to succeed that sown last Month; and prick out the Plants now up into Beds, in order to plant out in *July*. Shade Melons in the Middle of the Day, and be careful of giving them too much Water. Now gather ripe Seeds, and spread them on Mats or Cloth, to dry in the Pods or Husks.

In the FRUIT-GARDEN.

Prune and nail your Peaches, Plumbs, and Apricots, that so the Sun may come at the Fruit ; the Shoots, whose Leaves are infected by Blights, and begin to look curled at the Ends, must be cut off. The luxuriant Growth of Vines must now be checked, and the Branches shortened to the second or third Bud beyond the Fruit. Look to your Espaliers of Fruit Trees, and lay in proper Branches to supply Vacancies, and bear Fruit advantageously. If the Weather be not too hot, this is the Season to inoculate Peaches, Apricots, Plumbs, and other Stone Fruit ; destroy Vermin, and root out Weeds.

In the FLOWER-GARDEN.

Transplant the Roots of Saffron, Cyclamen, and Colchicum ; transplant Annuals after Rain, and sow others to succeed those sown in former Months ; lay Carnations, and carefully pick off weak and tender Buds, which will help those that are strong, help the Pods of large Blowers, and destroy Earwigs. Take up Tulips, and other bulbous Roots that have done blowing ; wash them clean, and let them be well dried before they are laid up ; take up and replant such Flower Roots as will not bear to be out of the Ground ; gather Auricula and Polyanthus Seeds, and preserve them in the Pods till sown. Clip Edgings of Box, Ever-greens, and Hedges, after Rain ; mow Grass Walks, take up Anemomy and Renunculus Roots, and sow Anemomy Seeds.

If you remove Scabiouses, and stop their running to Seed the first Year, they will produce fine Flowers the next Year ; and Slips of Myrtle set in a moist cool Place, will take Root, especially if you split the Bottom of the Slip, and fix in it a Grain of Barley or Oats, this will make most Slips grow.

The

The B E A R in a Boat,

A F A B L E.

TH A T Man must daily wiser grow,
Whose Search is bent himself to know :

Impartially he weighs his Scope,
And on firm Reason founds his Hope ;
He tries his Strength before the Race,
And never seeks his own Disgrace ;
He knows the Compass, Sail, and Oar,
Or never launches from the Shore ;
Before he builds computes the Cost,
And in no proud Pursuit is lost :
He learns the Bounds of Human Sense,
And safely walks within the Fence :
Thus, conscious of his own Defect,
Are Pride and Self-Importance check'd.

If then, Self-Knowledge to pursue,
Direct our Life in ev'ry View,
Of all the Fools that Pride can boast,
A Coxcomb claims Distinction most.
Coxcombs are of all Ranks and Kind,
They're not to Sex or Age confin'd,
Or rich, or poor, or great, or small ;
And Vanity besots 'em all.
By Ignorance is Pride increas'd ;
Those most assume who know the least ;
Their own false Balance gives them Weight,
But ev'ry other finds 'em light.

A Bear of Shag and Manners rough,
At climbing Trees expert enough,
For dextrously, and safe from Harm,
Year after Year he robb'd the Swarm.
Thus, thriving on industrious Toil,
He glory'd in his pilfer'd Spoil.

This Trick so swell'd him with Conceit,
He thought no Enterprize too great.

Alike

Alike in Sciences and Arts,
He boasted universal Parts ;
Pragmatick, busy, bustling, bold,
His Arrogance was uncontroll'd :
And thus he made his Party good,
And grew Dictator of the Wood.

The Beasts, with Admiration stare,
And think him a prodigious Bear.
Were any common Booty got,
'Twas his each Portion to allot ;
For why, he found there might be picking,
Ev'n in the carving of a Chicken.
Intruding thus, he by Degrees
Claim'd too the Butcher's larger Fees.
And now his over-weening Pride
In ev'ry Province will preside.
No Task too difficult was found,
His blund'ring Nose misleads the Hound :
In Stratagem and subtile Arts,
He over-rules the Fox's Parts.

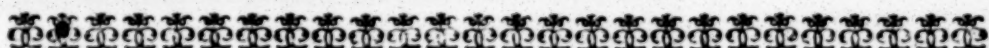
It chanc'd, as on a certain Day,
Along the Bank he took his Way,
A Boat, with Rudder, Sail, and Oar,
At Anchor floated near the Shore.
He stopt, and turning to his Train,
Thus pertly vents his vaunting Strain.

What blund'ring Puppies are Mankind,
In ev'ry Science always blind !
I mock the Pedantry of Schools :
What are their Compasses and Rules ?
From me that Helm shall Conduct learn,
And Man his Ignorance discern.

So saying, with audacious Pride
He gains the Boat and climbs the Side :
The Beasts astonish'd line the Strand,
The Anchor's weigh'd, he drives from Land :
The slack Sail shifts from Side to Side,
The Boat untrimm'd admits the Tide.

Born

Born down, adrift, at Random tost,
His Oar breaks short, the Rudder's lost.
The Bear, presuming in his Skill,
Is here and there officious still ;
'Till, striking on the dang'rous Sands,
A-ground the shatter'd Vessel stands.
To see the Bungler thus distrest
The very Fishes sneer and jest ;
Ev'n Gudgeons join in Ridicule,
To mortify the meddling Fool.
The clam'rous Watermen appear,
Threats, Curfes, Oaths, insult his Ear ;
Seiz'd, thresh'd, and chain'd, he's dragg'd to Land,
Derision shouts along the Strand.



*Remarkable Curiosities in the Kingdom of Sweden,
or Swedeland.*

THE chief Rarities of this Country may be reckon'd these following, viz. 1. Two publick Clocks of admirable Workmanship ; one belonging to the Cathedral Church of *Upsal*, the other to that of *St. Laurence* in *Lunden*, especially the latter, which (supposed to be the Work of *Gasper Bartholinus*) shews not only the Day, Hour, and Minute, but also the remarkable Motions of the Celestial Bodies, with all Festivals, both fixed and moveable, and several other pleasant Curiosities. 2. A few Leagues from *Gottenberg* is a dreadful Cataract, with a considerable Current, which runs a long Way out of the Country, and coming at last to a hideous Precipice, rusheth down from thence into a low Pit, with a mighty Force and terrible Noise ; and whereas the Natives usually bring down their Floats of Timber by that Current, such is the Height of the aforesaid Precipice, and so deep is the Pit into which the Water falls, that large Masts, when hurried down by the impetuous

petuous Stream from that Precipice into the Pit, do frequently dive so far under Water, that it is a considerable Time before they rise up to the Surface thereof again, some of them being twenty Minutes, others forty, and some upwards of a whole Hour under Water. If it be alledged that the Mafts may probably stick fast in the Mud for some Time; to take off that Objection, the Pit into which they fall, has been often sounded with a Line of many hundred Fathoms long; but never could they reach the Bottom.

3. Towards the Southern Part of *Gothland* is a remarkable slimy Lake, which finges such Things as are put into it.

4. In several Parts of *Sweden* is found a certain Stone, which being of a yellow Colour, intermixed with several Streaks of white, (as if composed of Gold and Silver) affords both Sulphur, Vitriol, Alum, and Minium.

Amongst the Lakes of *Sweden*, that called *Vetter* is so remarkable in many Respects, that it ought by no Means to escape our Notice. It divides *East* and *West Gothland*, being in Length from North to South above eighty Miles, and about eighteen broad in the Middle, growing narrower towards each Extremity. The Water of this Lake is very clear, and in some Places so deep, that it has been sounded with three hundred Fathoms of Line without finding the Bottom. For the most Part it is free from Rocks, and has but few Islands, the principal of which is *Vifingsoe*, lying in the Middle of the Lake. It is often disturbed by Storms, and sometimes so suddenly, that the Surface begins to be ruffled before the least Breath of Wind is perceived, so that the Cause seems to proceed from the Bottom of the Waters; and it is no common Thing for Boats to be tossed by a Storm in one Part of the Lake, whilst others not far off are in a perfect Calm. That such Eruptions and Agitations of the Waters are promoted by subterraneous Winds, seems to be confirmed by various Phænomenas; for immediately before a Storm, and whilst the Sky is yet clear, there is perceived a Noise like Thunder in the Lake, which Dr. *Hearne* tells us he has often heard himself, and which was always followed by a Tempest. Of this the Inhabitants of *Vifingsoe* are more sensible than any others; for from that Part of the

the Island whence the Wind will blow the next Day, they hear a confused Noise like the firing of Cannon; and when this Rumbling is heard in the East, it is generally followed by Rain and Hail. Some People have likewise observed, while the Water has been very calm, a great Number of little Clouds, like so many Darts, rising up here and there from the Bottom of the Lake, which uniting in the Air, formed a mizzling Rain; whence it plainly appears, that this is much owing to subterraneous Winds. To such Winds undoubtedly, together with those from above, we may attribute the sudden thawing of the Ice in the Spring, which one Minute is strong enough to bear Horses and Sledges, and the next is broken to Pieces. The strange Grumbling of the Waters, which precedes this terrible Eruption, warns Travellers to make the best of their Way; but those who happen to be at a great Distance from Land, are immediately drowned, or float upon Shoals of Ice till they meet with Relief: And what is still more dangerous, the Ice sometimes with the least Blast of Wind sinks suddenly to the Bottom.

There is a Spring not far from the Lake *Vetter*, called the *Hungry* or *Prophetic Fountain*, because they say it never has Plenty of Water, but when there is a Scarcity of Corn the following Year. It lies in a Valley encompassed with sandy Hills, and has this Peculiarity, that in a rainy Summer it is commonly dry, whereas in the dryest Summers it sometimes overflows the Highway near *Vadstein*. In 1685, which was a very wet Year, this Spring was quite dried up; but the next Summer, which was not so rainy, it was observed to increase: And in the very dry Summer of the Year 1705, when all the neighbouring Springs entirely failed, this had a plentiful Stream of Water.

The Soil of this Country is not very fruitful, but yet where less fertile in Corn, that Disadvantage is recompensed with tolerable Pasturage: However, it produceth as much Grain as sufficiently serveth its Inhabitants. Its numerous Lakes are very well stored with various Kinds of Fish. Its Mountains are generally covered over with Trees, and several of them lined with considerable Mines of Tin, Brass,

Iron, and Copper, especially the two last, and that beyond any other Country in *Europe*; besides, in *Westmania* is a Mine of Silver. The longest Day in the Northmost Part of this Country is about two Months, the Sun being so long without setting, when near the Summer Solstice: The shortest in the Southmost is about six Hours and half, and the Night proportionable.

The chief Commodities of this Country are Metals, Ox Hides, Goat Skins, Buck Skins, and costly Furs, Pine Trees, Fir Trees, Oaks, Tallow, Tar, Honey, and such like.

The *Swedes*, for the most Part, are Men of big and strong Bodies; Men, whose very Custom doth fit them to be Soldiers. Their Gentry are very much given to Hoipitality, very affable and civil to Strangers, and many of them become considerable Proficients in several Arts and Sciences. The Commons are generally esteemed good Mechanicks, but looked upon by all as too much addicted to Laziness in Point of improving their Country, by not cutting down many unnecessary Forests, and improving their Ground to better Advantage.

The Kingdom of *Swedeland* having suffered various Turns of Fortune, being frequently disturbed by the adjacent Nations, at last got rid of them all, and becoming terrible to others, spread itself over a considerable Part of its Neighbours Territories. At present it is subject unto, and governed by its own Monarch; who, since the last Age, is hereditary.

The different Orders in this Realm are six, *viz.* Princes of the Blood, the Nobility, Clergy, Soldiery, Merchantry, and Commonalty. These by their Representatives being assembled in Parliament, make four different Houses, *viz.*

1. That of the Nobility, where the grand Marshal presides.
2. That of the Clergy, where the Archbishop of *Upsal* presides.
3. That of the Burgeesses, where one of the Consuls of *Stockholm* presides.

And lastly, that of the Knights of the Shire, where one of their own Number elected by themselves presides.

Lutheranism

Lutheranism is the established Religion of this Country, being universally professed by all Orders and Degrees of Men. Christianity was first planted in this Country, *A. D.* 829; and that by the Care and Diligence of *Ansgarus* (a Monk of *Corvey*, and afterwards Archbishop of *Bremen*) sent thither for that End by the Emperor *Lewis the Pious*.



KNOW YOUR SELF.

[By the late Dr. ARBUTHNOT.]

WHAT am I? how produc'd? and for what End?
 Whence drew I Being? to what Period tend?
 Am I the abandon'd Orphan of blind Chance;
 Dropt by wild Atoms in disorder'd Dance?
 Or from an endless Chain of Causes wrought?
 And of unthinking Substance, born with Thought?
 By Motion which began without a Cause,
 Supremely wise, without Design or Laws?
 Am I but what I seem, mere Flesh and Blood;
 A branching Channel, with a mazy Flood?
 The purple Stream that through my Vessel glides,
 Dull and unconscious flows like common Tides:
 The Pipes through which the circling Juices stray,
 Are not that thinking I, no more than they:
 This Frame compacted with transcendent Skill,
 Of moving Joints obedient to my Will,
 Nurs'd from the fruitful Glebe, like yonder Tree,
 Waxes and wastes; I call it mine, not me:
 New Matter still the mould'ring Mass sustains,
 The Mansion chang'd, the Tenant still remains:
 And from the fleeting Stream, repair'd by Food,
 Distinct, as is the Swimmer from the Flood.
 What am I then? sure, of a nobler Birth
 By Parents right: I own as Mother, Earth;

But claim superior Lineage by my SIRE,
Who warm'd th' unthinking Cold with heavenly Fire :
Essence divine, with lifeless Clay allay'd,
By double Nature, double Instinct sway'd ;
With Look erect, I dart my longing Eye,
Seem wing'd to part, and gain my native Sky ;
I strive to mount, but strive, alas ! in vain,
Ty'd to this massy Globe with magick Chain.
Now with swift Thought I range from Pole to Pole,
View Worlds around their flaming Centers roll :
What steady Powers their endless Motions guide,
Thro' the same tractless Paths of boundless Void !
I trace the blazing Comet's fiery Trail,
And weigh the whirling Planets in a Scale :
These Godlike Thoughts, while eager I pursue,
Some glitt'ring Trifle offer'd to my View,
A Gnat, an Insect, of the meanest Kind,
Erase the new-born Image from my Mind ;
Some beastly Want, Craving, Importunate,
Vile as the grinning Mastiff at my Gate,
Calls off from heav'nly Truth this reas'ning me,
And tells me I'm a Brute as much as he.
If on sublimer Wings of Love and Praise,
My Soul above the starry Vault I raise,
Lur'd by some vain Conceit, or shameful Lust,
I flag, I drop, and flutter in the Dust.
The tow'ring Lark thus from her lofty Strain,
Stoops to an Emmet, or a Barley Grain.
By adverse Gusts of jarring Instincts tost,
I rove to one, now to the other Coast ;
To Bliss unknown my lofty Soul aspires,
My Lot unequal to my vast Desires.
As 'mongst the Hinds a Child of Royal Birth
Finds his high Pedigree by conscious Worth ;
So Man, amongst his Fellow Brutes expos'd,
Sees he's a King, but 'tis a King depos'd :
Pity him, Beasts ! you by no Law confin'd,
Are barr'd from devious Paths by being blind ;

Whilst

Whilst Man, through op'ning Views of various Ways
Confounded, by the Aid of Knowledge strays ;
Too weak to choose, yet choosing still in Haste,
One Moment gives the Pleasure and Distaste ;
Bilk'd by past Minutes, while the present Cloy,
The flatt'ring future still must give the Joy.
Not happy, but amus'd upon the Road,
And (like you) thoughtless of his last Abode,
Whether next Sun his Being shall restrain,
To endless nothing, Happiness, or Pain.

Around me, lo, the thinking thoughtless Crew,
(Bewilder'd each) their diff'rent Paths pursue ;
Of them I ask the Way ; the first replies,
Thou art a God ; and sends me to the Skies.
Down on this Turf (the next) thou two-legg'd Beast,
There fix thy Lot, thy Bliss, and endless Rest :
Between these wide Extreames the Length is such,
I find I know too little or too much.

“ Almighty Pow'r, by whose most wise Command,
“ Helpless, forlorn, uncertain here I stand ;
“ Take this faint Glimmering of thyself away,
“ Or break into my Soul with perfect Day !”

This said, expanded lay the sacred Text,
The Balm, the Light, the Guide of Souls perplex'd :
Thus the benighted Traveller that strays
Through doubtful Paths, enjoys the Morning Rays ;
The nightly Mist, and thick descending Dew,
Parting, unfold the Fields, and vaulted blue.

“ O Truth divine ! enlighten'd by thy Ray,
“ I grope and guess no more, but see my Way ;
“ Thou clear'dst the Secret of my high Descent,
“ And told me what those mystick Tokens meant ;
“ Marks of my Birth, which I had worn in vain
“ Too hard for worldly Sages to explain ;
“ Zeno's were vain, vain Epicurus' Schemes,
“ Their Systems false, delusive were their Dreams ;
“ Unskill'd by two fold Nature to divide,
“ One nurs'd by Pleasure, and one nurs'd by Pride :

“ Those

" Those jarring Truths which Human Art beguile,
 " Thy sacred Page thus bids me reconcile."
 Offspring of God, no less thy Pedigree,
 What thou once wer't, art now, and still may be, }
 Thy God alone can tell, alone decree :
 Faultless thou dropt from his unerring Skill,
 With the bare Pow'r to sin, since free of Will :
 Yet charge not with thy Guilt, his bounteous Love,
 For who has Power to walk, has Power to rove :
 Who acts by Force impell'd, can nought deserve ;
 And Wisdom short of infinite, may swerve.
 Borne on thy new-imp'd Wings, thou took'st thy Flight,
 Left thy Creator, and the Realms of Light :
 Disdain'd his gentle Precept to fulfil,
 And thought to grow a God by doing Ill :
 Though by foul Guilt thy heav'nly Form defac'd,
 In Nature chang'd from happy Mansions chac'd,
 Thou still retain'st some Sparks of heav'nly Fire,
 Too faint to mount, yet restless to aspire ;
 Angel enough to seek thy Bliss again,
 And Brute enough to make thy Search in vain.
 The Creatures now withdraw their kindly Use,
 Some fly thee, some torment, and some seduce ;
 Repast ill suited to such diff'rent Guests,
 For what thy Sense desires, thy Soul distastes ;
 Thy Lust, thy Curiosity, thy Pride,
 Curb'd, or deferr'd, or balk'd, or gratify'd,
 Rage on, and make thee equally unblest'd,
 In what thou want'st, and what thou hast possess'd ;
 In vain thou hop'st for Bliss on this poor Clod,
 Return, and seek thy Father, and thy God :
 Yet think not to regain thy native Sky,
 Borne on the Wings of vain Philosophy ;
 Mysterious Passage ! hid from Human Eyes,
 Soaring you'll sink, and sinking you will rise :
 Let humble Thoughts thy wary Footsteps guide,
 Regain by Meekness what you lost by Pride.

Different

Different Methods and Improvements
in Brewing.

A particular Way of brewing strong October Beer.

THERE was a Man in *Hertfordshire*, that brewed for a Gentleman constantly, after a very precise Method; and that was, as soon as he had put over all his first Copper of Water, and mashed it some Time, he would directly let the Cock run a small Stream, and presently put some fresh Malt on the former, and mash on, while the Cock was spending, which he would put again over the Malt, as often as his Pail or Hand-Bowl was full, and this for an Hour or two together; then he would let it run off entirely, and put it over at once, to run off again as small as a Straw. This was for his *October Beer*: Then he would put scalding Water over the Goods at once, but not mash, and cap them with more fresh Malt, that stood an Hour undisturbed before he would draw it off for Ale; the rest was hot Water put over the Goods, and mash'd at twice for Small-Beer: And it was observed, that his *October Beer* was the most famous in the Country, but his Grains good for little; for that he had by this Method washed out all or most of their Goodness. This Man was a long while in brewing, and once his Beer did not work in the Barrel for a Month in a very hard Frost, yet, when the Weather broke, it recovered and fermented well, and afterwards proved very good Drink, but he seldom worked his Beer less than a Week in the Vat, and never tapped under three Years.

This Way, indeed, is attended with extraordinary Labour and Time, by the Brewer's running off the Wort almost continually, and often returning the same again into the Mash-Vat; but then it continually gives him an Opportunity of extracting and washing out the Goodness of the Malt, more than any of the common Methods; by which he is capacitated to make his *October* or *March Beer* as strong as he pleases. The Fame of *Penly October Beer* is at this
Time

Time well known, not only throughout *Hertfordshire*, but several other remote Places, and truly not without *Desert*; for in all my Travels, I never met with any that excelled it for a clear Amber Colour, a fine Relish, and a light warm Digestion.

A Method practised by a Victualler, for brewing of Ale, or October Beer, from Nottingham.

His Copper holds twenty-four Gallons, and the Mash-Tub has room enough for four and more Bushels of Malt. The first full Copper of boiling Water he puts into the Mash-Tub, there to lie a Quarter of an Hour, till the Steam is so far spent, that he can see his Face in it; or, as soon as the hot Water is put in, throws a Pail or two of cold Water into it, which will bring it at once into a Temper; then he lets three Bushels of Malt be run leisurely into it, and stirred or mashed all the while, but as little as can be, or no more than just to keep the Malt from clotting or balling; when that is done, he puts one Bushel of dry Malt at the Top, to keep in the Vapour or Spirit, and so lets it stand covered two Hours, or till the next Copper full of Water is boiled hot, which he lades over the Malt or Goods three Hand-Bowls full at a Time, that are to run off at the Cock or Tap by a very small Stream, before more is put on, which again must be returned into the Mash-Tub till it comes off exceeding fine; for, unless the Wort is clear when it goes into the Copper, there are little Hopes it will be so in the Barrel; which leisure Way obliges him to be sixteen Hours in brewing these four Bushels of Malt. Now, between the Ladings over, he puts cold Water into the Copper to be boiling hot, while the other is running off: By this Means his Copper is kept up near full, and the Cock spending to the End of brewing his Ale or Small Beer, of which only twenty-one Gallons must be saved of the first Wort that is reserved in a Tub, wherein four Ounces of Hops are put, and then it is to be set by. For the second Wort I will suppose there are twenty Gallons of
Water

Water in the Copper boiling hot, that must be all laded over in the same Manner as the former was, but no cold Water need here be mixed; when half of this is run out into a Tub, it must be directly put into the Copper with half of the first Wort, strained through the Brewing-Sieve as it lies on a small loose wooden Frame over the Copper, to keep back those Hops that were first put in to preserve it, which is to make the first Copper twenty-one Gallons; then, upon its beginning to boil, he puts in a Pound of Hops in one or two Canvases or other coarse Linnen Bags, somewhat larger than will just contain the Hops, that an Allowance may be given for their Swell; this he boils away very briskly for half an Hour, when he takes the Hops out, and continues boiling the Wort by itself, till it breaks into Particles a rittle ragged, and then it is enough, and must be dispersed into the Cooling-Tubs very thin: Then put the Remainder of the first and second Wort together, and boil that the same Time, in the same Manner, and with the same Quantity of fresh Hops, as the first was. The rest of the third or small Beer Wort will be about fifteen or twenty Gallons, more or less, which he mixes directly with some cold Water, to keep it free of Excise, and puts it into the Copper as the first Liquor, to begin a second Brewing of Ale with another four Bushels of Malt, as he did before, and so on for several Days together, if necessary; but at last there may be some small Beer made, though some will make none, because the Goods or Grains will go the farther in feeding of Hogs.

Observations on the foregoing Method.

The first Copper of twenty-four Gallons of Water is but sufficient to wet three Bushels of Malt, and by the Additions of cold Water, as the hot is expended, it matters not how much the Malt drinks up; though a third Part of Water is generally allowed for that Purpose, that is never returned.

By the leisure putting over the Bowls of Water, the Goodness of the Malt is the more extracted and washed out,

so that more Ale may be this Way made, and less small Beer, than if the Wort was drawn out hastily ; besides, the Wort has a greater Opportunity of coming off finer by a slow Stream, than by a quicker one, which makes this Method excel all others that discharge the Wort out of the Mash Tub more hastily. Also, by the continual running of the Cock or Tap, the Goods or Grains are out of Danger of souring, which often happens in Summer Brewings, especially when the Cock is stopped between the several Boilings of the Wort, and what has been the very Cause of damaging or spoiling many Guiles of Drink.

By this Method of Brewing, Ale may be made as strong or as small as is thought fit, and so may the small Beer that comes after ; and is so agreeable, that this Brewer makes his Ale, and strong keeping *October* Beer, all one and the same Way, only with this Difference, that the latter is stronger and more hopped than the former. Where little or no small Beer is wanted, there may little or none be brewed, according to this Manner of working ; which is no small Conveniency to a little Family that uses more strong than small ; nor is there any Loss by leaving the Grains in some Heart, where Horses, Cows, Hogs, or Rabbits are kept.



*W O R K S to be done in Gardens in the Month
of July.*

In the K I T C H E N - G A R D E N.

THE first Week sow Kidney Beans and Peas, to bear in *September* and *October* ; sow them where they may have Shelter from frosty Nights, which sometimes happen. Sow Cucumbers on a Bed made with dry Horse-Litter, and covered with light Earth ten Inches thick ; cover them

at

at Night in *September* with a common Frame and Glass, to keep them from the Frost and Rain ; and by this Method you may have Cucumbers till *Christmas*. Make a Bed for Mushrooms, as you did in *February*, and cover it very thin with Earth.

About the Middle of this Month sow *Royal, Silesia*, and *Brown Dutch* Lettuces, some of which will cabbage for Winter Use, and then are to be planted close together, where they may be sheltered with Glasses. Sow Chervil, Carrots, Turnips, and Onions, to stand the Winter ; plant Cabbages and Savoys for Winter ; and plant out Brocoli and Cauliflowers, to blow in *September*.

Sow some Cauliflower Seeds to stand the Winter, so you will have good Flowers in the Spring ; about the 20th Day is the right Time to sow them. Transplant Endive for blanching against Winter, and tie up Chardons for blanching, with Bands of Hay or Straw. Earth up Sellery in Drills, and plant out a new Crop to succeed the present ; take up Shalots and Garlick, and gather Rocambole when the Stalks turn yellow ; and when the Stalks of Onions change Colour, pull them up in dry Weather, and lay them in the Sun till they are well dried, to lay up for Winter. Neglect not to gather such Seeds as are fully grown and coloured in their Husks, pulling up the whole Plants, and setting them upright in a proper Place to dry.

Now water plentifully all Herbs that are feeding, for a good watering or two will fill the Seed ; also water well those Plants that stand abroad in Pots or Cases, which have less Benefit from the Rains in this Season, than the Plants in open Ground ; for the Showers which now fall, are but of little Help to the Roots of Plants, so that they require frequent watering ; water from Five to Eight, Morning and Evening. Hough and weed as in the former Month ; destroy Wasps, Ants, and other Insects, which in this Month are very numerous ; and be careful to pick off all crumpled Leaves where-ever you see them ; and also the Twigs, if they are curled, they being the Beds of destructive Creatures. Melons, now beginning to ripen, should have very little

Water given them, because Water will give an ill Taste to them.

In the FRUIT-GARDEN.

Now Vines are in their full Strength and Vigour, inso-much that the greatest Confusion imaginable will ensue, if they are not carefully pruned this Month. The Vineyard must be minded, and the Fruit Branches tied up to the Props or Espaliers, and all weak and fruitless Shoots taken away.

At the Beginning of this Month lay open Apricots to the Sun, by taking away the Leaves, that the Fruit may ripen; at the latter End do the same to Peaches; if any strong Wood, or Water-Shoots, push from either of these Trees, take them away entirely, unless some void Place wants to be filled up; but all young, short Branches, are to be preserved, by nailing them to the Wall, and not shortening them. The Pear Tree is now to be looked to and managed, if over vigorous, and all Branches that push forward are to be shortened to half an Inch. Inoculation may be continued after Rain. Watering plentifully a Peach Tree full of Fruit, is a great Advantage to it; and Fruit Trees in Pots are now to be daily watered, otherwise the Fruit will fall off. Fruit near the Ground (not too near) have a double Advantage, being expected to be large, and first ripe.

In the FLOWER-GARDEN.

Continue to lay Carnations as they gather Strength, and often refresh them with Water; sow Tulip Seeds (which are now ripe) in Cases of light Earth; sow Anemony Seed and Annuals in Edgings, to blow in *September*. Transplant such Bulbs as you took not out of the Ground the last Month. Cut down the Flower Stems of such curious Flowers as have done blowing. Tie up and prune all exotick Plants which grow disorderly; they will have fresh Shoots before they are set in the House. Gather such Flower
Seeds

Seeds as are ripe, drying them well in their Seed-Vessels, before they are beaten out, and after that in the Sun for a Week or more, before you lay them up. Lay Mirtles, Laurels, and other curious Greens; also Pinks, Sweet-Williams, and such-like Plants. Graft by Approach; inarch or inoculate Jessamines, Oranges, and choice Shrubs; gather your early Cyclamen Seed, and sow it presently in Pots; give fresh Earth to the Surface of Orange Tubs; and cleanse Auriculas from Weeds and dead Leaves.



The FARMER'S WIFE and the RAVEN,

A F A B L E.

WHY are those Tears? why droops your Head?
 Is then your other Husband dead?
 Or does a worse Disgrace betide?
 Hath no one since his Death apply'd?
 Alas! you know the Cause too well;
 The Salt is spilt, to me it fell.
 Then to contribute to my Loss,
 My Knife and Fork were laid across,
 On *Friday* too! the Day I dread!
 Would I were safe at Home in Bed!
 Last Night (I vow to Heav'n 'tis true)
 Bounce from the Fire a Coffin flew.
 Next Post some fatal News shall tell,
 GOD send my *Cornish* Friends be well!
 Unhappy Widow, cease thy Tears,
 Nor feel Affliction in thy Fears;
 Let not thy Stomach be suspended,
 Eat now, and weep when Dinner's ended,
 And when the Butler clears the Table
 For thy Desert I'll read my Fable.

Betwixt

Betwixt her swagging Panier's Load
 A Farmer's Wife to Market rode,
 And, jogging on, with thoughtful Care
 Summ'd up the Profits of her Ware ;
 When, starting from her silver Dream,
 Thus far and wide was heard her Scream.

That Raven on yon Left-Hand Oak
 (Curse on his ill-betiding Croak)
 Bodes me no Good. No more she said,
 When poor blind *Ball* with stumbling Tread
 Fell prone ; o'erturn'd the Pannier lay,
 And her mash'd Eggs bestrow'd the Way.

She, sprawling in the yellow Road,
 Rail'd, swore and curst. Thou croaking Toad,
 A Murrain take thy whoreson Throat !
 I knew Misfortune in the Note.

Dame, quoth the Raven, spare your Oaths,
 Unclench your Fist, and wipe your Cloaths.
 But why on me those Curses thrown ?
 Goody, the Fault was all your own ;
 For had you laid this brittle Ware
 On *Dun*, the old sure-footed Mare,
 Though all the Ravens of the *Hundred*
 With croaking had your Tongue out-thunder'd,
 Sure-footed *Dun* had kept his Legs,
 And you, good Woman, sav'd your Eggs.



Remarkable Curiosities in NORWAY.

NEAR to *Drontheim* is a remarkable Lake, whose Waters never freeze, even in the Dead of Winter, notwithstanding the excessive Cold at that Season. Upon the Coast of *Norway*, near the Isle of *Hitteren*, in the Latitude of 68, is that remarkable and dangerous Whirlpool, commonly

commonly called *Maelstroon*, and by Navigators the *Navel* of the Sea Which Whirlpool is, in all Probability, occasioned by some mighty subterranean Gap, and proves fatal to Ships that approach too nigh, provided it be in the Time of Flood; for then the Sea, upwards of two Leagues round, makes such a terrible Whirlpool, that the Force and Indraught of the Water, together with the Noise and Tumbling of the Waves upon one another, is rather to be admired than expressed. But, as in the Time of Flood, the Water is drawn in with a mighty force, so during the Tide of Ebb, it does throw out the Sea with such a Violence, that the heaviest Bodies then cast into it, cannot sink, but are tossed back again by the impetuous Stream which rusheth out with incredible Force; and during that Time are abundance of Fishes caught by Filhermen, who watch the Opportunity; for being forced up to the Surface of the Water, they cannot well dive again, so violent is the rising Current. In several Parts of *Norway* were discovered, some Years ago, divers Silver Mines, particularly two, whereof one was termed *Benedicta divina*, (vulgarly *Segen Gottes*) and the other *Bona Spes*, but both of them were quickly exhausted; however, in the former of these, Anno 1630, was found a Mass of Silver, valued at three thousand two hundred and seventy-two Imperial Dollars: And in the other was taken out a Mass of Silver, valued at five thousand such Dollars. Both which Masses, and some others of pure Silver from these *Norwegian* Mines, are now to be seen in the *Museum Regium* at *Copenhagen*.

The Air of this Country is so extreamly cold, especially towards the North Parts of the Kingdom, that it is but thinly inhabited, and that by the meanest of the People.

By Reason of the excessive Coldness of the Country, (it lying in the 11th, 12th, and 13th North Climate) the Soil is very barren, not having Force enough to produce the very Necessaries of Life, the common People being forced to use dried Fish instead of Bread. In short, this Country is overspread either with vast Forests, barren Mountains, or formidable Rocks. In the Northmost Parts of it the longest Day is above two Months, the Sun not setting for that Time;

Time ; the shortest in the Southernmost, about six Hours and half, and the Nights proportionable.

The chief Commodities of this Country are Stock-Fish, rich Furs, Train-Oil, Pitch, Masts, Cables, Deal Boards, and the like ; which the Inhabitants exchange for Corn, Wine, Fruits, Beer, and other Necessaries of Life.

The *Norwegians* (who being notorious Pirates of old, became very formidable to several of the Northern Nations,) are now looked upon as a very mean, simple, and ignorant Sort of People ; a People, however, that are very hardy, much given to Toiling and Labour, very just in their Dealing, and abundantly civil (after their own Manner) to the few Strangers who come among them. In the Northmost Parts of the Kingdom they have no Towns, but generally live in Tents, and travel in great Companies from one Place to another in hunting.

This Kingdom was formerly a distinct Body by itself, and independent on any other, but (being incorporated with *Denmark*, Anno 1387) is now subject to his *Danish* Majesty, who besides particular Governors in Places of the greatest Importance, doth ordinarily keep a Viceroy there, for the better managing of the whole ; his Place of Residence is commonly at *Bergen*, and his Power is extraordinary great.

The established Religion in *Norway* is the same as in *Denmark*, only that in the Northmost Parts of the Kingdom the Knowledge of Christianity (which was at first planted in this Country much about the same Time with the two other Northern Crowns) is so decayed, that on the Borders of *Lapland* they differ but little from mere Heathens.

Lapland is a Province which extends so far North, that very few have travelled over it. Monsieur *Motraye* was there in 1718, and made proper Observations concerning the Natives and their supposed Conjurations. The upper Garment, both of the Men and Women, is made of Skins with the Hair on, fashioned like a Ploughman's Frock, girt about them with a broad Belt : The Men's Breeches reach down to their Ancles, and their Caps are made of a young Fawn's Skin, and fit close to their Heads like a Scull-Cap, covering also

also their Necks and Shoulders ; their Shoes also are made of Skins, without Heels, picked and turned up at the Toes ; and the Finery of the Women consists in a kind of Pewter Wire, with which they work the Bottom of their Coats, their Girdles, and Edges of their Caps. Neither Sex knows what it is to wear Linnen, but in the cold Season wear a Waistcoat of Fawt's Skins next them ; almost the only Part of Dress that distinguishes the Sexes, is, that the Women's Coats are somewhat longest, and a Purse hangs at their Girdles, with their Money, Rings, and Toys. Their Food is the dried Flesh of Rein Deer, Cheese made of their Milk, and Fish. Their Drink is sour Milk or Water ; as for Bread they know not what it is, not having so much as a Word in their Language to express it by. As to their Lodging, they have no other Bed or Covering but their Rein Deer Skins, between which they lie quite naked. With Respect to their Stature, they are the shortest Men in all the North, being seldom above four Foot and a Half high, and some of them even under that Size. Their Aspect is generally homely, having a large Head, hollow Eyes, a broad Face, a flat Nose, and short black Hair. They have broad Breasts, slender Waists, and small Legs, but are very strong, swift, and nimble. The Women are somewhat handsomer than the Men, having black Eyes, and a Complexion mix'd with a natural Red and White, which is not disagreeable.

The *Laplanders*, in Hunting, make use of Bows about three Yards long, in handling of which they are very dexterous, being train'd up to it from their Infancy ; inasmuch that some of them will shoot an Arrow into a Circle no bigger than a Farthing, at such a Distance as they but just discern it. Their Riches consist in Flocks of Rein Deer, whom they drive Northward as the Summer approaches, these Creatures not being able to endure the Heat. As to their Religion, they are stiled Christians, but know very little of its Doctrines. Mr. *Motraye* asked them what Notions they had of Witchcraft with which some of their Countrymen are charged ? To which one of them answer'd, that the Professors of the Black Art were in *Finland*, that they conversed with the Devil, and knew every Thing that was done, and

pretended to give several Instances of their devilish Power. *Motraye* went to the Tent of one of these Conjurers, having first given him all imaginable Assurances that he would not betray him to the Government (the *Swedish* Laws being very severe against Witchcraft;) he found the Wizard in a poor Hut, upon which he made this Observation, that if these poor Creatures had any Interest with the Devil, he would surely reward them better. *Motraye* followed the Conjuror, as he desired him, to the Top of a high Mountain near his Hut, where he desired him to stand, till he fetched his Drum and other Utensils necessary to the acting of his Part; to his Drum was fastened a Chain with several Brais Rings; then the Wizard demanded if they had any Brandy, and half a Pint being presented him, he drank about two thirds of it: Then putting the Chain and the Rings into the inside of the Drum, and turning it bottom upward, he beat upon it with a forked Piece of Rain Deer's Horn (the Head of the Drum was covered with transparent Parchment, wretchedly painted with Celestial Signs;) he beat upon it for a few Minutes, the Rings jumping about; then he laid himself down flat on his Back, and set the Head of his Drum on his Breast, and having shut his Eyes seemed to be in a Trance, not breathing for some Time; then having fetched a deep Sigh, he gently raised the Drum above his Head, and looked upon the Rings, which he easily discerns through the Parchment, and having considered their Position to the Celestial Signs, he fixed his Eyes upon Mr. *Motraye*, and declared he would run a great Hazard upon the Water, and that he would have another great Escape from Fire; that his Life should be long and healthful after the Space of two Years. Having finished his Predictions, *Motraye* asked him if he could tell him, whether he was a Batchelor or a married Man? and into what Countries he had travelled before he came thither? and several more such Questions: But the Conjuror was too wise to guess at Things past, in which he knew his Ignorance might have been discovered with Ease; however, he gave the Wizard half a Crown, with which he seemed extremely well pleased. Upon this Subject *Motraye* farther observes, that though several Princes and Ecclesiastics

ticks

ticks have shown themselves very zealous for the Extirpation of Witchcraft, and have upon incompetent Evidence condemned some poor Wretches to Death for it ; yet, says he, none could ever yet demonstrate they ever entertained any Commerce with the Devil.

The Sable Mice of *Lapland*, which are the same with those called Norway Mice by *Olaus Wormius*, deserve the Attention of the Curious. They are near as large as a small Squirrel, but have no Tail ; their Skin is streak'd and spotted with Black and light Brown ; and they have two upper Teeth, and as many under, which are very sharp and pointed. They have Feet like those of Squirrels, and are so fierce, that if a Stick be held out to them they will bite it, and hold it so fast that one may swing them about in the Air. In their Marches they keep a direct Course, generally from North-East to South-West, and each Troop consists of a great many Thousands, who march in Lines some Yards long, and parallel to each other. They march by Night or in the Twilight, and lie still by Day ; and if they meet with any Thing to interrupt their Course, they do not turn out of their Lines, even though it be a Fire, a deep Well, a River, a Lake, or other Obstacle, but without Hesitation venture through it, by which Means vast Numbers are sometimes destroyed. If they are met swimming over Lakes, and forced out of their Course, they presently return into it again ; and when they are stopp'd in the Fields they raise themselves upon their hinder Legs like a Dog, and make a kind of Barking or squeaking Noise, leaping up as high as a Man's Knee, and defending their Lines as long as they are able. If a House happens to be in their Way, there they stop till they die ; for they never come into Houses, or meddle with the Food of the Inhabitants. Through a Stack of Corn they will eat themselves a Passage, and when they march through a Meadow, they damage it much by eating the Roots of the Grass ; but if they encamp there by Day they quite spoil it, making it look as if it were burnt or strewed with Ashes. These Creatures are very fruitful, but their Breeding does not hinder their March, for some of them have been observed to travel with a young

one in their Mouths, and another upon their Backs. The Roots of Grass, with rotten Wood, and the Insects contained in it, are their chief Food ; and during the Winter they lie under the Snow, having breathing Holes at Top, as the Hares do, and other Animals.

The Rain Deer of *Lapland* are of wonderful Service to the Inhabitants of that Country, who bring them up to be tame and tractable, feed upon their Milk and Flesh, make Cloaths of their Skins, and use them to draw Sledges, in which they travel over the Snow with prodigious Swiftnefs. This Creature is somewhat less than a Stag, has two branch'd Horns, and long rough Hair under his Neck. His Colour inclines to an Ash, but his Haunches and Shoulders, and the Parts under his Belly are white. Their Feet are thick, short, and cloven ; and when they walk their Joints make a Sort of Noise like the clashing of Stones one against another. Their ordinary Food is Moss, and with this Sustainance only they will perform Journeys of eighty or a hundred Miles a Day.----The Sledges in which the Laplanders are drawn by the Rain Deer, are shaped like Boats, only they are flatted behind, and not pointed as they are before. The Bottom of the Sledge is convex, that it may slide with more Ease over the Snow ; and the Traces are fasten'd about the Neck of the Animal, going down his Breast and between his Legs. The Reins are tied to his Horns, whereby he is guided by the Traveller, who by the Motion of his Body and the Help of his Hand takes Care to balance the Sledge, and prevent its overturning, of which it is often in Danger by reason of the Roundness of its Bottom. They hang Bells to the Trappings of the Rain Deer, with which those Animals are much delighted.----When the *Laplanders* go a hunting, they use a Sort of Skates, which are flat Boards four or five Feet long, pointed at each End, and turn'd upwards before ; and having a long Pole in their Hands, with a Piece of Board fasten'd to the End of it, that it may not sink too deep in the Snow, they run over it with great Swiftnefs, so as to go fifty or sixty Miles a Day without any Fatigue.

When

Laplander's Travelling over dry Snow in a Sledge drawn by Rain Deer.

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Laplander travelling over deep snow in a sledges



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The *Laplanders* have no Physicians amongst them, nor indeed have they much Occasion for any, as they are very seldom afflicted with Sicknefs. For the Cure of all inward Distempers they make a Drink of a certain Moss which they call *Jertb*, or instead of that chew the Root of Angelica, or boil it in Rain Deer's Milk. When they feel a Pain in any Part of their Body, they take a kind of Fungus or Mushroom growing upon the Birch Tree, and, having set Fire to it, they apply it burning hot to the Part affected; and this occasions a Blister, which they imagine draws off all the bad Humours. For Wounds they have no other Remedy but the Resin that oozes from the Fir Tree; and when they have any Member frozen, they run a red-hot Iron into a Cheese made of Rain Deer's Milk, and with the Fat that drops from it anoint the Part, which by that Means is almost instantly cured.

As to their Funerals, if a deceased *Laplander* was rich, his Corps is wrapp'd in Linnen; but if he was poor, he has only a Wollen Shroud. They put into the Coffin along with the Deceased a Flint and Steel and a Hatchet, which they imagine he may have Occasion for in his Journey to a Place of Rest. But this is only the Practice of those who are still Heathens, or have very gross Notions of the Christian Profession. The Corps is drawn in a Sledge to the Place of Burial, after which the Creature is kill'd to make a Funeral Entertainment, to which all the Friends and Relations of the Deceased are invited.

When a Child is born, they wash it immediately with Snow or cold Water, and then wrap it up in the Skin of a Hare. The Women do not keep their Beds above four or five Days, and as soon as they have recover'd Strength, they set out with the Child at their Backs to have it baptised, for which Purpose they are often obliged to take long Journeys. Their Cradles are made of a Piece of hollow Timber, like a small Boat; in which the Child is laid upon a kind of soft fine Moss, cover'd over with the tender Skin of a young Rain Deer. The Cradle is suspended by a Rope, from the Roof of the Hut, and by tossing it too and fro they lull the Child to Sleep.

The BABOON and the POULTRY.

A F A B L E.

WE frequently misplace Esteem
 By judging Men by what they seem.
 To Birth, Wealth, Pow'r, we should allow
 Precedence and our lowest Bow :
 In that is due Distinction shown :
 Esteem is Virtue's Right alone.

With partial Eye we're apt to see
 The Man of noble Pedigree.
 We're prepossess'd my Lord inherits
 In some Degree his Grandfire's Merits :
 For those we find upon Record,
 But find him nothing but my Lord.

When we with superficial View
 Gaze on the Rich, we're dazzled too :
 We know that Wealth, well understood,
 Hath frequent Pow'r of doing good ;
 Then fancy that the Thing is done,
 As if the Pow'r and Will were one.
 Thus oft the cheated Croud adore
 The thriving Knaves that keep 'em poor.

The cringing Train of Pow'r survey :
 What Creatures are so low as they !
 With what Obsequiousness they bend !
 To what vile Actions condescend !
 Their Rise is on their Meanness built,
 And Flatt'ry is their smallest Guilt.
 What Homage, Rev'rence, Adoration,
 In ev'ry Age, in ev'ry Nation,
 Have Sycophants to Pow'r address !
 No Matter who the Pow'r possess.

Who

Who then shall glory in his Post ?
How frail his Pride, how vain his Boast !
The Followers of his prosp'rous Hour
Are as unstable as his Pow'r,
Pow'r, by the Breath of Flatt'ry nurs'd,
The more it swells, is nearer burst.
The Bubble breaks, the Gewgaw ends,
And in a dirty Tear descends.

Once on a Time, an ancient Maid,
By Wishes and by Time decay'd,
To cure the Pangs of restless Thought,
In Birds and Beasts Amusement sought :
Dogs, Parrots, Apes, her Hours employ'd ;
With these alone she talk'd and toy'd.

A huge Baboon her Fancy took,
(Almost a Man in Size and Look)
He finger'd ev'ry Thing he found,
And mimick'd all the Servants round ;
Then too his Parts and ready Wit
Show'd him for ev'ry Bus'ness fit.
With all these Talents, 'twas but just
That Pug should hold a Place of Trust :
So to her Fav'rite was assign'd
The Charge of all her feather'd Kind ;
'Twas his to tend 'em Eve and Morn,
And portion out their daily Corn.

Behold him now, with haughty Stride,
Assume a ministerial Pride.
The Morning rose. In Hope of Picking,
Swans, Turkeys, Peacocks, Ducks, and Chicken,
Fowls of all Ranks surround his Hut,
To worship his important Strut.
The Minister appears. The Croud
Now here, now there, obsequious bow'd.
This prais'd his Parts, and that his Face,
T'other his Dignity in Place :
From Bill to Bill the Flatt'ry ran ;
He hears and bears it like a Man :

For,

For, when we flatter Self-Conceit,
We but his Sentiments repeat.

If we're too scrupulously just,
What Profit's in a Place of Trust ?
The common Practice of the Great
Is, to secure a snug Retreat :

So Pug began to turn his Brain
(Like other Folks in Place) on Gain.

An Apple-Woman's Stall was near,
Well stock'd with Fruits through all the Year :
Here ev'ry Day he cramm'd his Guts,
Hence were his Hoards of Pears and Nuts ;
For 'twas agreed (in Way of Trade)
His Payments should in Corn be made.

The Stock of Grain was quickly spent,
And no Account which Way it went ;
Then too the Poultry's starv'd Condition
Caus'd Speculations of Suspicion.

The Facts were prov'd beyond Dispute ;
Pug must refund his Hoards of Fruit :
And, though then Minister in Chief,
Was branded as a publick Thief.
Disgrac'd, despis'd, confin'd to Chains,
He nothing but his Pride retains.

A Goose pass'd by ; he knew the Face,
Seen ev'ry Levee while in Place.

What, no Respect ! no Rev'rence shown !
How saucy are these Creatures grown !
Not two Days since (says he) you bow'd
The lowest of my fawning Croud.

Proud Fool (replies the Goose) 'tis true,
Thy Corn a flutt'ring Levee drew ;
For that I join'd the hungry Train,
And sold thee Flatt'ry for thy Grain :
But then, as now, conceited Ape,
We saw thee in thy proper Shape.



*WORKS to be done in Gardens in the Month
of August.*

In the KITCHEN-GARDEN.

THE first Week of this Month sow a second Crop of Cauliflowers, to stand the Winter, lest the first should run to Seed, which in an open Season they will be apt to do. Sow Cabbages, Coleworts, and Onions; also Radishes, Lettuce, Chervil, Cresses, Corn-Sallad, and Spinach, for Winter Use; transplant Cabbage-Lettuce, especially the Dutch Brown; tie up Endive for blanching; give more Earth to your blanching Sellery, which is to be repeated every Fortnight; break off the the Stems of Artichokes which have done blowing; and towards the End of the Month slip and set aromatic Herbs, such as Savory, Thyme, Hyssop, &c. and cut down those that are run to Seed within three or four Inches of the Ground. If the Stalks of Asparagus be mowed down, you may expect a second Autumn Crop. Sow Turnips in the open Field, till the 12th of this Month, and those Roots not only yield a profitable Increase, but very much enrich all light Soils. Strip the Leaves of Carrots, Parsnips, &c, to improve the Roots; pull the Roots of Plants a little out of the Ground, covering them with Mould to keep them from running to Seed; and cut down Strawberries, after they have done bearing, close to the Ground. Water such Things as need it in the Beginning of this Month; but after the Middle of it water only in the Morning, for fear of Frost.

In the FRUIT-GARDEN.

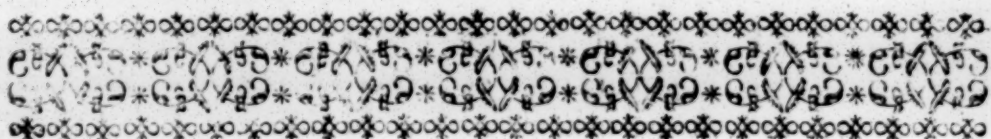
Look over and expose Wall-Fruit to the Sun, to perfect their Ripening; give Vines the last Pruning for the Summer, and keep the Grapes close to the Wall, shading them with Leaves, to defend them from cold Nights. Now inoculate Pears, Plumbs, and Hollies; now unbind those Buds

of Trees inoculated the last Month, to prevent the Bandages galling and fretting the Stocks, which will now be in Danger by their swelling. In gathering Wall-Fruits, take Care not to break the Branches whereon they grow, because from them other bearing Branches are expected the next Year. the Borders are to be reviewed and kept clean, and at the latter End of this Month to be stirred, the better to enable them to receive the Rains in Autumn; therefore no Greens must now be planted in them.

In the F L O W E R - G A R D E N.

Sow the Seeds of the bulbous Iris, Fritillaries, and Renunculuses, covering them with a thin Coat of fine-sifted Earth; transplant seedling Auriculas upon a Border of well-sifted Earth, giving them Sprinklings of Water, and shading them from the Sun for a Fortnight. Now is the proper Time for parting Auriculas. Transplant seedling Polyanthos upon a shady Border, and divide old Roots; plant single Anemonies, and transplant the Hyacinth, Narcissus, Lillies, Martagons, Crocuses, and Snow-Drops; plant Primroses, Campions, July-flowers, Hepatica's, Crown-Imperials, Asphodils, Lillies of the Valley, Dens-Caninus, and most other Flowers that have blown in the Spring, or Summer preceding. Continue to lay Carnations that were not strong enough in the former Month; but these will not be fit to transplant till March. Take off and plant out such of your Carnation Layers of the former Months as are well rooted; transplant seedling Carnations a Foot Distance from one another; plant Slips of Pinks in a Nursery, to plant out the Summer following; cut down the withered Stalks of those Flowers that have done blowing, and part their Roots for Increase. Gather Flower-Seeds in a dry Day; shade Anemomy and Tulip Seeds sown the preceding Months. About the Middle of the Month cut the inarch'd Orange Stocks from the bearing Trees, but be careful not to break the new-grafted Branches from the Stock; leave the Clay upon them till the following Spring, and guard them from high Winds. Now make Layers of all Sorts of Shrubs and
Trees

Trees which remain abroad all Winter. If you have Pots of old Roots of Carnations, which you find will blow late, shift them into other Pots of fresh Earth, and set them in the Green-house in *October*, they will blow in the Winter.



Of the Nature of several W A T E R S,
and their Use in *Brewing*.

WATER, next to Malt, is what by Course comes under Consideration, as a Matter of great Importance in brewing of wholesome fine Malt Liquors, and is of such Consequence, that it concerns every one to know the Nature of the Water he brews with, because it is the Vehicle by which the nutritious and pleasant Particles of the Malt and Hop are conveyed into our Bodies, and there become a Diluter of our Food: Now the more simple and freer every Water is from foreign Particles, the better it will answer those Ends and Purposes; for, as Doctor *Mead* observes, some Waters are so loaded with stony Corpuscles, that even the Pipes thro' which they are carried, in Time, are incruſted and ſtopped up by them, and are of that petrifying Nature as to breed the Stone in the Bladder: What makes it ſtill more evident, is the Sight of thoſe incruſted Sides of the Tea-kettles, that the hard Well-waters are the Occaſion of, by being often boiled in them: And it is farther related by the ſame Doctor, that a Gentlewoman afflicted with frequent Returns of violent Cholic-Pains was cured by the Advice of *Van Helmont*, only by leaving off drinking Beer brewed with Well-water: It is true, ſuch a Fluid has a greater Force and Aptneſs to extract the Tincture out of Malt, than is to be had in the more innocent and ſoft Liquors of Rivers: But for this very Reaſon it ought

not, unless upon mere Necessity, to be made Use of; this Quality being owing to the mineral Particles and aluminous Salts with which it is impregnated.

Spring Waters are in general liable to partake of those Minerals through which they pass, and are salubrious or mischievous accordingly. That which will lather with Soap, or such soft Water that percolates thro' Chalk, or a grey Fire Stone, is generally accounted best; for Chalk in this Respect excels all other Earths, in that it administers nothing unwholesome to the perfluent Waters, but undoubtedly absorbs, by its drying spongy Quality, any ill Minerals that may accompany the Water that runs thro' them. For which Reason they throw in great Quantities of Chalk into their Wells at *Wigflury* to soften their Water, which coming off a black Sand Stone, is so hard and sharp, that it will often turn their Beer sour in a Week's Time, so that in its original State it is neither fit to wash nor brew with, but so long as the alcalous soft particles of the Chalk hold good, they put it to both Uses.

River Waters are less liable to be loaded with metallic, petrifying, saline, and other insidious Particles of the Earth, than the Well or Spring Sorts are, especially at some Distance from the Spring Head, because the Rain-water mixes with and softens it; and are also much cured by the Sun's Heat and the Air's Power. Where a River water can be had clear in a dry Time, when no great Rain has lately fell, out of Rivulets, or Rivers that have a gravelly, chalky, sandy, or stony Bottom, free from the Disturbance of Cattle, &c. it may then justly claim the Name of a most excellent Water for Brewing, and will make a stronger Drink with the same Quantity of Malt than any of the Well waters; insomuch that that of the *Thames* has been proved to make as strong Beer with seven Bushels of Malt, as Well water with eight; and so are all River-waters in a proportionable Degree, and, where they can be obtained clear and pure, Drink may be drawn fine in a few Days after Tunning,

Rain-Water is very soft, of a most simple and pure Nature, and the best Diluter of any, especially if received free from Dirt, and the Salt of Mortar that often mixes with it

as it runs off tiled Roofs; this is very agreeable for brewing of Ales that are not to be kept a great while, but for Beers that are to remain some Time in the Casks, it is not so well, as being apt to putrify the soonest of any.

Pond Waters; this includes all standing Waters chiefly from Rain, and are good or bad as they happen; for where there is a clean Bottom, and the Water lies undisturbed from the Tread of of Cattle, or too many Fish, in an open sound Air, in a large Quantity, and where the Sun has free Access, it then comes near, if not quite so good as Rain or River-waters.

A particular Method to furnish a Fish Pond with Variety of FISH.

TAKE about the latter End of *April*, or the Beginning of *May*, the Root of a Willow that stands near the Water Side, and is full of Fibres; wash the Earth about it clean away; then tie it to a Spike, which drive into a River or Fish Pond, that is well stored with Variety of Fish; they will presently strike about and against the Root, and void their Spawn or Row, which will hang to the Fibres; after a few Days take the Spike with the Willow Root out of that River or Fish Pond, and convey it to that which you design to stor; driving it about a Hands Breadth deep under the Surface of the Water, and in about a Fortnight's Time you will perceive a great Number of young Fishes. Be careful that you leave the Root not too long in the first Pond or River, lest the Heat of the Sun animate the Spawn, and so it disengages from the Root.

The Shapes and Marks of a good Cart Horse.

He should have a thick Shoulder, and a broad Chest, overladen with Flesh, hanging forward, and heavily projecting over his Knees and Feet, a short Back, short Joints, flat-legged, full-eyed, and wide Nostrils, with a wide Mouth and round Buttocks. Of such, a Team should be composed, of one Height.

The

The Shapes and Marks of a good Saddle-Horse.

He should have the Eyes and Joints of an Ox, the Strength and Foot of a Mule, the Hooves and Thighs of an Ass, the Throat and Neck of a Wolf, the Ear and Tail of a Fox, the Boldness of a Lion, the Quick-sightedness of a Serpent, and the Lightness and Nimbleness of a Hare: A high Pace, a deliberate Trot, a pleasant Gallop, a swift running or rebounding Leap, and quick in Hand. Or take it thus: The Hoot should be narrow and black, his Patterns straight and upright, Fetlock short, Legs straight and flat, Knees long, lean, and round, Ears long and sharp, Sides and Ribs bearing out, and close shut at the Huckle-bone, Neck long and reared, wide-jawed, Breast large and round, Forehead lean and large, Withers sharp and pointed, Back short, Rump round, plain, and broad, a large Space between his Buttocks, or what is called *wide-gascoined*, and his Yard and Stones small. In short, that Saddle-Horse, which has thin Shoulders and a flat Chest, with his Forefeet standing boldly forwards and even, his Neck rising semicircular from the Point of those thin Shoulders to his Head, with the before-mentioned Marks, may justly be said to have a light Fore-hand, and is a right useful Horse for a Saddle. To which may be added, that a crooked or low-backed Horse, with thin Gascoigns, is, commonly, not only weak, but too often proves unhealthful either for Cart or Saddle.

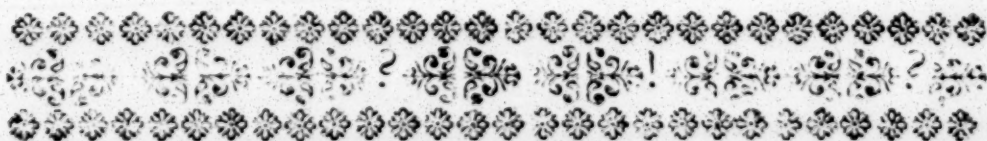
To mow Hay in a Barn, Cock, or Stack, without Danger of Firing.

For this Purpose use a Tub about two Feet Diameter, and three Feet long, or a long Basket, or four Boards, of a Foot wide each, and four Feet long, nailed together, either of these; when the Ground Layer is up to its Top, we pull it up higher, and so on till our Mow is finished, and then the Hole, or dry Well, that it thus makes, serves as a Chimney in the Middle of it for evacuating the Fume, Steam, or Smoak, that the Heat or Sweat of the Hay causes;

causes ; and by which you avoid the Danger of having your Mow take Fire, otherwise you run a great Risque of it, especially if the Hay is got in damp or wet, as sometimes by Necessity it happens.

To cure coarse Marsh-Hay.

Not only in Marshes, but in many wet, low, Vale Grounds, their Hay is often coarse, by Reason of the Sedge, or rusty Stalks that grow among the Grass. A Case of this happened in *Aylesbury* Vale, where is a Meadow, about ten Acres, lying near a Water-Mill, which was generally flooded, when the Water was pent up at the Mill-head. This caused a Sort of Rush or Sedge to grow, that made a Hay little better than some Straw, especially if they let such Grass stand till it is ripe. The Occupier was told, that Coal or Wood-ashes, or Pot-ashes (but the first is best for this Use) would cure it ; accordingly many were got and sown, which, by the very next Summer, not only killed the Sedge or round Rush, but brought up, in its Room, a fine three-leaved Grass, that made the best of Hay. How faulty then must those be, who will not be persuaded to such a cheap and useful Improvement, as it is certain Thousands may enjoy, that now do not. Observe, that such coarse sedgy Hay cannot be two little made, for, by making it but little, it will mow-burn, become sweet, and cause Cattle to eat and drink plentifully.



On a WATCH.

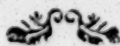
ALL Men, like Watches, various Periods share,
From thirty Hours unto threescore Year :
And which more true or good, 'tis hard to say,
An Horoscope of Gold, or one of Clay.

False

False and imperfect both alike we find;
 In that the Spring's in fault, in this the Mind:
 In their mechanic Powers both agree;
 Reason's a Ballance, Wisdom a Fusee:
 But if in either the main Springs should fail
 Or over-act, these Powers nought avail.
 Thus if the Will be strong, the Fabrick weak,
 The Constitution then of Course must break:
 Or if the Passions move or high or low,
 The Animal Machine's too fast or slow.
 But when its active Springs are duely coil'd,
 And not an Appetite or Sense is spoil'd;
 When all Life's Movements mutually agree,
 And Soul with Body acts in Harmony;
 This Human Triket then may go as true,
 As any such like kindred Trinkets do.
 And when at length each hath run out their Chain,
 Quite silent and inactive they remain,
 And with this Difference revive again:
 An Human Hand shall those awhile restore,
 These one Almighty, and for evermore.

A T H O U G H T at Waking.

A T T E N D my Soul, the early Birds inspire
 Thy groveling Thoughts with pure celestial Fire;
 They from their temp'rate Sleep awake, and pay
 Their thankful Anthems, for the new-born Day.
 See how the tuneful Lark is mounted high,
 And, Poet like, salutes the Eastern Sky;
 He warbles thro' the fragrant Air his Lays,
 And seems the Beauties of the Morn to praise:
 But Man! more void of Gratitude awakes,
 And giv's no Thanks for that sweet Rest he takes,
 Looks on the glorious Sun's new-kindled Flame,
 Without one Thought of Him from whom it came;
 The Wretch unhallow'd does the Day begin,
 Shakes off his *Sloth*, but shakes not off his *Sin*.



The sacred CONCERT of PRAISE.

I.

COME, pretty Birds, fly to this verdant Shade;
Here let our different Notes in Praise conspire :
'Twas the same Hand your painted Pinions spread,
That form'd my nobler Powers to raise his Honours higher.

II.

Fair Songsters, come ; beneath the sacred Grove
We'll sit and teach the Woods our Maker's Name :
Men have forgot his Works, his Power, his Love,
Forgot the mighty Arm that rear'd their wond'rous Frame.

III.

I search the crowded Court, the busy Street,
Run thro' the Villages, trace every Road :
In vain I search ; for every Heart I meet
Is laden with the World, and empty of its GOD.

IV.

How shall I bear with Men to spend my Days ?
Dear feather'd Innocents, you please me best :
My GOD has fram'd your Voices for his Praise,
His high Designs are answer'd by your tuneful Breast.

V.

Sweet Warblers, come, wake all your chearful Tongues,
We join with Angels and their Heavenly Choirs ;
Our humble Airs may imitate their Songs,
Tho' bolder are their Notes, and purer are their Fires.

VI.

Had I ten thousand Hearts, my God, my Love,
 Had I ten thousand Voices all are thine :
 Where Love enflames the Soul, the Lips must move,
 Nor shall the Song be mortal where the Theme's Divine.

VII.

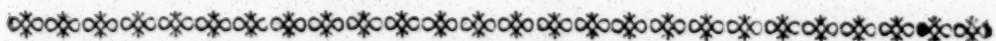
Infinite BEAUTY, *everlasting* LOVE,
 How are our Hearts, our Thoughts, estrang'd from thee !
 Th' eternal God surrounds us ; yet we rove
 In Chace of airy Toys, and follow as they flee.

VIII.

Oh could I cry, and make the Nations hear,
 From *North* to *South* my Voice should teach thy Name :
 I'd tell them that they buy their Joys too dear,
 And pay immortal Souls for glittering Dust or Fame.

IX.

ALMIGHTY POWER, break off these Chains of Sense,
 Melt them away with Love's celestial Fire,
 Create the World anew ; let Man commence
 A Seraph here on Earth, let Man to Heaven aspire.

*The Council of* H O R S E S.

A F A B L E.

UPON a Time a neighing Steed,
 Who graz'd among a num'rous Breed,
 With Mutiny had fir'd the Train,
 And spread Diffension through the Plain.
 On Matters that concern'd the State
 The Council met in grand Debate.

A Colt,

A Colt, whose Eye-Balls flam'd with Ire,
Elate with Strength and youthful Fire,
In haste stept forth before the rest,
And thus the list'ning Throng addrest.

Good Gods! how abject is our Race,
Condemn'd to Slav'ry and Disgrace!
Shall we our Servitude retain,
Because our Sires have born the Chain?
Consider, Friends, your Strength and Might;
'Tis Conquest to assert your Right.
How cumb'rous is the gilded Coach!
The Pride of Man is our Reproach.
Were we design'd for daily Toil,
To drag the Plough-share through the Soil,
To sweat in Harness through the Road,
To groan beneath the Carrier's Load?
How feeble are the two-legg'd Kind!
What Force is in our Nerves combin'd!
Shall then our nobler Jaws submit
To foam and champ the galling Bit?
Shall haughty Man my Back bestride?
Shall the sharp Spur provoke my Side?
Forbid it Heav'ns! Reject the Rein,
Your Shame, your Infamy disdain.
Let him the Lion first controul,
And still the Tiger's famish'd Growl:
Let us, like them, our Freedom claim,
And make him tremble at our Name.

A general Nod approv'd the Cause,
And all the Circle neigh'd Applause.

When, lo, with grave and solemn Pace
A Steed advanc'd before the Race,
With Age, and long Experience wise,
Around he cast his thoughtful Eyes,
And, to the Murmurs of the Train,
'Thus spoke the *Nestor* of the Plain.

When I had Health and Strength, like you,
The Toils of Servitude I knew;
Now grateful Man rewards my Pains,
And gives me all these wide Domains;

At Will I crop the Year's Increase,
 My latter Life is Rest and Peace.
 I grant to Man we lend our Pains,
 And aid him to correct the Plains:
 But doth not he divide the Care,
 Through all the Labours of the Year?
 How many thousand Structures rise,
 To fence us from inclement Skies!
 For us he bears the sultry Day,
 And stores up all our Winter's Hay;
 He sows, he reaps the Harvest's Gain,
 We share the Toil and share the Grain.
 Since ev'ry Creature was decreed
 To aid each other's mutual Need,
 Appease your discontented Mind,
 And act the Part by Heav'n assign'd.
 The Tumult ceas'd. The Colt submitted,
 And, like his Ancestors was bitted.



Remarkable Particulars in MUSCOVY.

AS one of the chief Rarities of this Country, we may reckon that strange Sort of Melon found in or near to *Astracan*, *Casan*, and *Samara*. Some of the Natives term it *Boranetz*, (i. e. the Little Lamb) others *Zooplyten*, which signifies the Animal Plant. The first Title would seem most proper, because in Figure it resembles a Lamb, and such is its vegetable Heat, that (according to the vulgar Manner of Expression) it consumes and eats up all the Grass, or rather Herbs within its Reach. As the Fruit doth ripen, the Stalk decays, and is covered with a Substance exactly the same with Wool that is short and curling. A Part of the Skin of this remarkable Plant (vulgarly reckoned a Plant, but disowned by our modern Botanists) is to be seen

seen in the King of *Denmark's* publick Repository of natural Rarities at *Copenhagen*; the inside of which Skin being dressed as Tanners usually do the fleshy Side of Lamb Skins, without taking off the Wool, no Man can distinguish between the Skin of the *Boranetz*, and that of an ordinary Lamb. Wherefore many of the *Muscovites* use the Skin of this rare Vegetable (if we may allow it to be such) instead of Furs for lining of their Vests. As another remarkable Thing of this Country, we may here add, that stately Church in *Moscow*, called *Jerusalem*, which seemed to *John Basilides* I. (then Czar) such a stately Pile of Building, that he ordered the Eyes of the Architect to be put out, that he might never contrive (at least behold) its fellow.

The Air of this Country is very cold, particularly towards the North, where Snow and Ice are usual for three Quarters of the Year; but in the Southermost Provinces they have very scorching Heats in the Summer for the Space of six Weeks. The opposite Place of the Globe to *Muscovia*, is that Part of the vast Pacifick Ocean, between 206 and 235 Degrees of Longitude, with 49 and 70 Degrees of South Latitude.

The Soil of this Country, (it lying in the 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, &c.) Northern Climate) is very different according to the different Situation of its Parts. Here are many Plains, but generally full of Marshes. Towards the North are vast Forests: and even where the Ground is cleared of Wood it is for the most Part very barren, and so extremely cold, that what they sow doth seldom come to due Perfection. In the South-west Parts towards *Poland*, the Soil is tolerably good, the Ground there producing several Sorts of Grain in great Abundance; and it is reported by many, that their Corn is ready for reaping about two Months after it is sown. The longest Day in the Northmost Parts of this Country is about two Months, the Sun not setting for that Time, when near the Summer Solstice; the shortest in the Southmost is about nine Hours and a Half, and the Nights proportionable.

This great Country is under its own Prince, who assumeth the Title of Czar, which in the *Russian* Language signifies
Emperor;

Emperor; yet more commonly is he termed the Great Duke. He is an Hereditary Monarch, and his Government truly Despotical. The Lives and Fortunes of his Subjects are wholly at his Disposal; and the greatest *Knez*, or Lord within his Dominions, doth acknowledge himself his *Galop* or Slave. As he is a Prince of uncontrollable Power, so also he is possessed of vastly extended Dominions, from whence (though much of them be very barren) he draws prodigious Revenues; and those not only that accrue from publick Taxes, but likewise from his Monopoly of Sables, and Farming out of publick Inns, Taverns, and Alehouses (he himself being Brewer General) which rises to a very high Sum, especially in a Country where the People are extremely addicted to drinking. The Czar not only exerciseth an uncontrollable Power over his slavish Subjects, but also pretends to a kind of Omniscience among them, and hath so succeeded in this bold Pretence, that the main Body of the People do really believe their Great Duke knoweth all Things. The publick Affairs are chiefly managed by his Great Council (called *Dumny Boyaren*) consisting of the principal Noblemen of the Empire. Here also are divers other Councils, or rather Chambers and Courts of Judicature, to which belong their respective Business, and each of these hath its peculiar President; they are in Number six, whereof the first is appointed for Ambassadors and foreign Negotiations, the second for managing military Affairs, the third for the publick Revenues of the Empire, the fourth for the encouraging of Trade and Merchandizing, and the two others for hearing and determining all Causes both civil and criminal. One laudable Custom obtains in *Muscovia*, (and perhaps the only one that is worthy of Imitation in other Countries) which is, that the *Muscovitish* Emperors seldom or never make foreign Matches; but use to choose for themselves a Consort from among the Daughters of their own Nobility.

The *Muscovites* boast that they profess Christianity, according to the Doctrine of the *Greek Church* in its Purity, but indeed they have mixed with the same a great many ridiculous Ceremonies and foolish Superstitions of their own.

They

They render divine Worship to the Virgin *Mary*, and other Saints, as also to Crosses, and never commence any Thing of Moment, unless they first sign themselves with the Sign of the Cross. In Baptism they use Exorcism, and always Confession to the Priest before they receive the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. All above seven Years of Age receive that Sacrament in both Kinds, and they give it in one Kind to Children under that Age. They usually administer the same (as also extreme Unction) to Persons past all Hopes of Recovery; but they neither adore the Sacrament, nor believe the strange Doctrine of Transubstantiation. They observe fifteen great Festivals, besides a great many Days dedicated to particular Saints. Sermons they never use, but only read some Portion of Holy Scripture, with St. *Basil's* Liturgy, and divers Homilies of St. *Chrysostom*. The Christian Faith was first planted in this Country towards the latter End of the tenth Century, and that by the preaching of some *Greeks* sent thither by the then Patriarch of *Constantinople*. The Commodities of this Country are Furs, Wax, Honey, Tallow, Train Oil, Caviere, Hemp, Flax, Slad, Iron.



An excellent Account of the Nature and Method of brewing strong October Beer. By an ingenious Hand.

IN Brewing, your Malt ought to be found and good, and, after its Making, to lie two or three Months in the Heap, to come to such a Temper, that the Kernel may readily melt in the Washing.

The well Dressing your Malt ought to be one chief Care; for unless it be freed from the Tails and Dust, your Drink will not be fine and mellow as when it is clean dressed.

The Grinding also must be considered, according to the high

high or low Drying of the Malt ; for, if high dried, then a gross Grinding is best, otherwise a smaller may be done ; for the Care in Grinding consists herein, lest too much of the Husks being ground small should mix with the Liquor, which makes gross Dregs, and consequently your Drink will have too fierce a Fermentation, and by that Means make it Acid, or what we call Stale.

When your Malt is ground, let it stand in Sacks twenty-four Hours at least, to the End that the Heat in Grinding may be allay'd, and it is conceiv'd by its so standing that the Kernel will dissolve the better.

The Measure and Quantity we allow of Hops and Malt, is five Quarters of Malt to three Hogsheads of Beer, and eighteen Pounds of Hops at least to that Quantity of Malt ; and, if Malt be pale dried, then add three or four Pounds of Hops more.

The Choice of Liquor for Brewing is of considerable Advantage in making good Drink, the softest and cleanest Water is to be preferred, your harsh Water is not to be made Use of,

You are to boil your first Liquor, adding a Handful or two of Hops to it ; then before you strike it over to your Goods or Malt, cool in as much Liquor as will bring it to a Temper not to scald the Malt, for it is a Fault not to take the Liquor as high as possible, but not to scald.

The next Liquors, do the same.

And, indeed, all your Liquors ought to be taken as high as may be, that is, not to scald.

When you let your Wort from your Malt into the Underback, put to it a handful or two of Hops, it will preserve it from that Accident which Brewers call *Blinking* or *Foxing*.

In boiling your Worts, the first Wort boil high or quick ; for the quicker the first Wort is boiled, the better it is.

The second boil more than the first, and the third or last more than the second.

In Cooling lay your Worts thin, and let each be well cooled, and Care must be taken in letting them down into the Tun, that you do it leisurely, to the End that as little of
the

the *Fæces* or Sediment which causes the Fermentation to be fierce or mild. For note, there are, in all fermented Liquors, Salt and Sulphur, and to keep these two Bodies in a due Proportion, that the Salt does not exalt itself above the Sulphur, consists a great Part of the Art in Brewing.

When your Wort is first let into your Tun, put but a little Yeast to it, and let it work by Degrees, quietly; and, if you find it works but moderately, whip in the Yeast two or three Times or more, till you find your Drink well fermented; for, without a full Opening of the Body by Fermentation, it will not be perfectly fine, nor will it drink clean and light.

When you cleanse, do it by a Cock from your Tun, placed six Inches from the Bottom, to the End that most of the Sediment may be left behind, which may be thrown on your Malt to mend your small Beer.

When your Drink is tunned, fill your Vessel full, let it work at the Bung-hole, and have a Reserve in a small Cask to fill it up, and do not put any of the Drink which will be under the Yeast after it is worked over into your Vessels, but put it by itself in another Cask, for it will not be so good as your other in the Cask.

This done, you must wait for the finishing of your Fermentation, then stop it close, and let it stand till the Spring; for Brewing ought to be done in the Month of *October*, that it may have Time to settle and digest all the Winter Season.

In the Spring you must unstop your Vent-hole, and thereby see whether your Drink doth ferment or not; for, as soon as the warm Weather comes, your Drink will have another Fermentation, which, when it is over, let it be well stopped and stand till *September* or longer, and then peg it; and, if you find it pretty fine, and the Hop well rotted, and of a good pleasant Taste for Drinking:

Then, and not before, draw out a Gallon of it, put to it, two Ounces of Ising-glass, cut small, and well beaten to melt, stirring it often, and whip it with a Whisk till the Ising-glass be melted; then strain it and put it into your Vessel, stirring it well together, stop the Bung slightly, for

this will cause a new and small Fermentation ; when that is over stop it close, leaving only the Vent-hole a little stopped, let it stand, and in ten Days, or a little more, it will be transparently fine, and you may drink of it out of the Vessel till two Parts in three be drawn ; then bottle the rest, which will in a little Time come to drink very well.

If your Drink in *September* be well conditioned for Taste, but not fine, and you desire to drink it presently, rack it before you put your Ising-glass to it, and then it will fine the better, and drink the cleaner,

To make Drink fine quickly, I have been told that by separating the Liquor from the *Fæces*, when the Wort is let out of the Tun into the Under-back, it may be done in this Manner ; when you let your Wort into your Under-back out of your Tun, catch the Wort in some Tub so long, and as often as you find it run foul ; put that so caught on the Malt again, and do so till the Wort run clear into the Under-back. This is to me a very good Way (where it may be done) for it is the *Fæces* which cause the fierce and violent Fermentation, and to hinder that in some Measure is the Way to have fine Drink. *Note*, That the finer you make your Wort, the sooner your Drink will be fine, for I have heard that some, curious in Brewing, have caused Flannels to be so placed, that all the Wort may run through one or more of them into the Tun before Working, by which Means the Drink was made very fine and well-tasted.



An extraordinary Increase of Corn by Help of an Infusion, the Receipt thereof, and Manner of Use ; the Distance and Depth of Setting ; in a Letter from an ingenious Gentleman.

S I R,

UPON reading some of your Papers of Husbandry, I called to Mind some Experiments which I made about three Years since, upon Wheat and Barley, which being

ing steep'd in a certain Liquor, and then set, produced an extraordinary Increase. The Liquor was made thus; I took a convenient Quantity of Rain Water, in which I dissolved Stone Lime about two Pounds to a Gallon; I let it stand two or three Days, stirring it thrice a Day; I poured off the Water into another Vessel, and to every Gallon of Lime Water I put about four Ounces of common Nitre, and a Pound of Pigeons Dung, mixing them well together, and stirring them three or four Times a Day for the Space of four Days, and then strain'd out the Liquor to keep for Use; and the Use I made of it was this, I took a Handful of Wheat and put into a Quart of this Liquor to steep, and when it had lain about eighteen Hours I took the Wheat out, and laid it to dry in the Air for the Space of one Day, then steep'd it in the Liquor a second Time about twelve Hours, and having laid it to dry, as above, I steeped it a third Time about six Hours, and then set it in my Garden, which was but common Earth; I set it in single Grains about ten Inches apart, and a Finger deep; I do not remember whether every Grain came up or not, tho' I think very few failed, those which did grow, produced an Increase beyond Expectation; from several Grains I had sixty or seventy, and from one eighty Stalks, with very large Ears full of large Corn; many of the Ears, being six Inches long, had above sixty Grains, and, as I remember, none less than forty. This I shewed to several Persons of *Southampton*, where it grew, and particularly to Mr. *Peter Bulkly*, and Mr. *Roger Fairbrother*, Vicar of *Holy Rhoods*. I steeped my Barley also in the same Liquor, and found the Increase extraordinary, some Grains produced each above sixty Ears.

Tho. Everard.

* With some of the Liquor made with Salt Petre, Lime, and Pigeons Dung, Mr. *Everard* watered several Trees and Plants in his Garden, and found them grow and flourish much faster than any others of the same Kind. He also watered Auriculas and Carnations with the same Sort of Liquor, but found no Effect extraordinary, but that it kill'd the Worms that used to destroy the Roots of such Flowers.

One Mr. *Dickenson*, a Friend of his, that then lived in *Southampton*, told him he set a Branch of Rosemary about two Inches long, and when it began to grow, he watered it with the like nitrous Liquor, and that Summer it grew to be near three Foot high, and a very large spreading Bush, and he told him he watered it but twice all the Summer.



*WORKS to be done in Gardens in the Month
of September.*

In the *KITCHEN - GARDEN*

SOW Spanish Radish for the Winter ; Spinach to be cut in February ; make Plantations of Dutch Brown Lettuce to stand the Winter ; sow Sorrel and small Herbs for Sallads, and sow Nasturtium Indicum in Pots. Replant Endive, and all Sorts of fibrous-rooted Herbs ; earth up Sallery, and raise Banks of Earth about your Chardons for blanching ; transplant Asparagus Roots ; make Plantations of Cabbages and Coleworts ; transplant young Cauliflower Plants in Places where they are to flower, and in Nurseries under warm Walls, or Places of Shelter ; and now transplant Strawberries. Make Beds for Mushrooms ; cover every Night your Cucumbers sown in July. If the Season be dry, water your Plants and Herbs in the Mornings ; give your Turnips the first Houghing ; earth up your Winter Plants, prepare Compositions, and furnish your Garden with every Thing necessary for Winter Use.

Gather Leek Seeds, if they are black, cutting the Heads from the Stems, and spreading them upon a Sheet in the Sun every Day, till they are fit to be beat out ; gather all small Seeds now ripe ; gather the Pods of Garden and Kidney Beans, and expose them in the Sun for drying, but keep them laid up in the Pods till used. Pease are to be preserved
in

in the same Manner, and they will then be better for setting in the Season. All Seeds, not thoroughly dried when laid up, will rot.

Cucumbers now ripe must be cut open, and the Seeds and Pulp taken out of them, which are to lie two or three Days together before they are washed, then keep the Seed in Water twenty-four Hours, after that lay it in the Sun to dry ten Days or more, before you lay it up.

In the *F R U I T - G A R D E N*.

You may now inoculate Pears, and release the Buds inoculated the last Month. Now gather ripe Fruits, and such as are full grown, and in good Condition to be laid up; such as are fit to gather will easily quit the Tree, therefore use no Violence to pull them off. The last Week of this Month, in moist Weather, you may plant Fruit-Trees, though their Leaves are not fallen, such as Peaches, Apricots, Nectarines, and other Stone Fruit; but Pears, Apples, &c. are to be delayed till the Middle of the next Month. Fruits against the Wall of the forcing Frame must now be pruned and trained close to the Wall or Espalier,

In the *F L O W E R - G A R D E N*.

Sow the Seeds of bulbous-rooted Plants, as Tulips, Anemones, Renunculuses, bulbous Iris, Martagons, Crocuses, and Fritillaries; and it is now a good Time to put into the Ground some Anemomy and Renunculus Roots to blow early. About the End of the Month put in some Tulip Roots, especially the Breeders, but give them not rich Ground, because it is Want of Nourishment occasions the Variegations in Plants; and Bulbs are every Year taken out of the Ground to preserve their Variegations; therefore plant breeding Tulips in a Compost of half natural Ground, and half Rubbish of old Houses, or else plant them in poor Ground near some Trees. Plant Junquil Roots, and let them stand two or three Years in the same Place; sow Poppies, Pionies, Larkspurs, Annual Stocks, Mulleins, Candy Tufts, and Venus

Venus Looking-glass, to blossom early in the Spring; sow Stock July-flowers, transplant fibrous-rooted Flowers, which have done blowing, and cut down the Flower-Stems of those which are to remain growing within three Inches of the Ground. Continue to take off Carnation Layers; transplant all Sorts of flowering Shrubs, and make Layers of them, such as Honeysuckles, Jessamines, Virgins Bower, Virginian Dogwood, Periwinkle, &c. Also plant Evergreens, as Yews, Box, Hollies, and such like, if they rise with good Roots; but August is the most proper Season. Now stake your Flowers and Trees, expecting windy Weather.



The P R O S P E C T.

I.

WHAT a strange *Moment* will *that* be
 My Soul, how full of Curiosity,
 When wing'd and ready for thy eternal Flight
 On th' utmost Edges of thy tott'ring Clay,
 Hovering and wishing longer Stay
 Thou shalt advance, and have *Eternity* in *Sight*!
 When just about to try that unknown Sea,
 What a strange *Moment* will *that* be!

II.

But yet how much *more* strange that State,
 When loosen'd from th' Embrace of this close Mate
 Thou shalt at *once* be *plung'd* in Liberty,
 And move as swift and active as a Ray
 Shot from the lucid *Spring* of Day!
 Thou who just now was clogg'd with dull Mortality,
 How wilt thou bear the mighty Change, how know
 Whether thou'rt then the *same* or no!

III.

III.

Then to strange Mansions of the Air,
And stranger Company must thou repair!
What a new Scene of Things will then appear!
This World thou by *Degrees* wast taught to know,
Which *lessen'd* thy Surprise below,
But Knowledge all at *once* will *overflow* thee *there*:
That World as the *first* Man did *this*, thou'lt see,
Ripe-grown, in full Maturity.

IV.

There with bright Splendors must thou dwell,
And be---what only those pure Forms can tell;
There must thou live a while, gaze and admire,
Till the great Angel's Trump this Fabrick shake,
And all the slumb'ring Dead awake,
Then to thy old, forgotten State must thou retire:
This Union then will seem as strange, or more,
Than thy new Liberty before.

V.

Now for the greatest Change prepare,
To see the only Great, the only Fair;
Vail now thy feeble Eyes, gaze and be blest;
Here all thy Turns and Revolutions cease,
Here's all Serenity and Peace:
Thou'rt to the *Center* come, the native Seat of *Rest*;
There's now no further Change, nor need there be;
When *One* shall be *Variety*.

An H Y M N.

I.

BEfore the rosy Dawn of Day,
To thee, my God, I'll sing;
Awake, my soft and tuneful Lyre!
Awake, each charming String!

Awake!

II.

Awake ! and let thy flowing Strain
Glide through the Midnight Air,
While high amidst her silent Orb
The silver Moon rolls clear.

III.

While all the glitt'ring starry Lamps
Are lighted in the Sky,
And set their Maker's Greatness forth
To thy admiring Eye :

IV.

While watchful Angels round the Just
As nightly Guardians wait,
In lofty Strains of grateful Praise
Thy Spirit elevate.

V.

Awake, my soft and tuneful Lyre !
Awake each charming String !
Before the rosy Dawn of Day,
To thee, my God, I'll sing.

VI.

Thou round the heav'nly Arch dost draw
A dark and fable Vail,
And all the Beauties of the World
From Mortal Eyes conceal.

VII.

Again, the Sky with golden Beams
Thy skilful Hands adorn,
And paint, with chearful Splendor gay,
The fair ascending Morn.

VIII.

And as the gloomy Night returns,
Or smiling Day renews,
Thy constant Goodness still my Soul
With Benefits pursues.

IX.

For this I'll Midnight Vows to thee,
With early Incense bring ;
And e'er the rosy Dawn of Day,
Thy lofty Praises sing.

On the LAST DAY.

THE fatal Period, the great Hour is come,
 And Nature shrinks at her approaching Doom;
 Loud Peals of Thunder give the Sign, and all
 Heav'n's Terrors in Array surround the Ball;
 Sharp Lightnings with the Meteor's Blaze conspire,
 And darted downward set the World on Fire,
 Black rising Clouds the thicken'd *Æther* choke,
 And spiry Flames shoot thro' the rolling Smoke,
 With keen Vibrations cut the fullen Night,
 And strike the darken'd Sky with dreadful Light;
 From Heav'n's four Regions with immortal Force
 Angels drive on the Winds impetuous Course
 To enrage the Flame; it spreads, it soars on high,
 Swells in the Storm, and billows through the Sky,
 Here winding Pyramids of Fire ascend,
 Cities and Defarts in one Ruin blend;
 Here blazing Volumes wafted, overwhelm
 The spacious Face of a far distant Realm:
 There, undermin'd, down rush eternal Hills,
 The neighbouring Vales the vast Destruction fills.

Hear'st thou that dreadful Crack? that Sound which broke
 Like Peals of Thunder, and the Centre shook?
 What Wonders must that Groan of Nature tell?
Olympus * there, and mightier *Atlas* * fell;
 Which seem'd above the Reach of Fate to stand,
 A tow'ring Monument of God's Right Hand:
 Now Dust and Smoak, whose Brow so lately spread
 O'er shelter'd Countries its diffusive Shade.

High midst the Clouds the boiling Ocean roars,
 And looks far down on his decreasing Shores;
Leviathans in plaintive Thunder cry,
 In distant dismal Pans, the long-liv'd Echoes die.

No. 25.

C c

Shew

* *Olympus* and *Atlas* supposed to be two of the highest Mountains in the World.

Shew me that celebrated Spot, where all
 The various Rulers of the sever'd Ball
 Have humbly sought Wealth, Honour, and Redress,
 That Land which Heav'n seem'd diligent to bless,
 Once call'd *Britannia*: Can her Glories end?
 And can't surrounding Seas her Realms defend?
 Alas! in Flames behold surrounding Seas!
 And all their Waters but augment the Blaze.

Some Angel say, Where ran proud *Asia's* Bound,
 Or where with Fruits was fair *Europa* crown'd?
 Where stretch'd fair *Lybia*? where did *India's* Store
 Sparkle in Diamonds, and her golden Ore?
 Each lost in each, their mingling Kingdoms glow,
 And all dissolv'd, one fiery Deluge flow:
 Thus Earth's contending Monarchies are join'd,
 And a full Period of Ambition find.

And now whate'er or swims, or walks, or flies,
 Inhabitants of Sea, or Earth, or Skies;
 All on whom ADAM's Wisdom fix'd a Name,
 All plung'd, and perish in the conquering Flame.

This Globe alone would but defraud the Fire,
 Starve its devouring Rage: The Flames aspire
 And catch the Clouds, and make the Heav'ns their Prey,
 The Sun, the Moon, the Stars all melt away,
 And leave a mighty Blank: Involv'd in Flame,
 The whole Creation sinks! the glorious Frame,
 In which ten thousand Worlds in radiant Dance,
 Orb above Orb their wond'rous Course advance,
 By that o'er-ruling Hand, which kindled all
 The Stars, and rounded in its Palm the Ball,
 Is crush'd and lost; no Monument, no Sign,
 Where once so proudly blaz'd the gay Machine.
 So Bubbles on the foaming Stream expire,
 So Sparks that scatter from the kindling Fire;
 The Devastations, of one dreadful Hour,
 The Great Creator's Six Days Work devour.

How rich that God who can such Charge defray,
And bear to fling ten thousand Worlds away ?
Great Wealth ! and yet (ye Nations hear) one Soul
Has more to boast, and far outweighs the whole ;
Exalted in superior Excellence,
Casts down to nothing such a vast Expence.
Have ye not seen th' Eternal Mountains nod,
An Earth dissolving, a descending GOD ?
What strange Surprizes thro' all Nature ran ?
For whom these Revolutions, but for Man ?
For him Omnipotence new Measures takes,
For him through all Eternity awakes ;
Pours on him Gifts sufficient to supply
Heav'n's Loss, and with fresh Glories fill the Sky.

Think deeply then, O Man, how great thou art,
Pay thyself Homage with a trembling Heart ;
What Angels guard, no longer dare neglect,
Slighting thy self, affront not God's Respect.
Enter the sacred Temple of thy Breast,
And gaze, and wonder there a ravish'd Guest ;
Gaze on those hidden Treasures thou shalt find,
Wander thro' all the Glories of thy Mind.
Of perfect Knowledge, see, the dawning Light
Foretells a Noon most exquisitely bright !
Here, Springs of endless Joy are breaking forth !
There, buds the Promise of celestial Worth !
Worth, which must ripen in a happier Clime,
And brighter *Sun*, beyond the Bounds of Time.
Thou, Minor, canst not guess thy vast Estate,
What Stores, on foreign Coasts, thy Landing wait.
Lose not thy Claim, let Virtue's Paths be trod ;
Thus glad all Heav'n, and please that bounteous GOD,
Who to light thee to Pleasures, hung on high
Yon radiant Orb, proud Regent of the Sky :
That Service done, its Beams shall fade away,
And GOD shine forth in one *Eternal Day*.

The MISER and PLUTUS.

A F A B L E.

TH E Wind was high ; the Window shakes,
 With sudden Start the Miser wakes,
 Along the silent Room he stalks,
 Looks back and trembles as he walks,
 Each Lock and ev'ry Bolt he tries,
 In ev'ry Creek and Corner pries,
 Then opes the Chest with Treasure stor'd,
 And stands in Raptures o'er his Hoard.
 But now, with sudden Qualms possess'd,
 He wrings his Hands, he beats his Breast,
 By Conscience stung he wildly stares,
 And thus his guilty Soul declares.

Had the deep Earth her Stores confin'd,
 This Heart had known sweet Peace of Mind.
 But Virtue's sold. Good Gods, what Price
 Can recompence the Pangs of Vice !
 O Bane of Good ! seducing Cheat !
 Can Man, weak Man, thy Power defeat ?
 Gold banish'd Honour from the Mind,
 And only left the Name behind ;
 Gold sow'd the World with ev'ry Ill ;
 Gold taught the Murd'rer's Sword to kill ;
 'Twas Gold instructed coward Hearts,
 In Treach'ry's more pernicious Arts ;
 Who can recount the Mischiefs o'er ?
 Virtue resides on Earth no more !

He spoke, and sigh'd. In angry Mood
*Plutus**, his God, before him stood ;
 The Miser trembling lock'd his Chest,
 The Vision frown'd, and thus address'd.

Whence is this vile ungrateful Rant ?
 Each sordid Rascal's daily Cant :
 Did I, base Wretch, corrupt Mankind ?
 The Fault's in thy rapacious Mind.

Because

* The fabulous God of Riches.

Because my Blessings are abus'd,
Must I be censur'd, curs'd, accus'd?
Ev'n Virtue's Self by Knaves is made
A Cloke to carry on the Trade,
And Power (when lodg'd in their Possession)
Grows Tyranny, and rank Oppression.
Thus when the Villain crams his Chest,
Gold is the Canker of the Breast;
'Tis Av'rice, Insolence, and Pride,
And ev'ry shocking Vice beside.
But when to virtuous Hands 'tis given,
It blesses, like the Dews of Heaven,
Like Heav'n, it hears the Orphan's Cries,
And wipes the Tears from Widows Eyes.
Their Crimes on Gold shall Misers lay,
Who pawn'd their fordid Souls for pay?
Let Bravos then (when Blood is spilt)
Upbraid the passive Sword with Guilt.



The Way they fat Lambs in Hertfordshire for London Market.

THEY take the Lambs as soon as yeaned, and put them in a clean, warm Pen; place a Trough by them full of white Pease and Bran mixed together; hang near it, a Handful of fine Hay, tied in a Cord, and a Chalk Stone for them to lick on. The Ewes are turned into good Grass, and brought up to the Lambs at eight in the Morning, ten, four and eight o' Clock at Night, to suckle them; in the Management of which they begin with the youngest, and end with the eldest Lamb, because it is found that the last Milk fattens most: Every Lamb is permitted to suck as much as it will, by which Means they become very delicate

licate Meat, and at three Weeks old sell for a good Price if early in the Season.

Sir Robert Southwell's Method to make Fruit and Flowers grow in the Winter ; also his Manner of preserving Fruit and Flowers the whole Year.

TAKE up Trees by the Roots in the Spring, just as they put forth their Buds, preserving some of their own Earth about the Roots ; set them standing upright in a Cellar untill *Michaelmas* ; then put them into Vessels with an Addition of more Earth, and bring them into a Stove, taking Care to moisten the Earth every Morning with Rain Water, in a Quart of which you must dissolve the Bigness of a Walnut of *Sal Armoniac*, and about *Lent* Fruit will appear.

As to Flowers, take good Earthen Pots, and therein sow your Seed at *Michaelmas*, watering in the same Manner with the like Water, and by *Christmas* you will have Flowers, as Tulips. Lillies, &c.

This and the other may be done in a good warm Kitchen, and such Days as the Sun shines you may set them forth for some Hours.

Take Saltpetre one Pound, Bole Armoniac two Pounds, ordinary clean Sand three Pounds ; mix all together, and observe this Proportion in other Quantities. Then, in dry Weather, take Fruit of any Sort that is not fully ripe, each with its Stalk ; put them in, one by one, into an open Glass, till it be full ; and then cover it with an oily Cloth, close tied down ; then in a dry Cellar put each of these Glasses four Fingers under Ground, and so as that quite round each Glass, and above and below, there remain two Fingers thick of the said Mixture. Flowers also may be used in the same Manner.

Rules for preserving Health in Eating and Drinking.

ALL aged and decrepid Persons ought to eat often, and but a little at a Time, because weak and wasted Bodies are to be restored by little and little ; and by moist and

and liquid Food also, rather than by solid, because moist and liquid Diet does nourish soonest, and digest easiest.

*When struck in Years strong Drink forbear,
Especially of Wine beware ;
Old Men of Moisture want Supplies.
And Wine of all Sorts beats and dries.*

Keep constantly to a plain Diet ; those enjoy most Health, and live longest, that avoid Curiosity and Variety of Meats and Drinks, which only serve to entice to Gluttony.

*Accustom, early in your Youth,
To lay Embargo on your Mouth ;
And let no Rarities invite
To pall and glut your Appetite ;
But check it always, and give o'er,
With a Desire of eating more :
For, where one dies by Inanition,
A thousand perish by Repletion.*

The less Food the sick Person eats, the sooner he will recover ; for it is a true Saying, *The more you fill foul Bodies, the more you hurt them.*

*To miss a Meal sometimes is good,
It ventilates and cools the Blood ;
Gives Nature Time to clean her Streets
From Filth and Crudities of Meats ;
For too much Meat the Bowels fur,
And Fasting's Nature's Scavenger.*

All Men find by Experience, that, in the Morning before they have eaten, they are light and pleasantly easy in their Bodies ; but, after they have indulged their Appetites with Plenty of Food, they find themselves heavy and dull, and often sleepy : Which sufficiently shews, that those full Meals are prejudicial to the Welfare of the Body.

The most unhealthy are found among those who feed high upon the most delicious Dainties, and drink nothing but the strongest

strongest and most spirituous Liquors ; whereas others, who want this delicate Fare, are seldom sick, unless they have such unsatiable Appetites as to eat too much.

To sup sparingly is most healthful, because of the Experience of an infinite Number of Persons who have received the greatest Benefit from light Suppers. The Stomach being not overburdened, the Sleep is more pleasant ; from sparing Suppers the breeding of those Humours is prevented, which cause Defluxions, Rheumatisms, Gouts, Drop-sies, Giddiness, and Corruption in the Mouth from the Scurvy.

*Let Supper little be and light ;
But none makes, always, the best Night :
It gives sweet Sleep without a Dream,
Leaves Morning's Mouth sweet, moist, and clean.*

Many Indispositions are cured by fasting, or a very spare Diet.

That Men in Health may prevent Diseases, I advise, that one Meal should not be eaten, till the other, which was eaten before, was pass'd off clean out of the Stomach ; which never is done till the Appetite of Hunger is found to call for another Supply : By Means of which constant Observation, the Food will be converted to good Chyle, and from good Chyle, which is a Milk-like Substance, good Blood will be bred, and from good Blood generous Spirits will be produced, on which a healthy Constitution will ensue ; but, on the contrary, when too great a Quantity of Food is taken for Pleasure only, which the Stomach cannot well digest, the Chyle will be raw and corrupt, which will foul the Blood, and render the Body disordered and unhealthy.

*Till Hunger pinches, never eat ;
And then on plain, not spiced Meat :
Desist, before you eat your fill ;
Drink to dilute, but not to swell ;
So no Ructations you will feel.*

Two Meals a Day is said to be sufficient for all Persons
after

after fifty Years of Age, and all weak People ; and the omitting of Suppers does always conduce much to the Health of the Weak and Aged. Misers, who eat and drink but little, always live long.

It was the Opinion of an eminent Person, formerly Physician to St. *Bartholomew's* Hospital, that Fasting, Rest, and drinking Water; would cure most Diseases. And there seemeth to be a great deal of Reason in what he asserted : For Fasting will give Time to the Stomach to unload itself of the Cause of Distempers, the Cause of all Diseases being begun in the Bowels only ; to cleansing of which, the drinking of Water plentifully will much contribute.

In short, Temperance or a spare Diet, void of Dainties, never was injurious to the strongest Constitution ; and, without it, such as are weak and sickly cannot long subsist ; for the more such Persons eat and drink, the more weak and disordered they will still find themselves to be : So that if the strong despise Temperance, yet the Comfort of weak, sickly, and pining People, does depend entirely upon their constant observing it ; which, when they are accustomed to it, will be easy to do : So that they will deny all intemperate Desires with as great Pleasure, as they before delighted in what is falsely stiled good Eating and Drinking ; for nothing of that is good which is injurious to Health. It is Custom only that makes Men hanker after Gluttony and Drunkenness, and a contrary Custom will make Men abhor it as much : And therefore it is a Wonder the Rich do not strive to attain to it ; for,

*A fatal Error 'tis in Men of Wealth,
To feed so high as will destroy their Health.*

Temperance being that which will enable them to live most at Ease, and enjoy their Wealth the longest ; this, and Water-drinking, being the surest Way to bring Men to old Age, though it hath not the Power to make those young who are aged, yet it will make the Aged more free from Decrepidness, and die with more Ease, if the Death-Bed hath been well-prepared for by a good Life.

We shall therefore conclude with the facetious Dr. Baynard's Advice:

*So Reader, if thou art so wise
To put in Practice this Advice,
The World shall wonder to behold
Thou look'st so young, and art so old.*



*WORKS to be done in Gardens in the Month
of October.*

In the *KITCHEN - GARDEN*

IN the first Week of this Month sow Cucumbers in the natural Ground, to be transplanted into Pots, for the Convenience of Sheltering from Cold, till a hot Bed is prepared for them; this is better than to begin in *January*. Sow Kidney Beans in Baskets, under a South Wall, to be afterwards forwarded, by a hot Bed, for early Use; sow Hotspur Peas and Beans, and Spanish Beans, in some well-exposed Border, under a Wall or Hedge; sow Radishes in some warm Place, to draw early in the Spring, and Cresses, Lettuce, Mustard, Spinach, and other small Sallads, on a decayed hot Bed; and put Roots of Mint in a gentle hot Bed for Winter Sallads.

Make Plantations of cabbaged Lettuce, for Winter Use; transplant Cabbage and Cauliflower Plants; take up those Cauliflower Plants that begin to flower, tie their Leaves together, and bury their Stalks and Roots in Sand, in a Cellar, or some cool Place; cut Artichokes with long Stalks, and preserve them in the House, by setting their Stalks in Sand; earth up and dress such Artichokes as have done blowing, and continue to earth up Sellery for blanching.

Now lay up Roots for Winter Store, as Carrots and Parsnips; but leave Turnips in the Ground till you use them.

Carry

Carry Dung into your Garden, and spread it abroad to rot, and that the Rain may wash into the Ground the fecile Part of it before the Spring. Make Plantations of Gooseberries, Currants, and Raspberries, from Suckers, or from Cuttings; and secure all tender Things, as well as you can, from Cold.

In the *F R U I T - G A R D E N*.

Now plant Peaches, Apricots, and other Fruit Trees, in untried Earth, because Dung is hurtful to them. If the Season be wet, raise the Borders, and plant the Trees high; for if Water stagnates in Winter, it will kill Apricots and Peaches that stand in it. Vines should be planted against Walls, not above four or five Feet high, and stand six or seven Yards asunder, in Soil, or Compost, of one Half natural, rich, warm Earth, and the other Half Rubbish of old Buildings, Sea-Coal Ashes, or Drift-Sand. About the Middle of this Month sow Cyder-Pressings in Beds of fresh Earth, to raise Stocks for grafting, and even making Orchards without grafting; and from a Nursery of this Kind you may have as many different Sorts of Apples as you raise Plants, tho' the Seed comes all from the same Tree.

Make Plantations of Apples, grafted upon Paradise Stocks in Pots, they will bear when the Trees are very small, and very much set off an Entertainment, being placed on a Table, with their Fruit growing, among Dishes of other Fruit. Transplant Trees of all Sorts; lay up Acorns and Mast in Sand; bare the Roots of old, unthriving, and hasty blowing Trees, and stir up new-planted Ground. Lay in a good Stock of untried Earth, to be ready upon all Occasions, for Fruit Trees, Ever-greens, and Flowers.

In the *F L O W E R - G A R D E N*.

Plant Anemonies and Renunculuses, and as soon as they appear defend them from Winds and Frosts with dry Straw or Mats; make an End of putting Tulips in the Ground; continue to lay and transplant Roses and flowering Shrubs, and to plant Cuttings of Jessamines and Honeyuckles in

shady Borders. Sow the Berries of Yew, Holly, and other Ever-greens, prepared in Earth or Sand; and if the Season be mild, prune these Kinds of Plants. Set Pots of Carnations, now blowing in your Green-House, near the Door, and cleanse your Walks from Leaves.



An H Y M N.

I.

THOU didst, O mighty GOD, exist
E'er Time begun it's Race,
Before the ample Elements
Fill'd up the Voids of Space.

II.

Before the pond'rous earthly Globe
In fluid Air was stay'd,
Before the Ocean's mighty Springs
Their liquid Stores display'd :

III.

E'er thro' the Gloom of ancient Night
The Streaks of Light appear'd ;
Before the high celestial Arch,
Or starry Poles were rear'd :

IV.

Before the loud melodious Spheres
Their tuneful Round begun,
Before the shining Roads of Heav'n
Were measured by the Sun :

V.

E'er thro' the empyrean Courts
One Hallelujah rung,
Or to their Harps the Sons of Light
Extatic Anthems sung :

VI.

E'er Men ador'd, or Angels knew,
Or prais'd thy wond'rous Name;
Thy Bliss (O sacred Spring of Life!)
And Glory was the same.

VII.

And when the Pillars of the World
With sudden Ruin break,
And all this vast and goodly Frame
Sinks in the mighty Wreck;

VIII.

When from her Orb the Moon shall start,
The astonish'd Sun roll back,
While all the trembling starry Lamps
Their ancient Course forsake:

IX.

For ever permanent and fix'd,
From Agitation free,
Unchang'd in everlasting Years
Shall thy Existence be.

REFLECTIONS *in* SICKNESS.

I.

TILL now, my SOUL, this earthly Load
Was healthy, sound, and strong;
My even Spirits gently flow'd,
Smooth roll'd Life's Tide along.

II.

My Eyes with ardent Brightness shone,
My Cheeks gay Roses grac'd,
My Nerves retain'd their wonted Tone
With active Vigour brac'd.

III.

But now how chang'd! my Fabrick reels
Scarce equal to the Weight,
My Heart with rapid Motion feels
Each Pulse disorder'd beat.

IV.

IV.

Dim roll my Eyes, my Visage fades,
My hollow Cheeks decay,
Each Part the dire Disease invades,
And Nature pines away.

V.

To Day the gaudy Flow'r we view
In blooming Beauty rise,
To Morrow, touch'd with baneful Dew,
It languishes and dies.

VI.

Turn then, my SOUL, thy Thoughts to God,
Who made this brittle Frame,
For Life depends upon his Nod,
And Health is in his Name.

VII.

'Tis HE, HE only can restrain
My Blood's impetuous Tide,
HE who repell'd th' incroaching Main,
And bad it's Rage subside.

VIII.

HE can resume (whole Will be done)
That Breath his Bounty gave;
Nor ask I, if my Sands are run,
One Moment from the Grave.

IX.

My sated Taste dull Pleasure palls,
And all my Fancy cloy's;
Why should I dread the Voice that calls
To solid endless Joys?

*Remarkable Particulars in F R A N C E.*

FRANCE (formerly *Gallia*, from its ancient Inhabitants the *Gauls*, otherwise the *Celtæ*; and now bounded on the East by *Germany*; on the West by the Bay of *Biscay*;

Biscay; on the North by the *English Channel* and *Flanders*; on the South by *Spain* and Part of the *Mediterranean Sea*.

The Air of this Country is very temperate, pleasant, and healthful, being in a good Medium between the great Excess of Heat and Cold, which ordinarily attend those Countries of a more Northern and Southern Situation; yea so healthful it is, that this Kingdom is generally observed to be less subject to Plagues and Sicknes, than most other Nations of *Europe*, and the Air about *Montpellier*, in particular, is universally esteemed medicinal for Consumptions.

The Soil of this Country (it lying in the 6, 7, and 8 North Climate) is extraordinary fruitful, particularly in Corn, Wine, Fruits, Hemp, &c. The Fields being here both large and open, are generally intermingled with Vines and Corn; as also bordered and interlined with Variety of Fruits: Here are many vast Forests, and these well stored with most Sorts of wild Beasts fit for hunting; several Mountains, and these covered over with numerous Flocks, and some of them lined with rich and valuable Mines; here also are divers excellent Pits of Coal, and Quarries of Stone. The longest Day in the Northmost Part of this Country is about 16 Hours and a Quarter; and the shortest in the Southermost is 9 Hours and a Quarter, and the Night proportionable.

The chief Commodities of this Country are Salt, Fish, Corn, Wine, Almonds, Coral, Canvas, Oade, Linen, Paper, Wood, Skins, Lutestring, and rich flower'd Silks, Verde-gris, Cremor Tartaris, &c.

Among the chief Rarities of *France* we may reckon some remarkable Remains of the *Roman* Antiquities as yet to be seen in that Country. And they are reducible to these following Heads, viz. (1.) Triumphal Arches, particularly that in the City of *Rheims*, as yet entire, composed of three Arches, and adorned with many Figures and Trophies, but uncertain for whom erected. There are also the Ruins of several others near *Autun* in *Burgundy*; one at *Saintes* in *Guienne*; another almost entire in the City of *Orange*, erected by *Caius Marius* and *Luſtatiuſ Catulus*, on the Victory obtained over the *Cimbri* and *Teutones*; (where are likewise the Ruins

of a *Roman Circus*.) To these we may add that stately Bridge, twelve Miles off *Nismes*, consisting of three Stories of Arches one above another, the last of which was an Aqueduct. (2.) Amphitheatres, as the Ruins of a stately one at *Chalons* in *Burgundy*; another at *Perigueux* in *Guienne*; another at *Thoulouse* in *Languedoc*; another at *Arles* in *Provence*; another at *Vienne* in *Dauphine*; but the chief of all is that at *Nismes*, of an extraordinary Bigness, and as yet adorned with several Pillars and divers *Roman Eagles*, as also the Fable of *Romulus* and *Remus* sucking the She-Wolf. (3.) The Remains of some Heathen Temples; particularly those of *Templum Jani* (now called the *Jenetoye*) at *Autun* in *Burgundy*; those of the Goddess *Venus* at *Perigueux* in *Guienne*; and that of *Diana* near *Nismes* in *Languedoc*. (4.) The Ruins of some ancient Aqueducts, as those near *Coutance* in *Burgundy*; those at *Dole* in *Brètaign*; some at *Autun* in *Burgundy*; and those at *Thoulouse* in *Languedoc*. (5.) Remarkable Pillars, particularly those ancient Columns and Pyramids near *Autun* in *Burgundy*; but more especially is that famous *Roman Obelisk* of Oriental Granite at *Arles* in *Provence*, which is much admired by the Curious, being fifty-two Feet high, seven Feet Diameter at the Base, and yet all but one Stone. Among the Monuments of Antiquity we may mention the large Passage cut through the middle of a Rock, about two Leagues from *Briançon* in *Dauphine*, which being a stupendous Piece of Work, gives Occasion to various Conjectures, some Persons imputing it to *Julius Cæsar*, and others rather to *Hannibal*. To these we may add that large and round Buckler of massy Silver fish'd out of the *Rhofne* near *Avignon* 1665, being twenty Inches in Diameter, and weighing twenty-one Pounds. 'Tis 1900 Years old; and is charged with *Scipio Africanus*, half mantled, grasping his Pike, and *Roman Officers* attending with the *Spaniards* supplicating for a fair Virgin; the same being consecrated to that virtuous General upon his restoring a beautiful Captive to *Allucius Prince* of *Celtiberia*, who had espoused her.

These being the principal Remains of reverend Antiquity observable in this Country, next to such Curiosities, we may subjoin

subjoin some Rarities of Nature, the most noted of which are these following, viz. The *Salt Water Springs* at *Salins* in *Franche-Comte*, or *County of Burgundy*. These Springs are in the Middle of the Town, in several subterraneous Caves or Vaults, of a great Depth and Extent : To view them we descend by forty Steps of Stone, and twenty of Wood, into a Vault near fifty Feet long and thirty broad, where the Noise of the Waters and the Engines at Work to raise them is very surprizing. In this Cave we see (by the Light of Torches) six Springs of salt Water, and two of fresh, gushing out of the same Rock, within the Space of five Yards ; and to prevent the Waters mixing together, there are several Channels made to convey them into different Wells or Basons. From hence we go into other Vaults, where the double Arches rest on very thick Pillars ; and in the Middle of one of these is a large Bason, into which the Waters of the Salt Springs are gathered. Of these there are six or seven others, besides those already mentioned, and ten or twelve of fresh Water ; all which, as before observed, run into different Basons prepared for that Purpose ; and from hence they are raised by various Engines, the fresh to be conveyed to the River, and the salt into large Reservoirs, one of which holds above fifteen thousand Hogsheads. From these Reservoirs the Water is drawn off into smaller ones, which surround the Places where it is boiled to make Salt. For this Purpose they have several Furnaces, over which are fixed huge Iron Pans or Boilers, near thirty Feet in Diameter and fifteen Inches deep, containing forty-five or fifty Hogsheads. A very strong Fire being made underneath, and gradually slackened, the Water is boiled about twelve Hours, in which it evaporates, and leaves the Salt at the Bottom of the Pan almost perfectly dry. Then with a Sort of Rake they take off the uppermost Part of the Salt, which is the most valuable, being whitest and strongest ; and the rest is formed into Cakes or Loaves, which when dried are fit for Use.

Near *Bourbon-Lanci*, in the *Dutchy of Burgundy*, there is a Mineral Spring which is very remarkable, if all be true that is related of its Properties. It is said to be so hot that a

Man cannot keep his Hand in it two Minutes, and yet an Egg left in it a whole Hour will not grow hard. It has neither Smell nor Taste ; nor does it burn the Lips when drank, or add any Warmth to the Stomach.

The *Burning Spring*, which is reckoned one of the Wonders of *Dauphine*, is in Reality no Spring at all, but a Spot of Ground about two Yards in Length and one in Breadth, on which there appears a small wandering Flame, like that of burning Brandy. This Spot lies on a steep Rock of rotten Slate ; but the Flame does not seem to proceed from any Hole or Fissure in the Rock, nor can one perceive any Matter proper to feed it, or any Ashes produced. There is indeed a Kind of white and very sharp Salt-petre to be found at some Distance from the Flame, which probably is fed by something of that Nature ; but it is remarkable that this Flame burns much brisker in Winter than in Summer, decreasing gradually as the Heat increases, till it sometimes goes quite out, and afterwards kindles again of itself. It may easily be lighted by any other Fire, and when this is done it is attended with some Noise.

In the Road from *Grenoble* to *Lyons* there is a large Cavern or Grotto, very wide at the Entrance, but growing narrower by Degrees, till we come to a Lake (as it is called) which is reckoned another of the Wonders of *Dauphine*.

There is a remarkable Fountain at *Peroul*, near *Montpellier*, in *Languedoc*, which heaves and boils up furiously in small Bubbles. This manifestly proceeds (as Dr. *Robinson* observed) from a Vapour breaking out of the Earth ; for upon digging near it, and pouring other Water upon the Place newly dug, the same Bubbling immediately ensued.

Several Places in *Bigorre*, a Part of *Gascony*, are noted for their Mineral Waters, and particularly their hot Baths, to which People resort in Spring and Autumn. The chief of these Baths are at *Bagneres*.

Barege is a Village at the Foot of the *Pyrenean* Mountains, where there are four Baths of different Degrees of Heat. The Water of the hottest smells like the Mud of the Sea, and the very Steam of it will turn Silver first red and then black ; but the Alteration is quicker, if the Metal be

be put into the Water itself. The second Bath is of the same Nature, but not quite so hot. The Water of the third is less hot still ; and that of the fourth is but lukewarm, being very much weakened by a Mixture from some cold Springs. These Baths are reckoned good to remove Rheumatic Pains, and several other Disorders.

Moulins, the Capital of the *Bourbonnois*, is famous for its medicinal Waters ; and indeed this Dutchy has more Mineral Springs than any other Province in *France*. The little Town of *Vichi* is noted on this Account ; but the Waters of *Bourbon-l'Archambaud* have been most frequented of late, being esteemed of great Efficacy against the Gout and other nervous Distempers. They are impregnated with Bitumen and an alkaline Salt ; so that if an Acid be put into them, it causes a Fermentation, and they will turn Syrup of Violets green, like Oyl of Tartar.---A great many other Mineral Springs might be mentioned, but as they are not more remarkable than those already enumerated, we shall conclude this Article, only just taking Notice of a Lake near *St. Omer's*, which is famous for the following extraordinary Curiosity :

In this Lake there are several *Floating Islands*, which are moved backwards and forwards by Means of Poles, Ropes, &c. Grass grows on these Islands, and the People draw them near the Shore to drive their Cattle into them ; there are also some Trees, but they are kept low, for Fear the Wind should lay hold of them, and drive the Islands with too much Violence. There are no Houses upon them however, much less a Church and Monastery, as some have asserted.

The Palace of *Versailles*, about nine Miles from *Paris*, is reckoned one of the finest Buildings in the World. It stands on a rising Ground in the Midst of a Valley, surrounded with little Hills, at an agreeable Distance. The Avenues to it are very fine and spacious, particularly that on the Side towards *Paris*, which consists of three Walks form'd by Rows of Elms, the middle one sixty Feet wide, and each of the Side-Walks thirty. This Avenue ends in a large Square, which has a Fountain in the Middle of it ;

and from thence we ascend to the great Court of the Palace, which is 480 Feet long, having on each Side Apartments for the Secretaries of State, and other great Officers of the Crown. Out of this Court there is an Ascent of three Marble Steps into another less than the first, which is likewise adorned with a fine Fountain; and from thence we ascend by five Steps into a third Court still less than the former, which is paved with black and white Marble, and has a Marble Fountain and Basin in the Middle, with Statues of gilt Copper. This Court is terminated by the Royal Palace, in the Front of which there is a stately Portico, supported by eight Marble Pillars of the *Doric* Order, and three Iron Doors richly gilt and wrought, by which we enter into the Hall and Salons, and from thence proceed to the Apartments on the Right and Left. The principal Stair-Case, which consists of the finest Marble, is ten Yards wide, and is adorned with admirable Paintings and Sculptures. Throughout this Palace indeed there is a vast Variety of most beautiful Marble; and in general the Rooms are very lofty, and richly furnished, the Bedsteads and Tables in some of them being of massy Silver, or Materials of equal Value. It is observable, that the nearer we come to the King's Apartments, the more sumptuous are the Marble, Sculptures, Paintings, and Furniture. The King's Bed-chamber is adorned with excellent Carvings, all gilt on a white Ground; and the Bed, which is of Crimson Velvet embroidered with Gold, is placed in a Sort of Alcove, wherein are two Figures of *Fame* represented sitting, and *France* in the same Posture, seeming to watch for the Preservation of her Monarch. On one Side of the Bed is the Picture of *David* playing on his Harp, and on the other *St. John* in the Island of *Patmos*. There are other fine Paintings in this Chamber, particularly one of *Hagar* in the Desert, with her Son and an Angel.---The Front of this Palace that looks towards the Gardens is the most beautiful, having a Portico a hundred Yards long, paved with Marble, and supported by Marble Pillars. Here we see the Figures of the twelve Months of the Year; and in the emboss'd Works that adorn the Front are Statues of little Children

Children employed in Exercises proper to the Seasons they represent. On this Side is a noble Gallery, above seventy Yards long, which has a fine Prospect over the Gardens, and is filled with a great Variety of Busts and Statues. On the Cieling the Battles and principal Actions of *Lewis XIV.*, with other memorable Occurrences of his Reign, are curiously painted. The Cabinet of Rarities is of an octogonal Figure, in which we see a surprizing Collection of Curiosities in Agat, Crystal, Jewels, Medals, and other Antiquities, with several Paintings by the greatest Masters. Every Thing, in short, that we cast an Eye upon in this Palace is sumptuous and beautiful; and we should far exceed our Limits, if we should barely enumerate the many fine Paintings and antique Statues with which the Apartments abound. The Halls of *Plenty*, of *Venus*, and of *War*, are all adorned with excellent Paintings; and in this last we likewise see the Busts of six *Roman* Emperors in Porphyry, with a Drapery of gilt Brass, placed on Pedestals of Oriental Alabaster.---The Chapel is perfectly answerable to the Magnificence of the rest of the Palace; and the very Stables, for Conveniency, Beauty, and Architecture, far exceed any in *Europe*, and are superior to many Royal Palaces.

What we have said may give the Reader some faint Notion of this majestick Edifice; but we must not leave it without taking some Notice of its beautiful Gardens, which may be reckoned among the modern Wonders. Coming down from the Terrace, we meet with two Basons, wherein are several Water-Spouts, or *Jets d'Eau*, (as the *French* call them,) and in the Middle of each is a Collection of Spouts in the Form of a Wheat-Sheaf, which throw up Water to the Height of twenty-nine or thirty Feet. The Borders of these Basons are adorned with several Groups of brazen Figures, representing Rivers, Nymphs, Cupids, &c. In the Angles of this Parterre are two other Basons of Marble, wherein the Spouts form two fine Sheets of Water, and upon the Borders are several Figures of Animals, made also of Brass. Below these Basons is another very fine one, in the Middle of which is the Figure of *Latona*, with her

two

two Children *Apollo* and *Diana*. She is supposed (according to the Story) to have made her Complaints to *Jupiter* of the ill Treatment she met with from the Peasants of *Lycia*, who for their Punishment are here represented as metamorphosed into Frogs, which throw out above seventy Spouts of Water. The Figures are of white Marble, and the whole is reckoned an excellent Piece of Sculpture. There are many other Fountains, Cascades, &c. the Beauty of which can scarce be conceived by any Description; but what is most admired, is the grand Canal, sixteen hundred Yards long and sixty-four broad, at each End of which is a large Bason of an octogon Figure, and in the Middle it is intersected by another Canal about two hundred and sixty Yards in Length. Upon this noble Canal the Court sometimes divert themselves in Yachts and Gallies.---The *Labyrinth*, or Maze, is a fine Grove, so called because it is difficult to find one's Way out of it, the Walks being so interwoven with each other. At the Entrance we meet with two Statues, the one of *Æsop*, and the other of *Cupid* holding a Clue of Thread in his Hand, intimating to the Stranger the Necessity of such a Guide to prevent his being lost in the many intricate Windings of the Place. The whole is adorned with Statues and Fountains, and particularly a Bason of curious Shell-Work, wherein one of *Æsop's* Fables is represented in the most natural Manner.---The *Orangerie*, or Green-House, is a noble Piece of Architecture, consisting of several Galleries, the largest of which is above four hundred Feet long, and thirty broad, and all of them adorned with beautiful Columns of the *Tuscan* Order. Before this Green-House is a fine Parterre, with a Fountain in the Middle of it, where the Water is spouted up to the Height of forty Feet; and the whole Parterre is adorned with Rows of Columns, Groups of Figures, Statues, Vases, and other Ornaments.

The Bridge of Boats at *Rouen* is a Curiosity that deserves to be mentioned. It is about two hundred and sixty Yards long, paved with Stone like a Street, and rises and falls with the Tide, or as Land-Waters swell the River. Carriages with the greatest Burthens pass over it with Safety, the
Boats

The Master thus addrest the Swine ;
 My House, my Garden, all is thine ;
 On Turnips feast whene'er you please,
 And riot in my Beans and Pease,
 If the Potatoe's Taste delights,
 Or the red Carrot's Sweet invites,
 Indulge thy Morn and Evening Hours,
 But let due Care regard my Flowers ;
 My Tulips are my Garden's Pride ;
 What vast Expence those Beds supply'd !

The Hog by chance one Morning roam'd
 Where with new Ale the Vessels foam'd ;
 He munches now the steaming Grains,
 Now with full Swill the Liquor drains ;
 Intoxicating Fumes arise,
 He reels, he rolls his winking Eyes,
 Then stagg'ring through the Garden scowers,
 And treads down painted Ranks of Flowers,
 With delving Snout he turns the Soil,
 And cools his Palate with the Spoil.

The Master came, the Ruin spy'd.
 Villain, suspend thy Rage, he cry'd :
 Hast thou, thou most ungrateful Sot,
 My Charge, my only Charge forgot ?
 What, all my Flow'rs ! No more he said,
 But gaz'd, and sigh'd, and hung his Head.

The Hog with stutt'ring Speech returns :
 Explain, Sir, why your Anger burns ;
 See there, untouch'd your Tulips strown,
 For I devour'd the Roots alone !

At this, the Gard'ner's Passion grows ;
 From Oaths and Threats he fell to blows ;
 The stubborn Brute the Blows sustains,
 Assaults his Leg and tears his Veins.

Ah, foolish Swain, too late you find
 That Sties were for such Friends design'd !

Homeward he limps with painful Pace,
 Reflecting thus on past Disgrace ;
Who cherishes a brutal Mate
Shall mourn the Folly soon or late.



*WORKS to be done in Gardens in the Month of November.**In the KITCHEN - GARDEN.*

NOW prepare a gentle hot Bed for the Cucumbers sown in the last Month, and also for the Kidney Beans sown at the same Time ; but these must not be together. Make hot Beds of Asparagus to come next Month, and supply them, where wanting, from some old Plantations which are worn out. Continue to sow Lettuce, Cresses, Radish, Spinach, &c. on hot Beds. Sow Peas and Beans of the Hotspur and Spanish Kinds in open Ground, and if the Weather be fair, earth up those sown in *September* ; earth up Sellery, and tie up Endive Plants for blanching. Cut down the Hawk of Asparagus, when it is turned yellow, within two or three Inches of the Ground, and the Earth of the Alleys flung up upon the Beds ; or if the Asparagus be worn, give a Covering, or rich Dung not quite rotten : Hen and Pidgeon's Dung is preferable to long Dung. Prepare Beds for planting Artichokes and Asparagus in the Spring ; cover well all your Artichokes with long Dung, to defend them against Frost, which otherwise will destroy them in a severe Winter ; house Cabbages ; house and cover with Sand, Carrots, Parsnips, &c. Trench Ground, and lay it up in Ridges to mellow ; and in a frosty Season wheel on Dung, and other Manures, upon such Places as want to be enriched ; shelter Plants from Frosts and cold Rains, and stake up Trees, which, if neglected, the high Winds in this Month are apt to blow out of the Ground.

In the FRUIT - GARDEN.

Continue to plant and remove Fruit-Trees, if the Weather be open ; begin to nail the tender Branches of Fig-Trees close to the Wall, before the Frosts come on ; begin to prune Pears and Plumbs, especially Dwarfs, and those on Espaliers ; and this is the Month to prune the Vines for the

Winter. Now lay down Branches of the Vine, particularly such as you would have bear Fruit the next Year, to be set growing in Pots upon a Table at great Entertainments ; the Branches for this Purpose are to be Shoots of the same Year, and so drawn through the Hole at the Bottom of a Garden-Pot, that when it is filled with Earth there may be a reasonable Number of Eyes (*i. e.* Buds) above the Ground ; a strong Branch will bear eight or nine Bunches of Grapes.

This and the preceding Month, as well as in the Spring, make Nurseries for Stocks of all Sorts of Trees. Now you may plant the best Plumb-Suckers, or sow Stones or Kernels whereon to raise Apricots, Peaches, Apples and Pears ; and you cannot easily make the Soil of your Nursery for Wall-Trees too rich, because Stocks should be vigorous. As to Planting and Sowing, it is a general Rule, *Plant moist, and sow tolerably dry.*

Now apply fresh Mold to the Roots of all sickly Trees ; cover your Stone Fruit and Murals, to defend them against bleak Winds ; and gather your remaining Orchard Fruit, preserving them from Frost in clean Straw.

In the *F L O W E R - G A R D E N.*

Plant Hyacinths, Junquils, Narcissuses and Polyanthoses in Pots, and plunge them into hot Beds to blossom at Christmas. Lay down Auricula Pots on their Sides, putting the Plants toward the Sun, to drain them from Moisture, and preserve them from Frost. Shelter young seedling Bulbs from Frost, but give them daily Airings. Cut down the Stalks of tall-blowing Flowers that have done blossoming, within three Inches of the Root : Tie up all Trees and Shrubs to Stakes : Lay up Heaps of Earth for the several Sorts of Flowers, and make proper Composts (*i. e.* Mixtures) for Exoticks, observing where the Ground is too stiff, it may be brought to the State of Loam, by mixing it with drift Sand. Now you may plant Pionies, and some other fibrous-rooted Plants ; and if the Weather be open, you may yet transplant Roses, Jessamines, Honeysuckles, Syringa, and Lylac.

Unnail

Unnail your Passion Trees from Walls, and lay them on the Ground, covering them with Straw, to keep them from severe Frosts.



A DIALOGUE between the *Resolved Soul* and the *Pleasures of the World*.

COURAGE, my Soul, now learn to wield
The Weight of thine immortal Shield.
Close on thy Head thy Helmet bright;
Ballance thy Sword against the Fight.
See where an Army, strong as fair,
With silken Banners spreads the Air,
Now, if thou be'st that Thing divine,
In this Day's Combat let it shine;
And shew that Nature wants an Art
To conquer one resolved Heart.

Pleasure.

Welcome the Creation's Guest,
Lord of Earth, and Heaven's Heir;
Lay aside that warlike Crest,
And of Nature's Banquet share:
Where the Souls of Fruits and Flow'rs,
Stand prepar'd to heighten yours.

Soul.

I sup above, and cannot stay,
To bait so long upon the Way.

*Miscellaneous Pieces.**Pleasure.*

On these downy Pillows lie,
 Whose soft Plumes will thither fly :
 On these Roses, strew'd so plain
 Lest one Leaf thy Side should strain.

Soul.

My gentler Rest is on a Thought,
 Conscious of doing what I ought.

Pleasure.

If thou be'st with Perfumes pleas'd,
 Such as oft the Gods appeas'd,
 Thou in fragrant Clouds shalt show
 Like another God below.

Soul.

A Soul that knows not to presume,
 Is Heaven's, and its own, Perfume.

Pleasure.

Every Thing does seem to vye
 Which should first attract thine Eye :
 But since none deserves that Grace,
 In this Crystal view thy Face.

Soul.

When the Creator's Skill is priz'd,
 The rest is all but Earth disguis'd.

Pleasure.

Hark how Musick then prepares,
 For thy Stay, these charming Airs ;
 Which the posting Winds recall,
 And suspend the River's Fall.

Soul.

Soul.

Had I but any Time to lose,
On this I would it all dispose.
Cease Tempter. None can change a Mind.
Whom this sweet Cordage cannot bind.

Chorus.

Earth cannot shew so brave a Sight,
As when a single Soul does fence
The Batt'ry of alluring Sense,
And Heaven views it with Delight.
Then persevere ; for still new Charges sound ;
And if thou overcom'st thou shalt be crown'd.

Pleasure.

All that's costly, fair, and sweet,
Which scatteringly doth shine,
Shall within one Beauty meet,
And she be only thine.

Soul.

If Things of Sight such Heavens be,
What Heavens are those we cannot see ?

Pleasure.

Wherefoe'er thy Foot shall go
The minted Gold shall lie ;
Till thou purchase all below,
And want new Worlds to buy.

Soul.

Wer't not for Price who'd value Gold ?
And that's worth Nought that can be fold.

Pleasure.

Pleasure.

Wilt thou all the Glory have
 That War or Peace commend ?
 Half the World shall be thy Slave,
 The other Half thy Friend.

Soul.

What Friends, if to myself untrue ?
 What Slaves, unless I captive you ?

Pleasure.

Thou shalt know each hidden Cause ;
 And see the future Time ;
 Try what Depth the Centre draws ;
 And then to Heaven climb.

Soul.

None thither mounts by the Degree
 Of Knowledge, but Humility.

Chorus.

Triumph, triumph, victorious Soul ;
 The World has not one Pleasure more :
 The rest does lie beyond the Pole,
 And is thine everlasting Store.



*Of the different Kinds of Wheat Seed sow'd in England,
 suitable to different Soils ; and of the Advantages of Sow-
 ing a proper Seed on a proper Soil.*

THE ingenious Dr. Plott, in his Observations on Husbandry, remarks, That he thinks Husbandry the least improved of all other Arts, tho' it deserves it most ; for, as he

he says : Let Farmers entertain what Notion they will of their Abilities, and fancy they have brought Farming to the greatest Perfection, and therefore refuse to practise any new Method, though never so beneficial ; yet he is bold to tell them, that if they were so knowing as they pretend they are, and they would put in Practice such Improvements as they may be informed of, their would not be such yearly Complaints of Losses by uncertain Crops of Grain, by Smuttiness, by Blights, by the Laying of Corn, and by other Accidents that often happen : On the contrary, Farmers are so ignorant of sowing proper Seeds in proper Soils, and even unacquainted with Variety of Grains, though they grow near them, that they commonly commit great Mistakes on these very Accounts ; for Proof of which, he says, in *Oxfordshire*, there is a Wheat called mix'd *Lammas*, being a white-eared red Wheat, that produces a more certain Crop, and greater Quantities than any other Wheat, and yet was unknown to many Farmers in the same County. He observes that the great Benefits that arise from *Putney* or *Rath-ripe* Barley, has not brought it into Use any where but in *Cornwal*, *Wiltshire*, *Berkshire*, and *Oxfordshire*, altho' the Profits of its early ripening, one would think, should induce Persons to send for its Seed in Haste to great Distances, for it has been sown, mowed, and inaed in two Months Time ; seldom ever exceeding ten Weeks at most, notwithstanding the cold Spring, wet Autumn, and very great Droughts, that may happen in the Time of its Growth : Which Benefits will be the better apprehended, when it is considered how other Counties suffer, that, by vehement long Droughts, cannot sow their Barley sometimes till after *Midsummer*.

The Character of Wheats.

Red Lammas. As Wheat is the King of Grain, so this Sort has been deemed, hitherto, *The King of Wheats*, for having deservedly been under the Reputation of producing the whitest and finest of Flour, as is well known in particular to the *Londoners*, who call it, *The Hertfordshire White*, not
that

that the best *Lammas* Wheat grows in this County, but because of the vast Quantities of this largest-bodied Sort, that grow in *Northamptonshire*, *Bedfordshire*, and *Buckinghamshire*, and some other Northern Counties, which are weekly brought up and sold at *St. Alban's*, *Hempstead*, and some other few Markets in these Parts, where the greatest Number of Water-mills are situated, for grinding Corn, in a lesser Compass of Ground, than any where else in *England*. This by many is called *Fire-wheat*, because it has a red Straw, a red Ear, and a red Kernel; and it makes the whitest of Flour, some are of Opinion, because it has a thicker, more guttery, and tougher Skin than the pirky and white Sorts of Wheat, cuts into larger Flakes of Bran than them, and thus yields rather less, but whiter Flour, and more Bran; however, this is certain, that red *Lammas* has not only a whiter Flour than these, but a much softer, and finer, and often a bigger Body; which makes it the most agreeable Sort for the greatest Quality, and therefore is the fittest Wheat to sow on the best Land, on Account of its fetching the best Price at Market. This Sort of Wheat is likewise in great esteem with the *Middlesex* Farmer, for its stiff-jointed, high-coloured, long straw, that they sell in great Quantities to the *Londoners*, for littering their Horses with it, sometimes at Eight-pence a Truss in scarce Times, that weighs but thirty-five Pounds, which enables them to pay the greatest Part of their Rent with this one Commodity. It affects to grow in the richest Vale Lands, consisting of Loams, or black, or blue Clays, where it grows to near five Feet in Height; yet it is by many sown in *Chilturn* dry Loams, and even in some Gravels, that have been before dressed or manured extraordinary well. In short, this Wheat was, till very lately, the only Sort sown in Vales, and is that noble Sort, whose Kernels are somewhat longer than pirky Wheat, and near as big as Cherry Stones, when it is sown as true Seed in a right Soil; then it will out-weigh the Pirks or white Wheat. But, when the Pirks are in Perfection, and the *Lammas* not, the first will outweigh the last; and, for these Benefits, great Quantities of its Seed are bought and carried in Waggon into the Northern Countries,

Countries, because in *Hertsfordshire* and about *Dunstable*, it is sowed in chalky Ground, partly for the Purpose of selling the Seed to be sown in heavy Loams, or stiff Clay Lands in them Counties ; chiefly for the Sake of its Change of Soil, and because they get the same first out of the Hands of those Farmers who make it their Business, in several Parts of *Buckinghamshire*, to lay down Ground every Year, purely to improve this Grain for its Seed ; for here it will come off in a large Body, thoroughly clean and free from the Seeds of all Weeds. But this Wheat has a long lank Ear, that exposes it more than all others to the Spoil of Blights and Strokes ; for which Reason a right Manager will sow this Wheat the first of all others, that it may get into an early hard Ear in the blighting Honey-dew Seasons of *June* and *July*. Therefore sow this Wheat in *September*, or the Beginning of *October* at farthest. And it is on this very Account, that many Farmers of late have acted more judiciously than formerly ; for, in order to avoid this fatal Misfortune, some have sown it early, with a Mixture of Pirks or white Wheat, whose Ears growing in a thick bunchy Shape, prove a Sort of Screen, or Shelter, to keep off and break the Honey-dew and other blighting Causes from the red *Lammes*, in a great Degree. Red *Lammes* Wheat, when thoroughly dry, will weigh six Bushels Weight ; I mean, five Bushels in Measure will weigh six Bushels in Weight, yet will not yield quite so much Flour as the same Quantity of pirky Wheat will. Red *Lammes*-Wheat grows about six or twelve Inches higher than pirky Wheat ; and, as it shades too much, it is not so proper to sow with Pirks, as some think, though others think otherwise.

Pirky Wheat. This Wheat has a white Straw, a white Ear, and a red or yellowish Kernel, more round than *Lammes*, and has more of late than ever got into Reputation for its profitable Qualities ; particularly for that one of growing in *Chilturn*, gravelly, and chalky Soils, where it will flourish and yield excellent Crops, when the red *Lammes* will in some Measure fail, because this Sort will grow in a poorer Soil than that, and yet return as many Bushels as *Lammes* will.

will in rich Loams, or Clay, provided such Gravels, Chalks, and light Loams are well sowed and dressed with a sufficient Quantity of Manure. Its bunchy Ear is not so subject to be blighted as the red *Lammas*, because its Corns grow close in a shorter Ear. The Kernels of pirky Wheat have rather a thinner Skin than that, and, if of the right Sort, will yield Abundance of fine Flour; and the more, when they are full dry, for then they will crumble under the Stones into much Meal and a little Bran; and as the very finest and shortest Bran cannot be easily separated from its Flour, it thus becomes coarser, than that made from *Lammas*, but this is compensated by the Quantity of Stuff it makes. For this Reason, when pirky Wheat is got into the Barn dry, and has a good Body and Colour, it will fetch at Market, near, if not altogether as much as *Lammas*. It was on these valuable Accounts, that some attempted, about the Year 1730, to sow it in their half Acre Ridge-lands in the Vale of *Aylesbury*, and it succeeded so well in their blue Clays, and blackish Earths, that many now sow no other, where formerly they made Use of only the red *Lammas* Sort; for they have found that pirky Wheat now yields more than that, is hardier, will grow in a coarser Tilth, in a poorer Soil, and with less Dressing than *Lammas* can. And for these Considerations it would be certainly preferred by many of the *Middlesex* Farmers, was it not that the Straw of the red *Lammas*, as before remarked, brings them in a great deal of Money from the *London* Market; for it is this Sort of Wheat that so well resists Honey-dews, and other Blights, as tempts many to sow it among red and yellow *Lammas*. And as it is a very hardy Sort, it is for the most Part sown on Lays after artificial Grass on only one Plowing, where, if but only harrowed in, it often yields excellent Crops. The same on a Barley-stubble, or a Pea or Bean-stubble, and also after Turnips are eaten off, which they in the *Chilturn* Country do every Year, even sometimes in *February*, or the Beginning of *March*; and, if the Season comes favourable, such a plentiful Crop may be had, as perhaps, will yield more than some Tilth-crops of *Lammas*, as I have known it several Times to do. In Chalks, Gravels, and light Loams, the

the Breed of Poppy, or red Weed, in some Years, gets so predominant, that it ruins Crops of Wheat; but, as this is chiefly bred by too fine a Tilth and too early sowing. Many forbear sowing Pirks till about the Middle or latter End of *October*. Now, if red *Lammas* is sown late, it is apt to be struck and blighted; it is not therefore this Sort that is to be sown at this Time, but the pirky Wheat comes more and more into Use, and particularly for its suffering the latest Sowing of all others; and by this Means it is, that the Growth of the Poppy and many other Weeds are prevented damaging Wheat-crops. This pirky Wheat, when it enjoys a right Season at Harvest, will look of a beautiful pale Red, and then so nearly resemble the red *Lammas* in its Body and Colour, that many Wheat-buyers take one for the other; and, if the Seed was of the right Sort and grew in a good Soil, it will weigh near, if not quite, as heavy as that. There are several Sorts of pirky Wheat, but it is difficult to get the true. The right is called *Aylesbury Pirk*, that, to answer this Character, is brought to *Aylesbury* Market, and there sold some Time before, and in Sowing-time. Now the Improvement of this Wheat is brought to pass thus: There are several *Chilturn* Farmers, who make it their Business to deal every Year with these Vale-men, who sow this and other Wheat-seed in new broken up Sward-Ground, that it may come off large-bodied, and clear of the Seeds of Weeds. This pirky Wheat they sow again in their chalky, gravelly, or dry Loams, on Purpose to sell as the properest Sort to sow in stiff or wet Loams and Clay; and then it will receive the highest Improvement that can be given it, as is yearly experienced by many of those nice Farmers, who, by this Means sell a Sack of this Wheat for two or three Shillings more than others, who are so indolent, as seldom, or never, to change their Seed, and make Use of this right Sort. This pirky Wheat has but a single Chaff, so that, when it is ripe, the Kernel may be almost seen through it, for then it is ready to start out of it. Five Bushels of pirky Wheat seldom weigh more than five Bushels and a Half in weight, or three Pecks at most; yet, if the same Measure of the red *Lammas* is ground, the Flour of the Pirks will weigh

more than the Flour of the red *Lammas*, for the foregoing Reasons. The Flour of Pirks is apt to cause the Bread that is made of it alone to crack ; but this is prevented by a Mixture with the *Lammas*. Pirky Wheat has four or five Sets of Kernels, when the *Lammas* has but two or three. It also has this good Quality, not to draw the Ground so much as the *Lammas* Sorts, because the Straw of the *Lammas* is taller and bigger than that of the Pirks. When pirky Wheat is sown in gravelly Ground, it generally acquires such a Colour, that it often deceives the Buyer for *Lammas*, and is accounted the thinnest-skinn'd Wheat of all others. The red Pirks are best, the Yellow are rather thicker-skinned, and hardly to be known from yellow *Lammas*, as the red Sort is from red *Lammas*, and the white Pirk from the white *Lammas* Wheat. In Gravels and lean Loams, the pirky Wheat and *Lammas* grow much of an equal Tallness, when mixed.

Yellow Lammas. This Wheat has a white Straw and a red Ear. Its Kernel is of a yellowish red Colour, rounder, shorter, and not so guttery as the red *Lammas* ; nor is the Ear of the Yellow so long by an Inch, as that of the Red, is nearer of the pirky Nature, has a Flour near as white and as fine as that of the red *Lammas*, and whiter than that of Pirks and white Wheat ; its Skin is a little thicker than that of the Red, and thus it runs something more into Bran. The Flour-men do not care to buy this yellow Wheat in Summer, by Reason its thick Skin is then so dry, as makes it apt to grind into a fine Bran, that mixes so much with the Bran, as to make it coarse. But in Winter they readily purchase it, for then its Skin quits its Flour with Ease. This Wheat will grow on Chalks, Gravels, Clays, and other poor Land, much better than red *Lammas*, but degenerates sooner than most other Wheats ; for you may in a few Years sow it too long in the same Soil, till it dwindles to so small a Kernel, as not to be worth sowing. Therefore, it is now very common to sow it in a Mixture with Pirks, because it is a much surer Crop this way than when sown alone ; perhaps, Variety best agrees with the Earth, but it is more true, that the Mode or Make of one Ear is a Security against blighting the other ; and, the Pirks are most serviceable on
this

this Account, for several Farmers in *Pitstone* Parish, on the Edge of *Aylesbury* Vale, think thus of it, else they would not sow it every Year, mixed in their gravelly and chalky Loams; where, if they are ploughed fine, and dressed well, these Grains will flourish to great Profit, because these two Wheats will sell and grind well together: For, the yellow *Lammas* being toughish, and the Pirks short, the first will keep the latter from making too small a Bran, and running too much into Flour. A great *Chilturn* Farmer, whose inclosed Fields had several Soils in them, observed, as often as he could, to sow his Loams with red *Lammas*, his Gravel with Pirks, and his loamy Chalks, with white or yellow *Lammas*, for he is certainly most in the Right, that sows a Seed that is most agreeable to the Soil it is to grow in; in which, this, as well as the red *Lammas*, requires an early Sowing, as before hinted, and a frequent Change. Yellow *Lammas* yields a Peck or two of Flour less, in five Bushels, than red *Lammas*: Yet several Farmers sow yellow *Lammas* in their stiff, clayey Loams in the *Chilturn*, and thinks it the very best Sort, for its thin Skin, close Ear, and good Yield; and best agrees to be sown with Pirks, because it grows about four Inches higher, and shelters that the better from Blights. Others differ in their Opinion and think otherways.

White Wheat. This white Wheat has a white Straw, and a white bunchy Ear; its kernels as big as Pirks, grows closer together than the red or yellow *Lammas*, and thus is better secured from Strokes and Blights than they are. Now this Corn is mostly defended against these Incidents, by Means of its rough Chaffs; for the right Sort of white Wheat has two or three that encompass each Kernel, which also preserve it in a great Measure from the Damage of Flies and other Insects, which are apt to spoil Wheat while it is growing in the Ear. When this excellent Wheat is near ripe, its true Sort may be known by its Aspect, for then it will appear, as if it were hoary all over its Ear. In *Hertfordshire* it is more and more sown, as being a Sort that thrives well in their inclosed, poor, gravelly, chalky, and light loamy Soils; and, by many, this, or any other of the white Wheats,

is much sown in a Mixture with red, or yellow Lammas, because this *White* will not help to keep off *Blight* from that, but is a most proper Sort to sell and grind with the red or yellow Lammas, by Reason one is of a short, brittle Nature, and the other tough; which prevents the white from running too much into small Bran, as it is apt to do if ground alone, and then its Flour will be the coarser. This Wheat weighs rather lighter, than either the red or yellow Lammas or Pirks, yet makes more Stuff or Flour than they do, because its very small Bran, remaining among it, is not easily perceived, for, as its Coat, or Skin, is of a light Colour, it gives the Meal and Bread a pleasing yellowish Cast. On this Account, white Wheat stands the Baker's Friend, because its white Colour will admit of a Mixture of so much small Bran with its Flour, that less Flour will serve in making a Loaf, and yet the Customer be at the same Time contented; for, if he has not a penetrating Judgment, he cannot find out the Legerdemain Part of this Matter. There is a smooth-eared Sort of white Wheat, that is not reckoned so valuable as this rough-eared Sort, and are both distinguished by the Names of *White Pirks* and *White Lammas*. The Flour of white Wheat is of so short a Nature, that the Workman can hardly make a Loaf of it that will stand without cracking; and therefore it is generally mixed with the Flour of the Lammas Sort, which improves each other, so as to make excellent Bread. White Wheat will grow well both in Vale, swampy, stiff Soils, and in *Chilturn* dry Grounds.

Duck-bill or *Dugdale Wheat*. In *Essex* they call this *Grey-poll Rivet*; in *Huntingdonshire*, *Dunover Wheat*; in the West Country, *Grey-poll* and *Blue-poll Wheat*; in *Hertfordshire*, *Duck-bill*, or *Dugdale Wheat*. In *Berkshire*, there is a white-cone Wheat, whose Straw is like a Rush, full of Pith, and not hollow, like the Lammas Sort; however these are all bearded Wheats. The common *Duck-bill* Wheat has a darkish, brown, crooked, guttery Kernel, rather bigger than any other Wheat; but the Chaff is better thrown away to make Dung, than to give to Cattle, because, by the Sharpness of its Sides, it pricks and cankers the Horses

Horses Mouths. A certain Farmer suffered above ten Pounds Damage on this Account in one Year; for this Distemper reduced his Horses so low, before it was cured, that they could not work for a considerable Time. It is sown both in Vale and *Chilturn* Grounds, in wet and dry Soams that are made rich with Manure, for a very poor Soil will not agree with this Wheat, as it is a great Drawer of the Earth. It should be sown a Fortnight before *Michaelmas* at latest, because it is always late ripe, and then in a stiff Soil; for this bulky Wheat is very apt to fall by the Wind and Rain; and therefore no light Sand suits it. In the Vale they sow it Broad-cast on their Ridge half Acre Lands, and plow it in. In the *Chilturn* they sow it in Broad-lands, while they lie rough, and harrow it in. In two or three Bout-lands they sprain the Seed, and plow it in, but do not harrow afterwards. If it is sown in four Bout-lands, they plow in Half, and harrow half in. If this Corn is sow'd in Broad-lands, the best Way is to fold on it to make it stand fast; but this must not be done in Stitch-work, for then the Sheep will tread the Seed into the Thoroughs, and spoil the Crop. This Seed, when sown in a fine, well dressed Tilth-ground, produces the most of all others. One Ear has been said to have had above an hundred Grains in it, and on an Acre above fifty Bushels of Wheat have grown; but, as its Flour is of the heaviest and coarsest Sort, it is sold for two or three Shillings less in a Sack than the Lammas, Pirks, or white Wheat. Its Kernels are of a brittle Nature, and therefore grind well with the Lammas Sort. One Bushel of *Dugdale* and three of Lammas make very good Bread. This Wheat is fit to reap, when its Beards are ready to drop off, are hard to thrash out, and yield a great deal of Chaff. The Lammas, Pirks, White, or *Dugdale* Wheats are very rarely ground alone for the Baker's Use, because the first grinds too tough and flaky, and the rest run too much into a branny coarse Flour; therefore they sow grey or blue-poll Wheat and Lammas together, and grind two of a contrary Sort at once, that the Flour may answer their Purpose the better. They never brine nor lime the Seed of bearded Wheat, for it is never known to Smut. Two Bushels of
Seed

Seed is the common Allowance for one Acre of Ground, as it is a great Brancher. It will grow in rough four Tilths, the best of any Wheat, therefore some sow it on only one plowing up of a Lay and harrow it in; but it must be carefully done in such Lays by a skilful Workman, lest, as it is a large-bodied Grain, it be too much exposed to the Beaks of Fowls; and so careless are many in preparing the Ground by several Plowings for this Grain, that they venture to sow it on four Land, without any Manure, and sometimes come by pretty good Crops. But he that makes a fine Tilth, and manures the Ground well for his Seed, stands a much better Chance of a plentiful Return at Harvest; and the more, for that all the bearded Sorts are freest from Blasts, Blights, and Strokes of any, as being guarded against them by its Beards. This Wheat yields a sharp cutting Meal; but, when finely sifted, it serves to mix with other Flour. One Bushel of this, mixed with Flour of Lammas, the *London* Baker approves of, because it keeps the Bread a Day or two longer moist than usual, and yet its natural Coarseness is not perceived by the Customer. If it is finely sifted, it makes the sweetest and shortest Pancake.

A particular very large-bearded Wheat. The late Mr. *Johnson*, of *Ivinghoe-Arson*, a very able Yeoman and nice Seedsman, famous for being the chief Opposer of inclosing a certain Common, was a most hospitable Neighbour, and thus became the noblest Work of God, an honest Man. He was very curious for collecting several Sorts of Corn for sowing them in Fields. Among the rest he got a bearded Wheat that grew in a Set of four Kernels in Rows, or Sides, instead of two that the *Dugdale* has. It had a very large Ear and white, its Straw of the same Colour and round, but the Kernel brown. This Wheat yielded prodigiously, but he was forced to leave off sowing it, because the Ear was so large and heavy, that it fell down before it was fit to reap, for his Ground was rather too light for it; but had he in his Time known the Benefit of sowing Wheat in Drills, undoubtedly he might have enjoyed its Crops in Perfection.

Double-eared Wheat. It is sometimes sown in *Essex* in dry Loams. This Wheat, Mr. *Houghton* says, in 1679, was taken

taken for a Prodigy, for, about that Time, Books were published concerning a Person, who, in the Time of Scarcity, sold his Corn to the Poor for a Shilling a Bushel less than his Neighbours, and had, the next Year, a Field of Wheat which had twelve or fourteen Years upon one Stalk, and that there was another such Crop in *Suffolk*. This is somewhat like the Character of Farmer *Rowland's* Pease, who used to sow half an Acre of Ground with Pease, partly for the Poor, by giving a Mefs of them to any of the poorer Sort on Asking; and it was observable, that the same Piece of Pease yielded a greater Quantity at Harvest, than the same Measure of Ground did elsewhere in the same Farm, although a great deal was given away before.

*Blessings ever wait on virtuous Deeds,
And tho' a late, a sure Reward succeeds.*

Egg-shell, or Mouse-dun Wheat. We do not know that any of this grows any where in *England*, but in one particular County. Here, they say, that these are synonymous Names for this Wheat, which they affirm to be the best in *England*, because it makes the finest Flour; and, indeed, one of the greatest Bakers in *London* confirms the same, and says it beats red Lammas, for making a white Bread and Manchet, that the Flour of red Lammas could not come up to. By handling of this Wheat, and by its outward Appearance, it does not promise all this; but its Inside was, by all the Neighbourhood, allowed to answer the Character here given of it.



*Diogenes's Account of Alexander the Great making a Visit
to him. In old English Verse.*

Written near two hundred Years ago.

GREAT *Alexander* came to see my Mansion, being a
Tunne,

And stood directly opposite between me and the Sunne.

No. 30.

H h

Morrow

Morrow (quoth he) Philosopher, I yield thee Time of Day.
 Marry (said I) then Emperour I pray thee stand away,
 For thou deprivest mee of that thy Power hath not to give,
 Nor all thy mighty fellow Kings that on Earth's Foot-ball
 live :

Stand backe, I say, and rob mee not, nor wrong mee in my
 Right ;

The Sunne would shine upon mee, but thou tak'st away his
 Light.

With this he stept aside from mee, and smiling did intreat
 That I would be a Courtier, for he lik'd my Conceit.

Ile have thy House brought near my Court, I like thy Veine
 so well :

A Neighbour very neere to me I meane to have thee dwell.
 If thou bestow that Paine (quoth I) pray when thy Worke
 is done,

Remove thy Court, and carry that a good Way from my
 Tunne.

I care not for thy Neighbourhood, thy Treasure, Trash I
 hold,

And doe esteeme my Lantherne Horne as much as all thy
 Gold.

The costliest Cheere that Earth affords, (take Sea and Aire
 to boot)

I make farre less Account thereof, than of a Carret Root.

For all the Robes upon thy Backe, so costely rich and
 strange,

This plaine poor Gowne thou seest mee weare thread bare, I
 will not change.

For all the Pearles and precious Stones that are at thy com-
 mand,

I will not give this little Booke that heere is in my Hand.

For all the Countries, Cities, Townes, and Kingdoms thou
 hast got,

I will not give this empty Tunne, for I regard them not.

Nay, if thou would'st exchange thy Crowne for this same
 Cap I weare,

Or give thy Scepter for my Staffe, I would not do't, I
 sweare.

Dost

Dost see this Tub? I tell thee Man, it is my Common-Wealth.

Dost see yon Water? 'Tis the Wine doth keep mee sound in Health.

Dost see these Roots that grow about the Place of my Abode? These are the Dainties which I eat, my bak'd, my rost, my fod.

Dost see my simple three-foot Stoole? It is my Chaire of State.

Dost see my poore plaine wooden Dish? It is my Silver Plate.

Dost see my Wardrop? Then behold this patched seame-rent Gowne.

Dost see yon Mat and Bull-rushes? Why they're my Bed of Downe.

Thou call'st me poore and beggerly; alas, good carefull King,

When thou art often sighing sad, I cheerefull sit and sing.

Content dwells not in Palaces, and Courts of mighty Men:

For if it did, assure thy selfe I would turn Courtier then.

No, *Alexander*, tha'rt deceiv'd, to censure on mee so,

That I my sweet contented Life for Troubles will forgoe.

Of a reposed Life, 'tis I can make a just Report,

That have more Vertues in my Tun, than are in all thy Court.

For what yeelds that but Vanities, Ambition, Envie, Pride, Oppression, Wrongs, and Crueltie? Nay, every Thing beside.

These are not fit for my Company, Ile rather dwell thus odde:

'Who ever walks amongst sharp Thornes, had need to go
'well shod.'

On mighty Men I cannot fawne, let Flatterie crouch and creepe:

The World is naught, and that Man's wife, least Leage with it doth keepe.

A Crowne is heavy wearing, King, it makes thy Head to ake:

Great *Alexander*, great Accounts thy Greatnesse hath to make.

Who seeketh Rest, and for the same doth to thy Court re-
 paire,
 Is wise like him that in an Egge doth seeke to finde an Hare.
 If thou hadst all the World thine owne, that World would
 not suffice :
 Thou art an Eagle (mighty Man) and Eagles catch no flies.
 I like thee for thy Patience well, which thou dost show to
 heare mee :
 Ile teach thee somewhat for thy Paines, draw but a little
 neere mee.
 Some honest Proverbs that I have, upon thee Ile bestow :
 Thou didst not come so wise to mee, as thou art like to goe.

The Proverbs of D I O G E N E S.

In Old English Verse.

HE that performes not what he ought, but doth the same
 neglect,
 Let him be sure not to receive the Thing he doth expect.
 When once the tall and lofty Tree unto the Ground doth fall,
 Why every Peasant hath an Axe to hew his Boughs withall.
 He that for Vertue merits well, and yet doth nothing claime,
 A double kinde of Recompence deserveth for the same.
 Acquaint mee but with whom thou goest, and thy Compan-
 ions tell :
 I will resolve thee what thou doest, whether ill done or well.
 He knows enough that knoweth nought, if he can Silence
 keep :
 The Tongue oft makes the Heart to sigh, the Eyes to waile
 and weepe.
 He takes the best and choicest Course, of any Man doth live,
 That takes good Counsell, when his Friend doth that rich
 Jewell give.
 Good Horse and bad (the Rider sayes) must both of them
 have Spurs :
 And he is sure to rise with Fleas, that lies and sleeps with
 Currs.

He

He that more Kindnesse sheweth thee, than thou art us'd
unto,

Either already hath deceiv'd, or shortly means to doe.

Birds of a Feather and a Kinde, will still together flocke :

H'ad need be very strait himself, that doth the crooked
mocke.

I have observed divers Times, of all Sorts old and young,
That he which hath the lesſer Heart hath still the bigger
Tongue.

He that's a bad a wicked Man, appearing good to th' Eye,
May do thee many thousand Wrongs, which thou canst ne-
ver ſpie.

In preſent Wante deferre not him, which doth thy Help re-
quire :

The Water that is farre off fetcht, quencheth not Neigh-
bours Fire.

He that hath Money at his Will, Meat, Drink, and Leiſure
takes :

But he that lacks muſt mend the Pace, need a good Foot-
man makes.

He that the Office of a Friend, uprightly doth reſpect,
Muſt firmly love his Friend profeſt, with Fault and with
Defect.

He that enjoys a white Horſe, and a faire and dainty Wiſe,
Muſt needs find often Cauſe by each of Diſcontent and Strife.
Chuſe thy Companions of the good, or elſe converſe with
none ;

Rather than ill accompanied much better be alone.

Watch over Words, for from thy Mouth there hath much
Evil ſprung :

Its better ſtumble with thy Feet, than ſtumble with thy
Tongue.

No outward Habit, Vertue 'tis that doth advance thy Fame:
The golden Bridle betters not a Jade that wears the ſame.

The greateſt Joyes that ever were, at length with Sorrow
meets ;

Taſte Hony with thy Fingers End, and ſurfet not on Sweets.
A Liar can do more than much, work Wonders by his Lies,
Turn Mountains into Mole-Hills, and turn Elephants to
Flies. Children

Children that were unfortunate, their Parents always praise;
And attribute all Unthriftiness unto their forgone Dayes.
When Sicknes enters Health's strong Hold, and Life be-
gins to yeeld,

Man's Fort of Flesh to Parley comes, and Death must win
the Field.

The Flatterer before thy Face with smiling Lookes will stand,
Presenting Hony in his Mouth, a Rasor in his Hand.

The truly Noble-minded loves, the Base and Servile fears:
Whoever tels a Foole a Tale, had neede to finde him Eares.
To meddle much with idle Things, would vex a wise Man's
Head:

'Tis Labour and a weary Worke, to make a Dogge his Bed.
The worst Wheele ever out of the Cart, doth yeeld the
greatest Noise:

Three Women make a Market, they have sufficient Voice.
First Lease all Fooles desire to learne, with stedfast fixed
Eyes:

In this, all other Idiots are, and they exceeding wise.
When once the Lion breathlesse lies, whom all the Forest
fear'd,

The very Hares presumptuously, will pull him by the Beard.
Cease not to do the Good thou ought'st, though Inconve-
nience grow:

A wise Man will not Seed-time lose for Fear of every Crow.
One Man can never doe so well, but some Man will him
blame:

'Tis vaine to seeke to please all Men, Jove cannot do the
same.

To him that is in Misery do not Affliction adde:
With Sorrow to load Sorrowes Backe, is most extremely bad.
Shew mee good Fruit on evil Tree, or Rose that growes on
Thistle:

He undertake at Sight thereof, to drinke to thee and whistle.
Censure what Conscience rests in him, that sweares he Justice
loves:

And yet doth pardon hurtfull Crowes, to punish simple
Doves.

Theres

Theres many that to aske might have, but his own Silence
crost :

What Charge is Speech unto thy Tongue? By asking, pray
whats lost?

He serves for nothing, that is just, and faithfull in his Place:
Yet for his Duty well performed is not a whit in Grace.

He makes himself anothers Slave, and Feares doe undergoe,
That unto one being ignorant doth his own Secrets show.

On Neptune wrongfull he complaines, that oft hath been in
Danger,

And yet to his devouring Waves, doth not become a Stranger.
Age is an honourable Thing, and yet though Yeeres be so,
For one wise Man with hoary Haires, three dozen Fooles I
know.



*WORKS to be done in Gardens in the Month
of December.*

In the KITCHEN - GARDEN.

NOW look carefully after your hot Beds, and add to
their Heat if they begin to cool, by lining them with
hot Dung. Towards the Middle of the Month make a hot
Bed for *Asparagus*, as you did the last Month. Sow on hot
Beds all Sorts of small hot Sallad Herbs for Sallads; also
sow Peas and Beans, as in the former Months; dig, dress,
and trench Ground; fit up Tools, and prepare for the
Spring, by getting all Things ready.

In the FRUIT - GARDEN.

You must not prune any Fruit-Trees now; but you may
dig and dress Ground, set Traps for Vermin, mend Bor-
ders,

ders, bring in Dung, and get all Things in Readiness against the Spring. If the Weather is frosty, guard against it as well as you can ; if mild and open, you may plant and remove hardy Trees.

In the *F L O W E R - G A R D E N*.

Prepare Shelters and Coverings for all tender Flowers, Boxes of Seedlings, Carnations and Auriculas ; yet in mild open Weather, give them Air ; turn over your Heaps of Earth, and mix up new Heaps, that the Spring may meet you prepared for it.

In the *G R E E N - H O U S E*.

Pick off dead and rotten Leaves from your Exoticks ; give but little Water to any Plants, and to Aloes, Euphorbiums, Indian Figs, Sedums, and Torch-Thistles, none at all till the latter End of *March*. Let as much Sun as possible into the House. Your Ananas must have a good Share of Heat, and be often refreshed with Water, as before directed ; your Coffee-Trees, and other tender Plants in the Bark Bed, must also be carefully tended.



A faithful and accurate Account of that amazing Prodigy the Production of a large Island out of the Midst of the Sea, in the Bay of Santerini, in the Archipelago, by F. GOREE, who was an Eye-Witness of its Formation.

ON the 23d of May, 1707, after an Earthquake that happened the Night before, a new Island was discovered early in the Morning by some Seamen ; who not being

being able to distinguish what it was, and taking it for some Wreck brought thither in the Night-time, rowed immediately towards it ; but finding a Heap of Rocks and Earth, instead of a floating Wreck, they hastened back again, and spread the Report over *Santerini*. How great soever the Apprehensions of the Inhabitants were at the first Sight of this Phænomenon, their Surprise abated in a few Days, and seeing no Appearance of Fire or Smoke, some of them ventured to go ashore upon the new Island. Their Curiosity led them from one Rock to another, where they found a Sort of white Stone that cut like Bread, and very much resembled it in Form, Colour, and Consistence. They also found great Numbers of Oysters sticking to the Rocks, but whilst they were employed in gathering them, they perceived the Island move and shake under their Feet, upon which they retired to their Boats with Precipitation. With these Motions and Tremblings the Island every Day increased, not only in Height, but also in Length and Breadth ; though now and then it happened, that whilst it was raised and extended on one Side, it sunk and diminished on the other. F. Gorce observed a Rock rise out of the Sea, about forty or fifty Paces from the Island, which continued four Days together, when it sunk again and appeared no more ; but several others appeared and disappeared alternately, which at last remained fixed and unmoved. During his Time the Colour of the surrounding Sea was changed, being at first of a light Green, then reddish, and afterwards of a pale Yellow, accompanied with a noisome Stench, which spread itself over great Part of *Santerini*.

The Smoke appeared first on the 16th of *July*, not indeed from the Island itself, but from a Ridge of black Stones which suddenly rose up about sixty Paces from it, where the Depth of the Sea was before unfathomable. Thus for some Time there were two separate Islands, whereof one was called the *White*, and the other the *Black Island*, by reason of their different Colour ; but they were not long before they united, and that in such a Manner, that these black Rocks became the Centre of the whole Island. The Smoke issuing from them was very thick, and of a whitish Colour,

like that of a Lime-Kiln ; which being driven by the Wind towards *Santerini*, it penetrated the Houses of the Inhabitants, but without doing much Harm, the Smell not being then very offensive.

In the Night between the 19th and 20th of *July*, Flames were observed to issue with the Smoke, to the great Terror of the Inhabitants of *Santerini*, especially those of the Castle of *Scaro*, who were not above half a League distant from the burning Island. This Island now increased very fast, large Rocks daily springing up, which added sometimes to its Length, sometimes to its Breadth, inso-much that the Additions from Time to Time might easily be perceived. The Smoke also increased very much, and there being no Wind stirring, it ascended so high as to be seen at *Candia*, *Naxos*, and other distant Islands. During the Night it appeared like a Column of Fire fifteen or twenty Feet high ; and the Sea at that Time was covered with a Scurf or Froth, in some Places reddish, and in others yellowish, from whence proceeded such a Stench, over the whole Island of *Santerini* that they were obliged to burn Perfumes in their Houses, and to make Fires in the Streets to prevent Infection. This indeed did not last above a Day or two, the Froth being dispersed by a strong Gale of Wind ; but another Evil quickly followed, for the Wind drove the Smoke upon most of the Vineyards of *Santerini*, whereby the Grapes in one Night were parched up and destroyed. It was also observed that the Smoke sullied Plate and Copper, and caused violent Head-achs, attended with Reachings.

The 31st of *July*, the Sea was perceived to smoke and bubble near the Island in two different Places, where the Water formed a perfect Circle, and looked like Oyl when set upon the Fire. This lasted for above a Month, during which Time a great many Fish were found dead on the Shore. The following Night was heard a dull howling Noise, like the distant Report of several Cannons ; which was immediately followed by Flames of Fire shooting up from the Furnace to a great Height in the Air, where they suddenly disappeared. The next Day the same hollow Sound was heard several Times, and succeeded by a blackish Smoke ;

Smoke ; which, notwithstanding a pretty fresh Gale, rose up in the Form of a Column to a prodigious Height ; and this in the Night would probably have appeared as if it were all on Fire.

On the 7th of *August* the Noise was different, resembling that of large Stones thrown all together into a deep Well, and the Extremities of the Island seemed to be in a great Commotion. This Noise, after it had lasted some Days, was succeeded by another much louder, which so nearly resembled Thunder, as hardly to be distinguished from three or four real Claps, that happened about the same Time. On the 21st the Fire and Smoke were considerably diminished, but the next Morning they broke out with greater Fury than before. The Smoke was red and very thick, and the Heat was so intense, that all round the Island the Sea smoked and bubbled up in a surprizing Manner. At Night F. *Goree*, viewing with a Telescope the large Furnace upon the highest Part of the Island, discovered sixty smaller Openings or Funnels, all which emitted a very bright Flame ; and he imagined there might be as many more on the other Side of the great Volcano.

The 23d of *August*, in the Morning, our Author observed the Island was much higher than the Day before, and that its Breadth was increased by a Chain of Rocks sprung up in the Night Time, almost fifty Feet above Water. The Sea was also covered again with the reddish Froth above-mentioned, which always appeared when the Island receiv'd any considerable Additions, and occasioned an intolerable Stench till it was dispersed by the Wind and the Motion of the Waves.

The 5th of *September* the Fire opened itself another Vent at the Extremity of the *Black Island*, from whence it issued for several Days, during which Time there came but little out of the large Furnace : And from this new Passage it was surprizing to see the Fire dart up three several Times to a vast Height, resembling so many Sky-Rockets of a glowing lively Red. The following Night the subterraneous Thunder made a terrible Noise, and immediately afterwards a thousand Sheaves of Fire, as it were, flew up into the Air,

where breaking and dispersing, they fell like a Shower of Stars upon the Island, which appeared all in a Blaze, presenting to the astonished Spectator at once a most dreadful and beautiful Illumination. To these natural Fire-Works succeeded a Kind of Meteor, which hung for some Time over the Castle of *Scaro* like a fiery Sword, and increased the Consternation of the Inhabitants.

On the 9th of *September* the *White* and *Black Islands* united, after which the Western End of the Island daily increased. There were now only four Openings that emitted Flames, which came out with great Impetuosity, sometimes attended with a Noise like a large Organ-Pipe, and sometimes like the Howling of wild Beasts. On the 12th the subterraneous Noise was very much augmented, having never been so dreadful nor so frequent as that Day and the following. The Bursts of it, like a general Discharge of the Artillery of an Army, were repeated ten or twelve Times in four and twenty Hours, and immediately after each Clap the large Furnace threw up huge red-hot Stones, which fell into the Sea at a great Distance. These Claps were always followed by a thick Smoke, which spread Clouds of Ashes over the Sea and the neighbouring Islands.

The 18th of *September* an Earthquake was felt at *Sante-rini*, which did no great Damage, but considerably enlarg'd the burning Island, and gave Vent to the Fire and Smoke in several new Places. The Claps were also more terrible than ever, and so violent that one would have thought every House in *Scaro* must have been shaken to the Ground: And in the Midst of a thick Smoke, which appeared like a Mountain, one might see and hear large Pieces of Rock thrown up with as much Noise and Force as Bullets from the Mouth of a Cannon, and afterwards fall down upon the Island, or into the Sea. One of the small neighbouring Islands was several Times covered with these fiery Stones, which being thinly cruisted over with Sulphur, gave a very bright Light, and continued burning till that was consum'd.

On the 21st of the same Month, after a dreadful Clap of subterraneous Thunder, very great Lightenings ensued; and at the same Instant the new Island was so violently shaken,

shaken, that Part of the large Furnace came tumbling down, and huge burning Rocks were thrown to the Distance of two Miles or upwards. This seemed to be the last Effort of the Volcano, and to have exhausted the combustible Matter, especially as all was quiet for several Days after : But on the 25th the Fire broke out again with still greater Fury ; and amongst the Claps there was one so terrible, that the Churches of *Santerini* were presently filled with Crowds of People, expecting every Moment would be their last ; and the Castle of *Scaro* suffered such a Shock, that the Doors and Windows of the Houses flew open. Thus the Volcano continued to rage during the remaining Part of the Year, and the Month of *January*, 1708 ; the large Furnace, without one Day's Intermision, throwing out Stones and Flames, at least once or twice, but oftner five or six Times a Day.

The 10th of *February*, in the Morning, a pretty strong Earthquake was felt at *Santerini*, which the Inhabitants looked upon as a Prelude to greater Commotions in the burning Island. Nor were they deceived in their Expectation ; for soon after the Fire and Smoke issued in prodigious Quantities, the Claps like Thunder were redoubled, and nothing appeared but Horror and Confusion. Rocks of amazing Bulk were raised up to a great Height above the Water, and the Sea raged and boiled to such a Degree, that it occasioned a general Consternation. The subterraneous Bellowings were heard without Intermision, and sometimes in less than a Quarter of an Hour there were six or seven Eruptions from the large Furnace. The Noise of the repeated Claps, the Quantity of huge Stones that flew about on every Side, the Houses tottering to their very Foundations, and the Fire which now appeared in open Day, surpassed all that had hitherto happened, and formed a Scene astonishing beyond Description.

The 15th of *April* was remarked for the Number and Violence of the Bellowings and Eruptions, by one of which near a hundred large Stones were thrown up all together into the Air, and fell again into the Sea at about two Miles Distance. From this Time to the 25d of *May*, (the Anniversary

versary of the Birth of the new Island) Things continued much in the same State, but afterwards the Fire and Smoke subsided by Degrees, and the subterraneous Thunders grew less terrible.

On the 15th of *July* our Author, accompanied by the *Latin* Bishop of *Santerini*, and some other Ecclesiasticks, hired a Boat to take a near View of the Island, and to land upon it, if they found it practicable. They made directly towards it on that Side where the Sea did not bubble, but where it smoked very much. Being got into this Vapour, they perceived a close suffocating Heat, and found the Water very hot; whereupon they directed their Course towards that Part of the Island which was farthest distant from the large Furnace. The Fires, which still continued to burn, and the boiling of the Sea, obliged them to take a great Compass, and yet they felt the Air about them very hot and sultry. Having coasted round the Island, and surveyed it carefully from an adjacent one, they judged it to be two hundred Feet above the Sea, about a Mile broad, and five Miles in Circumference: But not being thoroughly satisfied with this View of it, they resolved to attempt once more to land, and accordingly rowed towards that Part of the Island where no Fire or Smoke had been perceived: But when they had got within a hundred Yards of the Place, the great Furnace discharged itself with its usual Fury, and the Wind blew upon them a thick Smoke and a Shower of Ashes, which obliged them to quit their Design. Having retired a little, they let down a Plummet, and had ninety-five Fathom Water, without finding the Bottom, the Line not being long enough. Being returned to *Santerini*, they observed that the Heat of the Water had melted most of the Pitch from their Boat, which was therefore grown very leaky.

From this Time till the 15th of *August*, when *F. Goree* left *Santerini*, the Fire, Smoke, and Noise, continued pretty moderate; and by the Accounts he received from thence for several Years afterwards, it appears that the Island still increased, but that the Fire and subterraneous Noise were very much abated: And our Author supposes, as there is

no

no Likelihood that the Fire will make itself a Passage at the Bottom of the Sea, so as to let in the Water to extinguish it, that the Volcano will not have an End till the Mine of Sulphur that feeds it be entirely consumed.

*The PHILOSOPHER and the PHEASANTS.*

A F A B L E.

THE Sage, awak'd at early Day,
Through the deep Forest took his Way;
Drawn by the Musick of the Groves,
Along the winding Gloom he roves;
From Tree to Tree, the warbling Throats
Prolong the sweet alternate Notes.
But where he past he Terror threw,
The Song broke short, the Warblers flew,
The Thrushes chatter'd with Affright,
And Nightingales abhorr'd his Sight;
All Animals before him ran
To shun the hateful Sight of Man.

Whence is this Dread of ev'ry Creature?
Fly they our Figure or our Nature?

As thus he walk'd in musing Thought,
His Ear imperfect Accents caught;
With cautious Step he nearer drew,
By the thick Shade conceal'd from View:
High on the Branch a Pheasant stood,
Around her all her list'ning Brood,
Proud of the Blessings of her Nest,
She thus a Mother's Care express'd.

No Dangers here shall circumvent,
Within the Woods enjoy Content.
Sooner the Hawk or Vulture trust
Than Man; of Animals the worst;
In him Ingratitude you find,
A Vice peculiar to the Kind.

The

The Sheep, whose annual Fleece is dy'd,
 To guard his Health, and serve his Pride,
 Forc'd from his Fold and native Plain,
 Is in the cruel Shambles slain.
 The Swarms, who, with industrious Skill,
 His Hives with Wax and Honey fill,
 In vain whole Summer Days employ'd,
 Their Stores are fold, the Race destroy'd.
 What Tribute from the Goose is paid !
 Does not her Wing all Science aid ?
 Does it not Lovers Hearts explain,
 And drudge to raise the Merchant's Gain ?
 What now rewards this general Use ?
 He takes the Quills and eats the Goose.
 Man then avoid, detest his Ways,
 So Safety shall prolong your Days.
 When Services are thus acquitted,
 Be sure we Pheasants must be spitted.

On the Vanity of HUMAN GREATNESS.

WHY, *Lycidas*, shou'd Man be vain,
 If bounteous Heav'n hath made him great ?
 Why look with insolent Disdain,
 On those undeck'd with Wealth and State ?
 Can splendid Robes, or Beds of Down,
 Or costly Gems to deck the Hair ;
 Can all the Glories of a Crown
 Give Health or smooth the Brow of Care ?
 The scepter'd Prince, the burden'd Slave,
 The humble and the haughty die ;
 The poor, the rich, the base, the brave,
 In Dust without Distinction lie.
 Go search the Tombs where Monarchs rest,
 Who once the richest Glories wore,
 Fled is that Grandeur they possess'd,
 And all their Greatness is no more.
 So glides the Meteor thro' the Sky,
 And sweeps along a gilded Train,
 But when it's short-liv'd Beauties die,
 Dissolves to common Air again.

L I F E.

L I F E, recounting all it's Gains,
 Cannot equal half its Pains :
 Daily we our Cares renew,
 Daily flying Bliss pursue :
 Hopes, how flatt'ring ev'ry Day,
 We believe, and they betray.
 Distance ever cheats the Eye,
 There we fancy'd Pleasures spy ;
 Which, tormenting to the Mind,
 Grasp'd, an empty Cloud we find ;
 Or, more mortifying Thought,
 With fierce Storms and Thunders fraught.
 Love, that endless Bliss secures,
 Oft'ner heightens Grief than cures :
 Friendship, specious Name! deludes,
 But a Phantom oft' intrudes ;
 We imagin'd Joys repeat,
 'Till we mourn the fair Deceit.
 What can *Luxury* afford ?
 What the richly furnish'd Board ?
 'Mongst those Heaps that tempt the Eye,
 Gouts and Fevers ambush'd lie :
 In the *Glass* that sparkles so,
 Seeds of future Mischiefs flow.
Mirth rolls on a boist'rous Tide,
 But it's Torrents quick subside ;
 Soon the refluent Waves are gone,
 And a troubled Bottom shown.
 Love and Friendship, Mirth and Wine,
 Coz'ners of this Heart of mine ;
 Since 'tis only in your Power,
 Just to gild a gloomy Hour :
 In your Stead I'll substitute,
 Calm CONTENT, prolifick Root ;
 Whence more solid Peace shall spring,
 Than your Syren-Arts can bring.

A M I D N I G H T H Y M N.

I.

TO Thee, All-glorious, Ever-blessed Pow'r,
 I consecrate this solemn *Midnight* Hour.----
 While Darkness robes in Shades the spangl'd Sky,
 And all Things hush'd in peaceful Slumbers lie;
 Unweary'd, let ME praise thy Holy Name:
 Each Thought with rising Gratitude inflame
 For the rich Mercies, which **T H Y** Hands impart,
 Health to my Limbs, and Comfort to my Heart.

II.

Should the Scene change, and Pain extort my Sighs,
Then see my Fears, and listen to my Cries:
Then let my Soul by some blest Foretaste know
 Her *sure* Deliv'rance from eternal Woe.
 Arm'd with so bright a Hope, no more I'll fear
 To view the dreadful Hour of Death draw near:
 But my **F A I T H** strength'ning as my **L I F E** decays,
 My dying Breath shall mount to Heav'n in Praise.

III.

Oh! may my **P R A Y ' R S** before thy Throne arise,
 An humble, but accepted Sacrifice!
 Bid kindly Sleep my weary Eye lids close,
 And chear my Body with a soft Repose.
 Their downy Wings may Guardian Angels spread,
 And from all Dangers screen my helpless Head:
 May of thy powerful **L I G H T** some gracious Beams
 Shine on my Soul;----and influence my Dreams.

The

The Power of INNOCENCE.

A Northern Pair, we wave the Name,
 Rich, young, and not unknown to Fame ;
 When first the nuptial State they try'd,
 With Poets Gods in Pleasure vy'd,
 New to the mighty Charm, they feel
 A Joy that all their Looks reveal.
 We love whate'er has Power to please,
 So Nature's antient Law decrees :
 And thus the Pair, while each had Power,
 To bless the fond sequester'd Hour,
 With mutual Love enraptur'd glow,
 And Love in kind Complacence show :
 But when familiar Charms no more
 Inspire the Bliss they gave before,
 Each less delighting, less was lov'd,
 Now this, now that, was disapprov'd ;
 Some trifling Fault which Love conceal'd,
 Indifference every Day reveal'd ;
 Complacence flies, Neglect succeeds,
 Neglect, Disdain and Hatred breeds :
 The Wish to please forsakes the Breast,
 The Wish to rule has each possess'd :
 Perpetual War, that Wish to gain,
 They wage, alas ! but wage in vain.
 Now Hope of Conquest swells the Heart
 No more---at length content to part,
 The rural Seat, that Sylvan Shade,
 Where first the nuptial Vows were paid,
 That Seat attests the dire Intent,
 And hears the parting Settlement.
 This House, these Fields, my Lady's own,
 Sir *John* must ride to Town alone ;
 The Chariot waits, they bid adieu,
 But still the Chariot waits in View :
Tom tires with waiting long in Doubt,
 And lights a Pipe, and smokes it out.

Myſterious ! wherefore this Delay ?
 The Sequel ſhall the Cauſe diſplay.
 One lovely Girl the Lady bore,
 Dear Pledge of Joys ſhe taſtes no more ;
 The Father's, Mother's Darling, ſhe
 Now liſp'd and prattled at her Knee :
 Sir *John* now riſing to depart,
 Turn'd to the Darling of his Heart,
 And cry'd with Ardour in his Eye,
 Come *Betſy*, bid Mamma Good-bye.
 The Lady trembling, answer'd No ;
 Go kiſs Papa, my *Betſy*, go,
 Sir *John*, the Child ſhall live with me ;
 The Child herſelf ſhall chuſe, ſaid he.
 Poor *Betſy* look'd at each by Turns,
 And each the ſtarting Tear diſcerns :
 My Lady aſks with Doubt and Fear,
 Will you not live with me, my Dear ?
 Yes, (half reſolv'd) reply'd the Child,
 And half ſuppreſs'd the Tears, ſhe ſmil'd.
 Come, *Betſy*, cry'd Sir *John*, you'll go
 And live with dear Papa I know ;
 Yes, *Betſy* cry'd ; the Lady then
 Addreſs'd the wandering Child again.
 The Time to live with both is o'er,
 This Day we part to meet no more ;
 Chuſe then :---Here Grief o'erflow'd her Breſt,
 And Tears burſt out, too long ſuppreſs'd.
 The Child, who Tears and Chiding join'd,
 Suppos'd Papa diſpleas'd, unkind,
 And try'd with all her little Skill
 To ſooth his oft relenting Will.
 Do, cry'd the Liſper, Papa do,
 Love dear Mamma ! Mamma loves you.
 Subdu'd, the Force of manly Pride
 No more his Looks his Heart bely'd :
 The tender Transport forc'd its Way,
 They both confeſs'd each other's Sway ;

And

And prompted by the social Smart,
 Breast rush'd to Breast, and Heart to Heart :
 Each clasp'd their *Betsy* o'er and o'er,
 And *Tom* drove empty from the Door.
 Ye that have Passions for a Tear,
 Give Nature Vent, and drop it here.

The LAWYER *and* JUSTICE.

A F A B L E.

LOVE ! thou divinest Good below,
 Thy pure Delight few Mortals know !
 Our rebel Hearts thy Sway disown,
 While Tyrant Lust usurps thy Throne !

The bounteous God of Nature made
 The Sexes for each other's Aid,
 Their mutual Talents to employ,
 To lessen Ills, and heighten Joy.
 To weaker Woman he assign'd
 That soft'ning Gentleness of Mind,
 That can, by Sympathy, impart
 It's Likeness to the roughest Heart.
 Her Eyes with Magic Pow'r endu'd
 To fire the Dull, and awe the Rude.
 His rosy Fingers on her Face
 Shed lavish ev'ry blooming Grace,
 And stamp'd (Perfection to display)
 His mildest Image on her Clay.

Man, active, resolute, and bold,
 He fashioned in a different Mould,
 With useful Arts his Mind inform'd
 His Breast with nobler Passions warm'd ;
 He gave him Knowledge, Taste, and Sense,
 And Courage, for the Fair's Defence.
 Her Frame, resileless to each Wrong,
 Demands Protection from the Strong ;

To

To Man she flies, when Fear alarms,
And claims the Temple of his Arms.

By Nature's Author thus declar'd
The Woman's Sov'reign, and her Guard,
Shall Man by treach'rous Wiles invade,
The Weakness, he was meant to aid?
While Beauty, given to inspire
Protecting Love, and soft Desire,
Lights up a Wild-Fire in the Heart,
And to it's own Breast points the Dart,
Becomes the Spoiler's base Pretence
To triumph over Innocence?

The Wolf, that tears the tim'rous Sheep,
Was never set the Fold to keep;
Nor was the Tyger, or the Pard
Meant the beighted Trav'ler's Guard;
But Man, the wildest Beast of Prey,
Wears Friendship's Semblance, to betray;
His Strength against the Weak employs,
And where he should protect, destroys.

Past twelve o'Clock, the Watchman cry'd,
His Brief the studious Lawyer ply'd;
The all-prevailing Fee lay nigh,
The Earnest of To-morrow's Lie;
Sudden the furious Winds arise,
The jarring Casement shatter'd flies;
The Doors admit a hollow Sound,
And rattling from their Hinges bound;
When *Justice*, in a Blaze of Light,
Reveal'd her radiant Form to Sight.

The Wretch with thrilling Horror shook,
Loose ev'ry Joint, and pale his Look;
Not having seen her in the Courts,
Or found her mention'd in Reports,
He ask'd, with fault'ring Tongue, her Name,
Her Errand there, and whence she came?

Sternly the white-rob'd Shade reply'd,
(A crimson Glow her Visage dy'd)

Can't

Can'st thou be doubtful who I am ?
 Is *Justice* grown so strange a Name ?
 Were not your Courts for Justice rais'd ?
 'Twas there, of old, my Altars blaz'd.
 My Guardian thee did I elect,
 My sacred Temple to protect,
 That thou, and all thy venal Tribe
 Should spurn the Goddess for the Bribe ?
 Aloud the ruin'd Client cries,
 Justice has neither Ears, nor Eyes !
 In foul Alliance with the Bar,
 'Gainst me the Judge denounces War,
 And rarely issues his Decree,
 But with Intent to baffle me.

She paus'd. Her Breast with Fury burn'd.
 The trembling Lawyer thus return'd.

I own the Charge is justly laid,
 And weak th' Excuse that can be made ;
 Yet search the spacious Globe, and see
 If all Mankind are not like me.

The Gown-man, skill'd in *Romish* Lies,
 By Faith's false Glass deludes our Eyes ;
 O'er Conscience rides without Controul,
 And robs the Man, to save his Soul.

The Doctor, with important Face,
 By sly Design, mistakes the Case ;
 Prescribes, and spins out the Disease,
 To trick the Patient of his Fees.

The Soldier, rough with many a Scar,
 And red with Slaughter, leads the War ;
 If he a Nation's Trust betray,
 The Foe has offer'd double Pay.

When Vice o'er all Mankind prevails,
 And weighty Int'rest turns the Scales,
 Must I be better than the rest,
 And harbour Justice in my Breast ?
 On one Side only take the Fee,
 Content with Poverty and Thee ?

Thou

Thou blind to Sense, and vile of Mind,
 Th' exasperated Shade rejoin'd,
 If Virtue from the World is flown,
 Will other's Frauds excuse thy own?
 For sickly Souls the Priest was made;
 Physicians, for the Body's Aid;
 The Soldier guarded Liberty;
 Man Woman, and the Lawyer me.
 If all are faithless to their Trust,
 They leave not thee the less unjust.



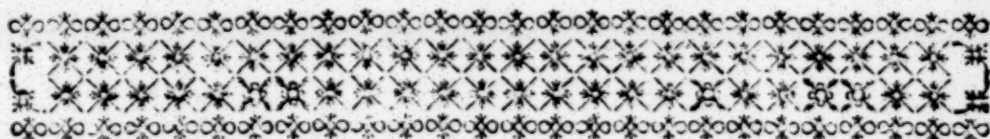
The Efficacy of the following having been experienced in several Cases, we think it too useful not to give it a Place in our Work.

To procure an easy Delivery to Women with Child.

TAKE Laurel Leaves dried, not too old but gathered within the Year: Pulverize them well, taking Care that no Dirt, or heterogeneous Matter, be mixed with them. Take one or two Spoonfulls of this Powder, and mix it with as much Olive Oil as is necessary to make it into a liquid Paste of such a Consistence as not to run abroad. Spread this Composition upon a Linen-cloth, and apply it to the Navel of the Woman in Labour. As soon as this is done, in whatever unnatural or irregular Position the Child may be, it will immediately turn and present itself readily, and in the best and most happy Manner. If Olive Oil cannot be had, *Hungary Water* may be made Use of to moisten the Powder, but Oil is preferable.

The Virtues of this simple topical Remedy have been often experienced. One Woman in particular, who had been four Days and a half in Labour, was by Means thereof delivered within an Hour, and two others one of whom had been

been two, and the other eight Days in Labour, were both, upon Application thereof, immediately and happily delivered. Hard Labours are attended with such cruel Pains, and of such long Continuance, that such a simple and effectual Remedy ought to be esteemed as a most valuable Present to the Publick. It would be adviseable to make Use of this Application in all Cases as soon as the Woman falls in Labour. The Berries of the Laurel have the same Virtues as the Leaves, and may be used instead of them. In Countries where the Laurel is common, Experience hath taught the Shepherds the Virtues of it, for when the Sheep are on the Point of bringing forth, they cause them to swallow seven or eight Laurel or Bay-berries, stripp'd of the Skin.



To make an excellent Compost, or Manure, to dress one Acre of Ground.

TA K E twelve Pounds of Common Salt, one Pound of Salt-Petre in Powder, and mix it with twenty Bushels of Wood or Coal-Ashes, finely sifted, and sow it over one Acre of Ground, after or before the Seed of Wheat, Barley, Oats, or other Grain, is sown in the Broad-cast Way.

Meadow and Pasture Grounds should be sowed with this Manure, sixteen Bushels to an Acre, before *Christmas*, that it may receive the Moisture of the Winter Showers; and when the Spring comes on, you'll then see the Benefit of the early sowing of the Manure; which will not only feed the Roots of Grass, but doth encrease and bring forth a new Sort of feeding Grass of the Trefoil Kind, &c. if the Land had none before, though any Grass Ground may be sowed

with the Manure at all Seasons, when the Grass is short, and the first Rain that falls prepares it for the Act of Vegetation; but the Winter Season is the properest Time, which all will find that use it.

Ground sowed with this Manure produces such a Grass, as all Cattle delight in; as hath been experienced by those that have sowed a Part of a Ground, and left the other without sowing any Part of it; for the Cattle have fed on the Part manured, and kept it bare, when the other Part has grown, and been ready to mow, and neglected it; and it will make Cattle thrive faster than any other Ground adjoining, and not manured.

Sheep feed extraordinary on the Lands sowed with this Manure; and what is more, they will never rot, where it is continually sown; and it will cure the same, if not too far gone before they are put in: Especially if the Ground is not too wet, and they have the Advantage of lying dry.

Likewise those Parks that have been sown with this Manure have produced better and fatter Venison, be it of Buck or Doe, than was fed there before, and much sooner. The mowed Lands have also had much greater Crops for Hay, and the Hay so much better, as every one by feeding their Horses, or other Cattle, with the Hay, will presently experience, by the great Improvement of them that are fed with it.

Also Bowling Greens watered with the Lixivium of the Manure, soaked or sowed on it when the Worms, &c. come up, will destroy them, and rid them of all those troublesome Reptiles; for none will live where 'tis either watered with or sowed on the Ground, as hath been experienced by those who have tried the same; and will keep it in the best Order for the Use of the Gentlemen of Pleasure. Grass Seeds sown at the Time with the Manure, either before or after, will produce an incredible Crop the next Season.



*A Description of the wonderful Grotto of Antiparos, an
Island in the Archipelago.*

MR. *Tournefort*, who viewed it in the Year 1700, represents it as one of the greatest Wonders in Nature. The Descent into this Grotto is very difficult and dangerous, being for the most Part down Rocks and frightful Precipices, by Means of Ropes and Ladders, and the Assistance of Guides who attend with Torches. From the first Entrance into the Cavern to the Bottom of the Grotto is reckoned a hundred and fifty Fathoms, and the Grotto itself is about forty Fathoms high, and fifty broad. The Roof, which is in Form of an Arch, is embellish'd with Variety of natural Fret-work, from whence hang Resemblances of Bunches of Grapes, Festoons, and Lances of a surprizing Length. All round the Grotto are form'd several little Closets or Cabinets, among which there is one particularly distinguishable, the Productions that form it (says M. *Tournefort*) so exactly resembling the Roots, Stems, and Heads of Collyflowers, that one would think Nature intended thereby to shew us how she operates in the Vegetation of Stones. These Figures are all of white Marble, transparent in small Pieces, and, when struck, sound like Copper.---Here are likewise three or four Columns of the same Stone, planted like Trunks of Trees on the Top of a little Rock, one of which is six Feet eight Inches high, and one Foot in Diameter, and on the same Rock are several other budding Pillars, resembling the Stumps of Horns. These Stems of Marble (adds our Author) must certainly vegetate, for not a Drop of Water falls into the Place; and if it did, we cannot conceive how a few Drops, falling from such a Height as the Top of this Grotto, should form cylindrical Pieces, and always of the same Regularity.

At the farther End of the Grotto appears a Pyramid still more surprizing than what we have mentioned, which has been called the Altar ever since the Year 1673; when the Marquis de *Neintel*, the French Ambassador to the Grand

Signior, caused Mafs to be celebrated in this Cavern. It stands by itfelf, is about eight Yards high, and confifts of many large Bunches refembling Collyflowers, and all of a dazzling Whitenefs, like the reft of the Grotto. This Pyramid M. *Tournefort* thinks is the fineft Marble Plant in the World; for it is impoffible (he again infifts) that it fhould be form'd by the Droppings of Water, to which the Congelations in Grotto's are ufually attributed; and therefore it is more probable that thefe Productions, as well as thofe which hang down from the Roof like Icicles, are owing to a Principle of Vegetation.

In order to go round this Pyramid, one muft pafs under a great Mafs of Congelations, the back Part of which is hollow like the Roof of an Oven. The Entrance into it is low; but the Sides, which are whiter than Alabafter, are fo figured as to appear like Tapeltry of great Beauty. From the Top of the Roof, juft over the Pyramid, hang Feftoons of an extraordinary Length, which form, as it were, the Attic of the Altar. At the Foot of the Altar are two Half-Columns, the Tops whereof M. *de Neintel* caufed to be broken off, that they might ferve as a Table in the Celebration of the Mafs; the Memory of which Tranfaction is perpetuated by an Infcription carved on the Bafis of the Pyramid.

A good Stone Glue or Cement for Grotto-Work.

TAKE two Parts of white Rofin, melt it clear, add to it four Parts of Bees Wax; when melted together, add Store flower, of the Stone you defign to cement, two or three Parts, or fo much as will give the Cement the Colour of the Stone; to this add one Part of Flower of Sulphur, firft incorporate all together over a gentle Fire, and afterwards knead it with your Hands in warm Water. With this cement the Stones, after they are well dry'd and have been warm'd before the Fire, in order to receive the Cement the better.

On

On the Love of GOD to MANKIND.

CELESTIAL Love, my ever-charming Theme,
Ten Thousand Blessings rest upon thy Name!
From the Divinity thou hast thy Source,
And God himself attests thy wond'rous Force.

Some Angel, speak in your immortal Strain,
How Love does o'er th' immense Creator reign;
But, oh! that glorious Truth what Mortal can explain? }
You saw him quit the Pleasures of the Sky,
And veil the Glories of the Deity;
You saw him born, and wond'ring heard him weep,
Wond'ring you saw the World's Protector sleep;
You saw him wander here despis'd, unknown,
Without a Place to rest his Head, his own;
You knew his Grief and inward Agony;
You saw the Heav'nly Lover bleed and die.

Victorious Love, how infinite thy Pow'r,
How great thy Triumph, on that solemn Hour!
The Sun, the Moon, and sparkling Stars on high,
Stood Witness to the vanquish'd Deity.

Strike up your golden Harps, ye Sons of Light,
Some mighty Genius the vast Song indite;
And, oh! ye Sons of Men, unite your Voice,
Let all the ransom'd Tribes on Earth rejoice;
Ye ransom'd Tribes, peculiarly from you
Unbounded Thanks, and endless Praise are due.
Triumph and shout, begin th' eternal Strains,
To him that dy'd, but now for ever reigns;
To him that lov'd, and wash'd us in his Blood,
And made us Kings, and chosen Priests to God:
For worthy is the Lamb, that once was slain,
Of Praise and Blessing in the highest Strain.

An E L E G Y.

Written in a Country Church Yard.

THE Curfew tolls the Knell of parting Day,
 The lowing Herd winds slowly o'er the Lea,
 The Plowman homeward plods his weary Way,
 And leaves the World to Darkneſs, and to me.

Now fades the glimmering Landscape on the Sight,
 And all the Air a ſolemn Stillneſs holds;
 Save where the Beetle wheels his droning Flight,
 Or drowſy Tinklings lull the diſtant Folds.

Save that from yonder Ivy-mantled Tow'r
 The moeping Owl does to the Moon complain
 Of ſuch as, wand'ring near her ſacred Bow'r,
 Moleſt her ancient ſolitary Reign.

Beneath thoſe rugged Elms, that Yew-Tree's Shade,
 Where heaves the Turf in many a mould'ring Heap,
 Each in his narrow Cell for ever laid,
 The rude Forefathers of the Hamlet ſleep.

The breezy Call of Incenſe-breathing Morn,
 The Swallow twitt'ring from the Straw-built Shed,
 The Cock's ſhrill Clarion, or the echoing Horn,
 No more ſhall rouse them from their lowly Bed.

For them no more the blazing Hearth ſhall burn,
 Or buſy Houſewife ply her Evening Care:
 No Children run to liſp their Sire's Return,
 Or climb his Knees the envied Kiſs to ſhare.

Oft did the Harveſt to their Sickle yield,
 Their Furrow oft the ſtubborn Glebe has broke;
 How jocund did they drive their Team afield!
 How bow'd the Woods beneath their ſturdy Stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their uſeful Toil,
 Their homely Joys, and Deſtiny obſcure;
 Nor Grandeur hear with a diſdainful Smile,
 The ſhort and ſimple Annals of the Poor.

The

The Boast of Heraldry, the Pomp of Pow'r,
And all that Beauty, all that Wealth e'er gave,
Awaits alike th' inevitable Hour,
The Paths of Glory lead but to the Grave.

Forgive, ye Proud, th' involuntary Fault,
If Memory to these no Trophies raise,
Where thro' the long-drawn Isle, and fretted Vault
The pealing Anthem swells the Note of Praise.

Can storied Urn or animated Bust
Back to its Mansion call the fleeting Breath?
Can Honour's Voice provoke the silent Dust,
Or Flatt'ry sooth the dull cold Ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected Spot is laid
Some Heart once pregnant with celestial Fire,
Hands that the Reins of Empire might have sway'd,
Or wak'd to Extasy the living Lyre.

But Knowledge to their Eyes her ample Page
Rich with the Spoils of Time did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repress'd their noble Rage,
And froze the genial Current of the Soul.

Full many a Gem of purest Ray serene,
The dark unfathom'd Caves of Ocean bear:
Full many a Flow'r is born to blush unseen,
And waste its Sweetness on the desert Air.

Some Village-*Hampden* that with dauntless Breast,
The little Tyrant of his Fields withstood;
Some mute inglorious *Milton* here may rest,
Some *Cromwell* guiltless of his Country's Blood.

Th' Applause of list'ning Senates to command,
The Threats of Pain and Ruin to despise,
To scatter Plenty o'er a smiling Land,
And read their Hist'ry in a Nation's Eyes

Their Lot forbad: Nor circumscrib'd alone
Their growing Virtues, but their Crimes confin'd;
Forbad to wade through Slaughter to a Throne,
And shut the Gates of Mercy on Mankind,

The struggling Pangs of conscious Truth to hide,
To quench the Blushes of ingenuous Shame,
Or heap the Shrine of Luxury and Pride
With Incense, kindled at the Muse's Flame.

Far from the madding Crowd's ignoble Strife,
Their sober Wishes never learn'd to stray ;
Along the cool sequester'd Vale of Life
They kept the noiseless Tenor of their Way.

Yet ev'n these Bones from Insult to protect
Some frail Memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth Rhimes and shapeless Sculpture deck'd,
Implores the passing Tribute of a Sigh.

Their Name, their Years, spelt by th' unletter'd Muse,
The Place of Fame and Elegy supply :
And many a holy Text around she strews,
That teach the rustic Moralist to dye.

For who to dumb Forgetfulness a Prey,
This pleasing anxious Being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm Precincts of the chearful Day,
Nor cast one longing ling'ring Look behind ?

On some fond Breast the parting Soul relies,
Some pious Drops the closing Eye requires ;
Ev'n from the Tomb the Voice of Nature cries,
Awake and faithful to her wonted Fires.



The F A R M E R,

A T A L E.

A Farmer once to *London* went,
 To pay the worthy 'Squire his Rent :
 He comes,--he knocks,--soon Entrance gains,
 Who at the Door such Guest detains ?
 Forth struts the 'Squire, exceeding smart ;
 Farmer, you're welcome to my Heart :
 " You've brought my Rent, you're to a Hair,
 " The best of Tenants I declare."
 The Stew'rd was call'd, th' Accompt made even,
 The Money paid, Receipt was given :
 " Well, quoth the 'Squire, now you shall stay,
 " And dine with me, good Friend, To-day ;
 " I've here some Ladies, wond'rous pretty,
 " And pleasant Sparks, I'll warr'nt will fit thee.
 He scratch'd his Ears, and held his Hat,
 And said, " No Zur, two Words to that :
 " For look, d'ye zee, when Ize do dine
 " With Gentlefolks zo cruel fine,
 " I do use to make (and 'tis no Wonder)
 " In Deed, or Word, zome plag'y Blunder ;
 " Zo, if your Honour will permit,
 " I'll with your Servants pick a Bit.---
 " Pho, (says the 'Squire) it shan't be done,
 And to the Parlour push'd him on.
 To all around he nods and scrapes,
 Not Waiting-maid or Butler 'scapes.
 With often bidding takes his Seat,
 But at a Distance mighty great.
 Tho' often ask'd to draw his Chair,
 He nods, nor comes an Inch more near.
 By Madam serv'd with Body bended,
 With Knife and Fork, and Arms extended,
 He reach'd as far as e'er was able,
 To Plate that over-hung the Table,

With little Morsels cheats his Chops,
 And in the Passage some he drops ;
 To shew where most his Heart inclin'd.
 He talk'd and drank to *John* behind.
 When drank to in the modish Way,
 " Your Love's sufficient, Zur, he'd say,
 And to be thought a Man of Manners,
 Still rose to make his aukward Honours,
 " Pish, (says the 'Squire) pray keep your Sitting,
 " No, no, (he cries) Zur, 'tis not fitting,
 " Tho' I'm no Scholard vars'd in Letters,
 " I knows my Duty to my Betters.
 Much Mirth the Farmer's Ways afford,
 And hearty Laughs go round the Board.
 Thus the first Course was ended :---Well !
 But at the next---Ah ! what befell.
 The Dishes now were timely plac'd,
 And Table with fresh Lux'ry grac'd.
 When drank to by a neighb'ring Charmer,
 Up, as was usual, stands the Farmer.
 A Wag, to carry on the Joke,
 Thus to his Servant softly spoke :
 " Come hither, *Dick* ; step gently there,
 " And pull away the Farmer's Chair.
 'Tis done, his Congee made, the Clown
 Draws back, and stoops to sit him down ;
 But by Posteriors over-weigh'd,
 And of his trusty Seat betray'd,
 As Men at Twiggs in River sprawling,
 He catch'd the Cloth to save his falling,
 In vain---sad Fortune, down he wallow'd,
 And rattling all the Dishes follow'd.
 The Foplings lost their little Wits,
 The Ladies squall'd, some fell in Fits.
 Here tumbled Turkies, Tarts, and Widgeons,
 And there minc'd Pies, and Geese, and Pidgeons.
 A Pear Pye on his Belly drops,
 A Custard Pudding met his Chops.

'Las !

'Las! what ado 'twixt Belles and Beaus!
 Some curse, some cry, and rub their Cloaths.
 This Lady raves, and that looks down,
 And weeps and wails her spatter'd Gown.
 One Spark bemoans bespatter'd Waistcoat,
 One, rot him, cries, he has spoil'd my lac'd Coat.
 Amidst the Rout the Farmer long
 The Pudding suck'd, and held his Tongue.
 At length he gets himon his Breech,
 And scrabbles up to make his Speech,
 First scrapes Eyes, Mouth, and Nostril twangs,
 Then smacks his Fingers, and harangues.
 " Plague tak't---Ize told ye how't wou'd be,
 " Luck here's a Pickle, Zurs, d'ye see;
 " And some I'll warrant that makes this Clatter,
 " Have Cloathers daub'd with Grease and Batter,
 " That cost.---He had gone on--but here
 Was stopt at once in his Career.
 " Peace, Brute! be gone the Ladies cry;
 The Beaus exclaim, " Fly Rascal, fly.---
 " I'll tear his Eyes out, squeaks Miss Dolly,
 " I'll pink his Soul out, roars a Bully.---
 At this the Farmer shrinks for Fear,
 And thinking 'twas ill tarrying here,
 Shabs off, and cries, " Ay! kill me then,
 " Whene'er ye catch me here again.
 So Home he jogs, and leaves the 'Squire,
 To cool the Sparks and Ladies Ire.

Well! here ends my Tale, and now I'll try
 Like PRIOR, something to apply.

" This may teach Rulers of a Nation
 " Ne'er to place Men above their Station:
 " And this may shew the Wanton Wit,
 " That whilst he bites, he may be bit."

On T R U T H.

“ **M**ORTALS, in vain ye hope to find,
 “ If Guilt, if Fraud have stain’d your Mind,
 “ Or Saint to hear, or Angel to defend.”
 So Truth proclaims. I hear the sacred Sound
 Burst from the Centre of the burning Throne.
 Where aye she sits with Star-wreath’d Lustre crown’d,
 A bright Sun clasps her adamant Zone.
 So *Truth* proclaims ; her awful Voice I hear,
 With many a solemn Pause it slowly meets my Ear.
 “ Attend, ye Sons of Men ; attend, and say,”
 Does not enough of my refulgent Ray
 Break thro’ the Veil of your Mortality !
 Say, does not Reason in this Form descry
 Unnumber’d, nameless Glories, that surpass
 The Angel’s floating Pomp, the Seraph’s glowing Grace ?
 Know, Mortals, know ; e’re first ye sprung,
 E’re first these Orbs in *Æther* hung,
 I shone amid the heav’nly Throng.
 These Eyes beheld Creation’s Day,
 This Voice began the choral Lay,
 And taught Archangels their triumphant Song.
 Pleas’d I survey’d bright Nature’s gradual Birth,
 Saw Infant Light with kindling Lustre spread,
 Soft vernal Fragrance cloath the flow’ring Earth,
 And Ocean heave on his extended Bed ;
 Saw the tall Oak aspiring pierce the Sky,
 The tawny Lyon stalk, and rapid Eagle fly.
 Last, Man arose, erect in youthful Grace,
 Heav’n’s hallow’d Image stamp’d upon his Face,
 And, as he rose, the high Behest was giv’n,
 “ That I alone of all the Host of Heav’n,
 “ Should reign Protectors of the godlike Youth.”
 Thus the ALMIGHTY spake : He spake and call’d
 me T R U T H.

On the Return of the NEW YEAR.

GOD's vast Existence ne'er decays,
His Age does never grow ;
Past, present, future, in his Sight,
Are one eternal *Now*.

Man measures out his fleeting State,
By Motions in the Skies,
And like his own frail Vesture wears,
With ev'ry Hour that flies.

Successive Moments make our Day,
Successive Days our Year ;
The Moments past shall ne'er return,
Tho' Seasons like appear.

Still a new Spring shall bless the Earth,
And a new Harvest rise ;
But the last Year shall ne'er again
Revisit Mortal Eyes.

Old *Time* with his keen-pointed Scythe,
Consumes the Life of Man,
Our Periods less'ning from the Hour,
Our Beings first began.

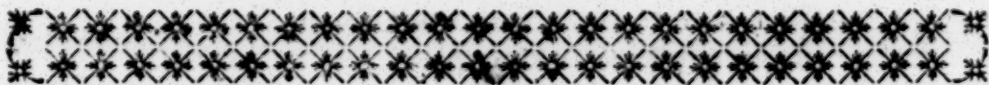
Each Year fulfils some new Event,
Heaven long decreed before,
Removes unnumber'd Lives away,
And gives unnumber'd more.

Soon shall th' appointed Angel stand
O'er Earth and Air and Sea,
And swear by him that ever lives,
Time shall no longer be.

Then shall the League of Nature cease,
The Sun forsake his Way,
And Years and Ages lose their Names,
In one eternal Day.

Rules for DAILY PRACTICE,

S O O N as the Morn salutes your Eyes,
 And from sweet Sleep refresh'd you rise,
 Think on the Author of the Light,
 And praise him for that glorious Sight ;
 His Mercy infinite implore,
 His Goodness infinite adore.
 At Noon, of what you then partake,
 An Offring of Thanksgiving make ;
 Nor of the Creatures for your Use,
 Be too luxuriously profuse ;
 For Temp'rance, when with Prudence join'd,
 Brings Health of Body, Peace of Mind.
 Take not at Night the least Repose,
 E'er you to Heav'n your Soul disclose ;
 Nor let soft Slumber close your Eyes
 Before you've recollected thrice
 The Train of Actions thro' the Day :
 Where have my Feet chose out their Way ?
 What have I learnt, where e'er I've been,
 From all I've heard, from all I've seen ?
 What know I more that's worth the knowing ?
 What have I done that's worth the doing ?
 What have I fought that I should shun ?
 What Duty have I left undone ?
 Or into what new Follies run ?
 These Self-enquiries are the Road,
 That leads to *Virtue* and to GOD.



*To make a BALL for the FARCY in Horses ; which has
 been experienced to be a certain Cure.*

T A K E red Precipitate two Drams : You may use
 the white ; but then you must give three Drams.
 One Ounce of Venice Treacle : Of Diapante a sufficient
 Quantity

Quantity to make it into a Ball. Keep him warm, and give him warm Water: Give him a Ball every other Morning, for three Mornings.

A D R I N K after the B A L L.

Take Rue two Handfuls, Roots of Madder, sharp-pointed Dock, of each four Ounces; Chips of Guineum Wood, Sassafras, each two Ounces: Boil them in two Quarts of stale Beer, to three Pints; then strain it, and give it lukewarm.

Repeat the Ball and Drink every third or fourth Day for three Doses.

*A Way of recovering pricked, stale, and damaged Butt,
and other Malt-Drinks.*

TA K E three Pounds of Hops that have been boiled in a first Wort only half an Hour; and, as soon as they are cold, put them into a Hogshead of pricked or stale damaged Beer or Ale. Then take two Pounds of pure, soft, fat Chalk; break it small, and put it likewise into the Cask; and, if the Drink is not too far gone, it will fetch it again into a smooth, mellow, fine Condition.

Of the O A K.

TH E Oak being the chiefest Tree in the Forest, for the Support of the Shipping, may from thence be counted the Bulwark of the Nation; therefore we ought, as much as we can, to encourage the Increase of the same, and to preserve it in every Country, but especially in those near the Sea, or Rivers, for the more easy Carriage of it: And though we have had many Acres destroyed by the Plough for Tillage, yet then the Owners or Farmers should be obliged to plant or raise of each Sort of Timber Trees in the Hedge Rows of large Grounds; which would shew they were not for totally destroying all Timber Trees that were
planted

planted Ages before their Time ; and by which the future Age might see, that their Predecessors had some Thoughts of the Security of those that were to come after.

First, as to the Soil : A good loamy Earth I take to be the very best Sort of all others, for the most profitable Growth of this Tree ; because a Sand, a Chalk or a Gravel, are rather too hot, too loose, and too poor a Sort for it ; for it is well known that these Earths, in most Situations, are of so loose and warm a Nature, that they'll bear a Shower of Rain almost every Day ; and though Rains fall thus on them, yet there is seldom any Water stands on their Surfaces, by Reason their globular Parts admit of the Water's free Percolation ; and thus the Roots of the Oak in very dry Seasons, are apt to pine for Want of a due Quantity of their watry Nourishment ; therefore, in my humble Opinion, this Evil is much prevented where the Acorns are planted in a Loam, and mostly in that of the stiffer Sort. A Proof of this is fully shewn by the Oak's thriving, and growing into a Bulk of the greatest Magnitude : For tho' in a Chalk, a Sand, or a gravelly Loam, this Tree may grow with good Husbandry quicker than in a stiffer Sort, yet it never arrives there to a very large Trunk or Body. Besides which, its Veins or Grain will always be of looser Parts like the *Norway* Oak, than that of *English* Oak, that grows in a stiff Loam. It is true, a Tree is here longer growing before it comes to Perfection, than when it is planted on the chalky, sandy, or gravelly Earth ; but then it is compensated by its greater Bulk, and closer Grain, as I have observed. Yet whether an Oak is to grow on a Sand, a Chalk, a Gravel, or a Loam, some proper Manure, if judiciously applied, may be made, in my Opinion, to make it grow into a full Maturity in half the Time that it generally takes up to grow wild without such Assistance.

Plantations of Oak may be (and I dare say many are) greatly damaged by ill gathering, and the ill keeping of Acorns, till the Time of their Sowing in the Spring Season : For some have been so ignorantly silly to bash and beat down Acorns from off their Trees for Seed, which is certainly a very wrong Method ; because the bruised Seed

(it

(if it grows at all) will never make a large Tree. Others will not beat them, but shake them down, which is indeed by far the lesser Evil, but even this I take to be wrong Management; because by this, the Acorns will receive some Contusion, and a little Bruise may cause them to rot in part, or in the whole; if in part, the Tree will suffer in Proportion. Wherefore when Acorns begin to drop through their Ripeness, I think the securest Way of all others, would be to raise a Ladder against the Tree, and gather only the largest of them as carefully as we would the best of Apples or Pears for keeping the whole Winter. This done, let them lie thin on Boards in a warm Room, whether it be a Chamber or a Granary, so that the Frosts may not have Power to hurt them. When the Land is, by several Plowings, or Diggings, brought into a fine loose Tilth, that has been well dunged or manured, so that it is in the best of Heart, (for such it ought to be) then the Acorns may be sown Broadcast out of a Man's Hand in the random Way, and plowed in as shallow as well can be done, that their tender Spires may meet with not much Difficulty to ascend the sooner into the Air and grow the faster: Or the Acorns may be set by a Dibber, as broad *Windsor* Beans commonly are; or sowed out of a Man's Hand by his following the Plow, that covers them with the Earth of the next Furrow. Thus the Acorns will lie in a strait Line, as if they were drilled in at about a Foot Distance from the Drills; but I would advise to sow Acorns in this Manner in only every third Furrow; not but that I would have all the Ground entirely plowed, though two of the Furrows has nothing sown in them. The Reason is, that by this Management there will be Room left for the two-wheel Hoe to be drawn through the interval Ground between the sow'd Furrows, two or three Times in a Summer; by which this vacant Ground will be kept in a continual fine Tilth, that will give the Roots of the young Oaks an easy free Access into it, for striking and shooting their tender Capillary Fibres to a very great Advantage. This is an intire new Method, that I here offer to the World of Hoeing the interval Earth between the Rows of young Oaks; and I do assure my Rea-

der, it is the cheapest and very best Way of all others. No Plough can be drawn between the Rows of Oaks to loosen the Ground, and kill the Weeds, and nourish their Roots, like this two-wheel Hoe.

As to the Conservation of the Plantation of young Oaks, there has been much wrote of it already, and therefore I shall wave enlarging on this Article here, since the great Importance of their Safety one would think, is enough to induce Persons to take Care of them, till their Growth puts them out of the Power of Cattle to hurt them. And this I am sure would be very expeditiously brought to pass, if efficacious Manure was sown along the interval vacant Ground between the Rows of young Oaks, and worked in by the superlative excellent Machine, the new two-wheel Hoe. With this Tree many Groves may be made to great Pleasure and Profit, by plowing any Parcel of Ground into a fine Tilth, by dressing it into good Heart, and by planting Oaken Setts, or young Trees, at twelve or fourteen Foot Distance in Rows for many Acres, and give their Owners the great Benefit of enjoying beautiful, cooling, shady Walks in the violent Heats of Summer.

A Method of obtaining natural Flowers in Winter, fresh blown any Day you please.

THE most surprizing and unexpected Effects are sometimes produced by the most easy and simple Means. Such is the Method we are about to disclose.

Choose some of the most perfect Buds of the Flower you would preserve, such as are latest in Blowing, and ready to open; cut them off with a Pair of Scissars, leaving to each if possible a Piece of the Stem three Inches long: Cover the End of the Stem immediately with *Spanish Wax*, and when the Buds are a little shrunk and wrinkled, wrap each of them up separately in a Piece of Paper perfectly clean and dry, and lock them up in a dry Box or Drawer, and they will keep without corrupting.

In Winter, or any other Time, when you would have the Flowers blow, take the Buds over Night, and cut off the
End

End of the Stem sealed with *Spanish Wax*, and put the Buds into *Water*, wherein a little *Nitre*, or *Salt* has been infused, and the next Day you will have the Pleasure of seeing the Buds open and expand themselves, and the Flowers display their most lively Colours and breathe their agreeable Odours.



The Method of making marbled Paper.

THE Manner of making marbled Paper is so curious, that an Account of it can hardly fail of being agreeable.----A Trough is provided, either made of Lead or Wood well join'd and pitch'd, of the Shape and Dimensions of the Paper to be marbled, and about four Fingers deep, which is to contain the Liquor used in the Operation. This Liquor is made by macerating a Quantity of Gum *Tragacanth* four or five Days in fair Water, which is to be stirr'd from Time to Time, and fresh Water daily added, till it be of a Consistence somewhat thinner than Oil, and then it is strain'd into the Trough for Use. The Colours to be applied on the Surface of this Liquor, (which are usually Blue, Red, Green, and Yellow) being prepared of proper Ingredients, there is added to them a little Ox or Fish Gall; and if the Colours, when sprinkled on the Liquor, do not dilate themselves sufficiently, more Gall must be added; but if they spread too much, the Fault must be corrected by adding more of the Colour. The Colours being ranged in Gallipots on the Table where the Trough is placed, they begin by dipping a Brush of Hog's-Hair into any Colour, commonly the Blue first, and sprinkling it on the Surface of the Liquor; then the Red is applied in the like Manner, but with another Brush; afterwards the Yellow, and lastly the Green. When all the Colours are thus floating on the Liquor, they use a pointed Stick, which being drawn with Address from one Side of the Trough to the other, stirs up

the Liquor and fluctuating Colours ; after which they draw a Comb over the Surface of the Liquor, permitting only the Teeth to enter ; and this being performed with a gentle and uniform Motion, makes those Clouds and Undulations on which the Beauty of the Paper much depends. The Colours lying in this Posture, the Operator applies on them a Sheet of white Paper previously moisten'd, which requires a Dexterity that can only be obtain'd by Practice, the Surface of the Liquor and Paper being to meet equally in all Parts ; which do ^{not}, before the Colours have Time to soak through, he lifts it up nimbly, and spreads it on a Board, where having lain awhile it is hung upon a Line to dry, and is then polish'd with a Marble Stone, or Knob of Ivory.----It must be observed, that the sprinkling of the Colours is to be renewed, and the Operations to be perform'd with the Stick and Comb, at every Application of a fresh Sheet of Paper, because each Sheet takes off all the Colours from the Liquor.



The YOUNG MORALIST.

WHERE thro' the Meads fair *Isis* cuts her Way,
 Young *Damon*, sunk in Thought, extended lay :
 In vain the pleasurable Waters roll,
 Potent to raise each Transport in the Soul !
 Thoughts in his Breast, and black Reflexions throng,
 While the pure Streams neglected pass along.

I.

Sighing he cry'd, can this be Life ?
 This troublesome, precarious State,
 Dependent on the Will of Fate,
 Pregnant with Injuries and Strife,
 What still we love, what still we hate,
 Can this, my Soul ! can this be Life ?

Go

II.

Go to the sweetly-flowing Bowl,
There riot for a while, my Soul!
Then sink, and own thyself mistaken quite :
When sad Reflexion shall destroy
Each gay Idea in the midst of Joy,
And shade the lively Scene with melancholy Night.

III.

Go to the Fair ! perhaps she may
Charm half a Night, or half a Day.
Enjoy the Charmer that thy Heart enslaves,
Then ask thy Appetite if still it craves.
Ah no ! how transient is the keen Delight !
Yet if fresh Vigour prompt thee to the Fight,
Does not th' officious Judge within
Rebuke thee, and imbitter all the Sin ?
Alas ! thou know'st not what it is to live,
There's somewhat wanting still beyond her Pow'r to give.

IV.

There is, but ah ! what is it, canst thou guess ?
'Tis not the Glaring of th' embroider'd Dress .
'Tis not the Star, which only can
Add Lustre to the Coat, and not the Man :
'Tis not Possession, or Extent of Pow'r,
Can purchase one substantial Hour,
Sure one may deck his outward Part,
And yet most pitifully sigh at Heart.

V.

Come, Virtue ! I conjure thee, come away,
Peace of my Night ! and Sun-shine of my Day !
Through thee Contentment gilds our cloudy Scenes,
Pleas'd with her little but sufficient Means.
Health, Pleasure, Wealth, Content attend thy Call,
Thou teachest them to please, for thou art all in all.

A Prayer

A PRAYER of CLEANTHES, an Heathen Philosopher.

GREAT Father of the Skies, whose boundless Sway
 Both Gods above, and Worlds below, obey :
 Thy Laws sustain the universal Frame,
 Various thy Titles, but thy Pow'r the same.
 Hail Sovereign LORD ! all Nations shall address
 Their Songs to thee, who gave them Tongues to bless.
 Behold thy Image grov'ling on the Earth,
 Faint Echoes of thy Voice, which gave us Birth :
 Then back will I reflect thy Praises still,
 And sing the Wonders of Almighty Skill.

The wide Expanse of yon ætherial Plain,
 And all below, is subject to thy Reign.
 The forked Light'nings, which, with double Glare,
 Sublimely wave, and linger in the Air,
 From thy dread Arm with pointed Fury fly,
 And, ting'd with ruddy Vengeance, sweep the Sky.
 Thy Ray divine o'er all the Frame presides,
 Glows in the Sun, and in the Ocean glides.
 From thee each Atom of Creation springs ;
 Hail ! great Support of all inferior Things !
 The Orbs above, and floating Seas below,
 Move by thy Laws, and by thy Influence flow ;
 All, rang'd in Order, know their destin'd Place,
 All but the mad degen'rate Human Race :
 But thou can'st Order from Confusion bring,
 Bid Peace from Discord, Good from Evil spring ;
 And when all Nature frowns, and Nations jar,
 Set Calms in Storms, and Harmony in War.
 The Mighty GOD so form'd the earthly Ball,
 That universal Good results from all ;
 While common Sense still shines with certain Ray,
 And thro' the seeming Maze points out the Way ;
 Yet thoughtless Men, to this blest Convoy blind,
 Court the wild Dictates of a restless Mind ;
 Perversely fly the universal Light,
 And the sweet Voice of heav'nly Reason flight.

Unhappy

Unhappy Men ! who toil and hunt for Bliss,
But the plain Road of sacred Wisdom miss ;
Led by this constant, this unerring Guide
Thro' flow'ry Paths, Man's Life wou'd smoothly glide ;
But urg'd by Passion, heedless we pursue
The first mad Pleasures that invite the View ;
Some Avarice and sordid Taste inspire,
Ambition some, and Fame's ungovern'd Fire ;
Soft Lux'ry some, and Beauty's Charms delight,
While all rush forward to the Heav'n in Sight.

But thou, who thund'rest in the Vault on high,
Correct these vain Desires, thou Ruler of the Sky !
Let God-like Reason in our Bosoms dwell,
And from weak Minds this Lunacy expel ;
A Ray of Wisdom on our Souls bestow,
By which thou rul'st all Nature's Scene below :
Then with Devotion fir'd, we'll hail THEE King,
And in eternal Songs, thy Wonders sing ;
No greater Good can Men, or Gods attend,
Than at thy Throne with prostrate Hearts to bend.

*The H Y M N of the three Eastern M A G I, adoring
our Saviour at his Nativity.*

FROM those blest Regions where the Sun displays
His blooming Light, and spreads his earliest Rays ;
Where fragrant Groves for sacred Incense spring,
To Thee, great Son of God, our zealous Vows we bring.

Hail, mighty Infant, Offspring of the Skies !
Celestial Glorry lightens in thy Eyes ;
Thy Smiles presage immeasurable Grace,
And Scenes of Paradise are open'd in thy Face.

More than the Race of Man surprizing Fair !
More lovely than thy own propitious Star !
When first its chearful Lustre blest our Sight,
Grac'd with superior Beams and well-distinguish'd Light.

The

The Sun its conqu'ring Glories met by Day,
 And fac'd his Rival with a fainter Ray ;
 In golden Robes amidst the Shades it blaz'd,
 While Night, with all her Eyes, on the fair Stranger gaz'd.

To rich *Judea* still it led the Way,
 And hov'ring where th' immortal Infant lay ;
 With darting Beams it gilds the blest Abode,
 And to our longing Eyes reveal'd th' unquestion'd God.

Whom thus with pure Devotion we adore,
 And freely offer all our costly Store ;
 Gold, as a Tribute to the new-born King,
 And Incense to the God, with humble Zeal we bring.

The spacious *East* shall soon converted be,
 And all her splendid Monarchs kneel to thee.
 The Sun no more, in folding Clouds array'd,
 Shall mourn the impious Honours to his Lustre paid.

APIS shall cease to bellow thro' the Croud,
 With gilded Horns, and flow'ry Garlands proud ;
Panthea's costly Gums shall smoke no more
 To Gods of monit'rous Shape, on *Nile's* polluted Shore.

But thou shalt rise in Fame, illustrious Child,
 Of all Mankind the *Great Redeemer* styl'd ;
 A God in ev'ry Language known and blest,
 By ev'ry bending Knee ador'd, and ev'ry Tongue confes'd.

Temples to thee with gilded Spires shall rise,
 And Clouds of fragrant Incense shade the Skies :
 In lofty Hymns, and consecrated Verse,
 Succeeding Times shall speak thy Praise, and thy great
 Name rehearse.

And thee, unblemish'd Maid, divinely fair.
 Whose tender Arms th' eternal Monarch bear ;
 Thrice happy thee Posterity shall call,
 Pride of thy lovely Sex, and grac'd above them all.

Of the E L M.

IT is said, there are several Sorts of this Tree ; but two Sorts are most cultivated here, the Mountain Elm, being of a smaller jagged Leaf, and that called the *French*, whose Leaves are thicker, more florid and smooth, delighting in a lower and moister Ground ; this last Sort is best known here ; and some of them have risen to a great Height, as well as large Compass. The Ground that this Tree likes best is a light Brick or loomy Earth ; it is easily raised from the Roots of the Mother Plant ; and the more you take from the Roots that shoot up, they seem the more to encrease ; though many think this Tree bears no Seed, yet it is affirmed by the curious and nice Observers of Nature, that it does : For about the Beginning of *March*, you will find the broad Leaf beginning to fall, which has the Seed in them ; and if these be gathered in a dry Day, in what Quantity you please to sow, then lay them thin in some Place to dry for four or five Days ; and having prepared a Bed according to the Quantity of Seed you intend to sow, let your Bed be made of fresh Brick Earth ; if possible sow the Seed and Vessel all over ; after sift some of the same Mould all over the Bed, for they will not rake, let them be covered above half an Inch thick, then scatter the † Manure thinly over the Bed ; if the Summer proves dry, water them sometimes, and keep them clean of Weeds, and about the Middle of *August* they will come up ; and when up, sift a little more Mould all over the Bed, but not so much as quite to cover them ; this done, the next Summer prune them of their Side-boughs, though young, and when they have stood two Years, you may remove them, still pruning them yearly, and preventing Cattle from cropping of them, you'll then produce many tall fine Trees ; this Way is allowed to be the best for raising the loftiest Trees, though the other Way is the quickest and most commonly done. The scattering some of the Manure over the Bed very thinly, when the Seed is sown, will make them flourish greatly ; as also when you remove them, mix a little of the Manure

No. 36.

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with

† See this Manure, Page 257.

with the Ground you transplant them to, and let none lie in Lumps, which will greatly add to their Growth. You may plant this Tree in the Hedge-rows, it will run in the Bank, and add to the thickening your Hedge with Wood, and agrees well with any other Wood that grows near it; it is counted erroneous to think it will grow from the Chip-pings: In lopping these Trees cut always close to the Stock, and cut sloping upward, the better to shoot off the Wet: It will grow off Layers, by laying them along the Hedge-rows, and covering them a little with the Mould; they will shoot and fill a Hedge soon, if cut of each Side before it is laid in the Ground, and about an Ell long; the Season for this Work is about the End of *January*. After they are grown up, then you may saw or cut them afunder, and plant them twenty or thirty Foot afunder in your Hedge-Rows as you please. There are many other Ways of increasing this Plant, as well from the Branches as Roots, by opening a Trench in the Hedge Rows, and the Roots will shoot out, &c. This Tree is the easiest of any removed when large; but then it must be lopped of its Branches, leaving only the Top entire, and taken up with as much Earth as possible.

The best Way of propagating it of all others is by planting its Setts or young Shoots, drawn from about the Roots of an old one in *October*, and directly set into the Earth, where they are to grow, when it is in Plenty of Moisture, for this will greatly contribute to their striking Root immediately into it, and getting into a forward Growth before the Violence of Frosts comes on, that stops all Vegetation: For these Reasons all Setts or Suckers of Elms so drawn, or if they are dug up with a Mattock, or better by a Spade, they will stand a much surer Chance of growing expeditiously. Wherefore neither this nor any other Sett or Sucker, should have its Roots dry before it is transplanted, least when a thriving Tree is expected, there is only a weak half grown one. Happy then it is for many, that they have this Opportunity to improve their wet clayey Soils, by planting them with this Tree, for neither Oak, Beech, nor Ash, will grow here so well as the Elm, nor will they grow in so little

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little a Compass of Ground. But when it is allowed a full Room for its Roots to grow clear of all Interruption of others, it will grow into a Body of the greatest Bulk and Height in about seventy Years Time, and then sell for one Shilling a Foot : Here then four Foot square of Ground may be seen capable of producing a Tree worth twenty or more Pounds, without causing its contiguous Earth so much as hardly to suffer any Damage, which is what cannot be said of any other Timber Sort.

A METHOD of preserving FRUIT.

PITCH upon the best and most perfect of the Fruit you would preserve whilst hanging upon the Tree, which is not in the least bruised, nor the Skin any where scratched or broken. Do not touch nor gather it with your Hands, but tie a strong Thread about the Stalk, and, holding the Thread tight in your Hand, cut the Stalk above the Thread with a Pair of Scissars : The Fruit being thus detached from the Tree without touching the Branches or any Thing else, close the cut End of the Stalk with Spanish Wax to prevent the Air acting upon it. Then roll up a Sheet of white Paper in the Form of a Cone, with a little Opening at the Top ; through this Aperture pass the Thread tied to the Stalk of the Fruit, so that it may be suspended in the Cone, then close the Aperture with soft green Wax, and fold in the Paper at the Bottom, and close and secure it with Wax in like Manner, so that the Air may be effectually excluded, for if the Air had Access to the Fruit, it would soon spoil and corrupt. The little Cone inclosing the Fruit may then be hung by the Thread upon a Nail in a dry temperate Place, neither hot nor cold, so as it may not touch any Thing ; and by these Means Fruit may be preserved quite sound and perfect for two or three Years. Apples, Pears, Plumbs, Cherries, and all such like Fruits, may be well preserved in this Manner.

The MISER and the HOG,

A F A B L E.

A Miser on a scurvy Tit,
 With Furniture as he thought fit;
 'Vanc'd on the Road with trotting Jog,
 'Till stopp'd by Dirt and miry Hog;
 In Language which Folk use in Sties,
 He bid the nasty Creature rise.

The wallowing Beast with frightful Snout,
 Made tim'rous *Bonny* cross the Rout,
 The Miser's Straw-stuff Pad turns round,
 And leaves him grov'ling; prone to Ground!
 From Dirt he strives to disengage,
 And on the Hog, thus vents his Rage.

Thou Swine as foul as filthy Sinner,
 Or Dog that twice licks up one Dinner:
 Thou useless Beast of all the Field,
 Nor Load do'st bear, nor Fleece do'st yield:
 Thou good for Nought 'till Butcher's Knife
 Revenge this Wrong and end this Strife;
 A Murrain take thy cross-grain'd Head,
 Thou'lt ne'er do Good 'till thou art dead.

The bristling Hog with grunting Note,
 Answer'd, (like *Welch* by Help of Throat,)
 Why angry thus, old Brother Miser?
 Faults seen in me shou'd make you wiser.
 Cease storming with that spleenish Breath,
 We're both alike in Life and Death;
 There's none reaps Good from you, nor I,
 Until the very Hour we die.
 For 'tis our Pleasure and our Pride,
 That Folk shall say, how fat we dy'd!

*One Neighbour can with Ease espy
 A Mote within another's Eye:
 When at same Time he can't discover
 The Beam that spreads his own all over.*

On *Life, Death, Judgment, Heaven, and Hell.*

By a Youth of Seventeen.

WHAT's *Life*? a rough and dang'rous Sea
Seldom calm, and never free
From sudden Gusts and stormy Gales,
Which spoils our Hopes and splits our Sails.

What's *Death*? the Gulph we must shoot through,
E'er we can reach the Port in View.

What's *Judgment*? It's a strict Account
Of our Effects, and their Amount.

What's *Heaven*? the Market of our Gains,
The End of all our Toils and Pains.

What's *Hell*? a desperate losing Voyage,
Expect no more from one of my Age.

The VIRGIN.

THE Things that make a Virgin please,
She that seeks will find them these;
A Beauty not to Art in Debt,
Rather agreeable, than great;
An Eye, wherein at once do meet
The Beams of Kindness, and of Wit;
An undissembled Innocence,
Apt not to give, nor take Offence:
A Conversation, at once free
From Passion, and from Subtilty;
A Face that's modest, yet serene,
A sober, and yet lively Mien;
The Virtue which does her adorn,
By Honour guarded, not by Scorn:
With such wise Lowliness endu'd,
As never can be mean or rude;

Whom

Whom prudent Negligence does enrich,
 And times her Silence, and her Speech ;
 Whose equal Mind does always move,
 Neither a Foe, nor Slave to Love,
 And whose Religion's strong and plain,
 Not superstitious, nor prophane.

Verses wrote by Mrs. Hannah Wakeford, only Daughter of the Reverend Mr. Towgood, of Exeter, on Occasion of receiving a Mourning Ring some Months before her own Death, at the Funeral of Mrs. Hannah Wakeford, her Husband's Grandmother, and found after her Decease in her own Hand-writing.

WELCOME thou Prefage of my certain Doom :
 I too must sink into the darksome Tomb.
 Yes, little Prophet, thus my Name shall stand
 In mournful Record on some friendly Hand.
 My Name ? it's here----the Characters agree,
 And every faithful Letter speaks to me.
 Bids me prepare to meet my Nature's Foe,
 Serene expect the Monster's fatal Blow :
 Without a Sigh to leave the Joys of Time,
 Secure of Glory in a happier Clime :
 Then mount the Skies, forsake my old Abode,
 And gain the Plaudit of a smiling God.



An Account of the burning Mountain Ætna, with the Destruction of Catanea, and all the memorable Events that have attended its Eruptions.

THIS Mountain stands at no great Distance from *Catanea*, a Town in *Sicily*, situated on the Eastern Shore of the Island. The Soil of the whole Island is of a crumbly Nature,

Nature, and the Ground is undermined throughout with Caverns that lie open to the Winds in some Places, and in others are full of great Quantities of Sulphur and other combustible Matter.

The Mountain is much higher than *Vesuvius*, being no less than eleven, or as some say twelve Miles perpendicularly high. The lower Part of the Mountain, and the surrounding Vallies are exceeding fruitful, but toward the Middle the whole Mountain affords neither Tree nor Herb, but is covered wholly with Cinders, and half melted Stones and Minerals, which are continually thrown out at its Mouth in the Time of its Eruptions. At the very Summit of the Mountain, is the great Opening, or common Vent of the Fire; this is a tremendous Hollow, shocking the Eye with the dreadful Prospect of a frightful Hollow, of ten or twelve Miles Circumference, and near four Miles over in some Places. The Smoke which continually comes out of this dreadful Chimney, prevents usually any one seeing to its Bottom; but when that can be done, Nature affords no other Object so terrible. It is of a prodigious Depth, and opens into a vast Chasm filled with flaming and boiling Minerals, heaving up at Intervals to vast Heights, and threatening to reach up to the Mouth of the Opening.

Beside this great Mouth, there are several other small ones, which in the Day-time send up a suffocating Smoke, and usually in the Night all appears a Sheet of Fire from thence. On all Sides of these, as well as of the great Opening, there are the Remains of Eruptions, melted Metals, and calcined Rocks, which have been thrown out, and run in Streams like Water down the Sides of the Mountain, and the whole Country about is full of Chiearres or Cinders, of mineral Matter, which, whenever the Mountain burns violently, it throws out to a prodigious Distance.

All Historians mention the Burning of this Mountain, but none of them speak of its first Eruption, so that it seems to have burnt from Time immemorial; but according to what we can trace from History in the Space of three thousand Years, there have been thirty very terrible Eruptions of it.

The

The first we have any certain Knowledge of, happened at the Time of the Conquest of the Golden Fleece by the *Greeks*, twelve hundred Years before the Birth of our Saviour. The next was when *Aeneas* came into *Italy*, a little after the Siege of *Troy*. There are three reckoned from the third Olympiad to Ol. 83, four very remarkable ones under the Consuls; one in the Time of *Julius Cæsar*, one in that of *Caligula*, in the Year of our Lord 40, and another under *Charlemain* in the Year 80. From the Year 1160 to 1169, it broke out several Times, and *Sicily* was continually alarm'd with Earthquakes, which destroyed many fine Towns, and many thousand Lives were lost. In the Year 1284 it began to rage again with terrible Violence; from 1329 to 1333, it burnt almost continually; it broke out again in 1408; but from 1444 to 1447, it never ceased, but blazed without Interruption, as it also did from 1536 to 1537. There was another very terrible Eruption in 1633, which lasted till 1639; and this was followed by a terrible Eruption of Mount *Vesuvius*, where every Thing had been quiet for some Time before. After a short Respite it broke out again more impetuously in 1660; but the Eruption in 1669 being extremely remarkable in all its Circumstances, may be looked upon as one of the most memorable Events that ever happened, and deserves as much to be recorded with all its Particulars, as any Thing that History has handed down to us.

Eighteen Days before there was any Suspicion of an Eruption, there were felt all over *Sicily*, but especially near the Mountain, very terrible Earthquakes, attended with Storms of Thunder and Lightning. Several public Buildings were by these levelled with the Ground, and the Town of *Nico-losi*, near the Foot of the Mountain, was overthrown, and its Ruins sunk a great Depth into the Earth. At this Time several Persons also, who were at Sea, between *Sicily* and *Calabria*, heard a dreadful Murmuring and Roaring under the Water, and the Waves rose in vast Bubbles on all Sides, notwithstanding the Sea was calm and the Sky perfectly serene.

About

About two Months before, *Vesuvius*, *Strongelo*, and the neighbouring Volcano's, burnt more terribly than usual, and Mount *Ætna* had all this Time its great Mouth covered over with a Shell, of a prodigious Thickness, of metallick, stony, and mineral Matter, that had cooled and cak'd over it after the last Eruption. Nothing therefore appeared here: But at length, on the Eleventh of *March*, the vast Cake broke up with a prodigious Noise, and after being tost up to a surprizing Height in the Air, amidst a Cloud of Smoke, it was scattered over the whole Country. After this, however, the Fire did not appear from this Opening, but it made a new one, by tearing up the Earth at two Miles distance from the main Mountain, and made its Way through three Hillocks about ten Miles from the City of *Catania*.

Nothing can be conceived to equal the Terror of this Sight: The Earth burst open in a Moment, with a Report louder than that of a hundred united Thunder-claps, and in an Instant the whole Horizon was a Sea of Fire, moving in vast Waves too and fro. A Volume of Flame, more terrible than the rest, darted upright from the Mouth into the Sky, and in the Midst of that were several Fountains of liquid Fire, melted Metals, Sulphur, &c. spouting up to a prodigious Height, like Water-works.

From the three Hillocks where the Opening was, there issued three Torrents of melted Metal, sparkling as they ran; these soon united, and formed a vast River of liquid Fire. This dreadful Torrent took its Course directly towards *Catania*, which, as before observed, was but at ten Miles Distance; in the first twenty-four Hours it ran three Miles forward, but after this it proceeded more slowly, and soon afterwards began to gain not above a hundred Paces a Day, and in this Manner it continued till the twenty-fifth of *April*, which was six Weeks from its first Eruption, still daily gaining a great deal of Ground, but still slower and slower, the Cause of which was only that the Mass cooled in running, and at the farther Distance it was from the Opening, the less Progress it could make. To which it may be added,

that after the first four or five Days Progress, the Descent was less steep, and it at last moved almost on a Level.

All this Time, however, it continued pouring with equal Violence out at the Mouth, and spreading over the former Surface, flaming in some Places, and sparkling with a dreadful Splendor in others. This River of Fire was in some Places three Miles wide, and often broke into several Branches, according to the Surface of the Ground, which would soon unite again. The fiery Mass was twelve Feet above the Surface of the Earth, and four or five under Ground, burning itself a Channel as it went, and Trees and Houses at considerable Distances on each Side, fell down at its Approach, the Earth about them calcining with the Heat into a Powder.

At length the Torrent reach'd the Walls of *Catania*: Here it immediately filled the Fosse, or dry Ditch, and bore against the Walls; but the Earth happily having a considerable Descent here the contrary Way, before it reached the Top of the Walls, it surpassed its Bank on the other Side, and poured in a prodigious Deluge into the Sea, in which its Course might be traced near a Mile, by the Emotions of the Water over it; and the Remains of it form a Sort of Mole to this Day, running out into the Sea.

The Stream, as it ran, grew cooler at the Surface, and the upper Parts at length formed a Sort of solid Bridge or Arch, over which Persons might have walked, while the liquid Fire was roaring down below. The Violence of the Stream, however, often broke these Crusts, and vast Masses of them were seen continually swimming in the Lake of Fire, like vast Rocks of Ice in the Stream of a River after a hard Frost. These over-topp'd the Walls of *Catania*, but the liquid Matter happily found another Current before it reached so high.

People ventured to the Side of the running Fire at the latter Part of the Time, and saw it roll hissing and sparkling at their Feet like a vast Bed of melted Iron. A Stick thrust into the Matter as it ran, became Charcoal in a Moment; a Sword dipt into it, all the Edges snapped off up to the

the Hilt; and a Bar of Iron thrown into the Midst, melted away like a Lump of Wax.

The Eruption lasted, but with less Violence, till the End of *May*, and the whole did not cease till the End of *June*. All the Time while the melted Mass poured out at the Openings, vast Bodies of Flame pierced the Sky, and the prodigious Clouds of Smoke obscur'd the Light of the Sun; and Stones and Ashes were carried to prodigious Distances at Sea, and the lighter Part fell like Rain on Ships in several Parts.

It is easier to conceive than to express the Horror, Consternation, Death and Ruin that attended this dreadful Hurricane of Fire. Eleven large Towns were so utterly destroyed, that they scarce left any visible Remains of them; and thirty-five more were left in Ruins. *Syracusa* was almost totally destroyed; and the Earthquake made the Sea recoil with such Impetuosity, that vast Numbers of Fish were left upon the Beach, gasping for Water; but the Sea returning after a few Moments, with a redoubled Force, overflowed the Walls of the City, and almost destroyed the Citadel.

Catania, that so remarkably escaped this terrible Destruction, had but a short Respite, however; for in 1693, *Sicily* was again afflicted with a terrible Earthquake. The fine Plantations, and the Crops of Corn in the whole Valley of *Nota* were destroyed; several Cities were in a Moment swallowed up, and vast Lakes of Sea-water appeared in their Place. *Syracuse* and *Messina* were both greatly damaged; in fine, about fifty Towns were destroyed; and it is computed, that at least an hundred and fifty thousand Persons lost their Lives.

When this terrible Earthquake was first felt, it did no Harm; but two Days after, at the same Hour, it returned with so much Horror, that in less than a Quarter of an Hour all this dreadful Devastation was made. At *Catania*, out of twenty-two thousand Inhabitants, two thousand only escaped, and those almost all wounded. The Sea ran back above a Mile, carrying away with it eight Felucca's that were in Port. The City was almost wholly swallowed up in an In-

stant, and in its Place there appeared a Lake of sulphureous Water, four Miles round.

At *Augusta* the Earth crack'd open in several Places, and the Fire issuing out of one of these Chasms, under the Castle, fired the Powder of the Magazine, and threw up vast Quantities of Bombs, Cannon, Bullets, and Stones of the Building, to the dreadful Destruction of all that was about it.

This Earthquake was of such prodigious Extent, that it was felt at the same Time at *Malta*, and even as far as *Africa* on one Side, and on the other all up the *Adriatick*. The Volcano of *Ætna* roar'd so loud at the same Time, as to be heard at *Messina*, and at *Malta* the Air appeared all on Fire, and every Thing diffused a strong Smell of Brimstone.

In the Year that followed this Event, Earthquakes were also felt all along the Coasts of the *Adriatick*, and *Ragusa* and many other Cities were destroyed, and the Hill of *Delle-grotte* in the Territory of *Fermo*, in the Marquisate of *Ancona*, was toss'd up from the Earth it stood on, as a Mine blows up a Bastion; and carried with Woods, Farms and Cottages upon it above two Miles into the Sea.

Of a Shoulder Strain in a Horse, with the Methods of Cure.

WHen a Horse's Shoulder is over-strained, (for there is no such Thing as being Shoulder-slipt or dislocated,) he does not put out that Shoulder as the other, but to prevent Pain, sets the sound Foot hardily to the Ground, to save the other, even though he be turned short on the lame Side, which Motion tries him the most of any. When trotted in Hand, instead of putting his Leg forward in a right Line, he forms a Circle with the lame Leg; and when he stands in the Stable, that Leg is advanced before the other. In order to cure this Lameness, first bleed him, and let the whole Shoulder be well bathed three Times a Day with hot Verjuice or Vinegar, in which may be dissolv'd a Piece of Soap; but if the Lameness continues without swelling, or Inflammation, after resting two or three Days, let the Muscles be well rubbed for a considerable Time to
make

make them penetrate, with good Opodeldoch, or either of the following Mixtures :

Take camphorated Spirits of Wine two Ounces ; Oil of Turpentine one Ounce ; this Proportion will prevent the Hair coming off.

Or, take the best Vinegar half a Pint ; Spirit of Vitriol, and camphorated Spirit of Wine, of each two Ounces.

When the Shoulder is very much swelled, it should be fomented with woollen Cloths, (large enough to cover the whole) wrung out of hot Verjuice and Spirit of Wine ; or a Fomentation prepared with a strong Decoction of Wormwood, Bay Leaves, and Rosemary, to a Quart of which may be added half a Pint of Spirit of Wine.

A Rowel in the Point of the Shoulder in this case often does great Service, especially if the Strain has been very violent, and the Swelling very large ; but as to boring up the Shoulder with a hot Iron, and afterwards inflating it, is both a cruel and absurd Treatment ; and the pegging up the sound Foot, or setting on a Patten Shoe, to bring the lame Shoulder on a Stretch, is a most preposterous Practice, and directly calculated to render a Horse incurably lame ; for it can only be necessary in Cases the very opposite to this, where the Muscles have been long contracted, and we want to stretch them out.

*Searching after G O D.*

MY GOD, I love and I adore ;
But Souls that love would know thee more.
Wilt thou for ever hide, and stand
Behind the Labours of thy Hand ?
Thy Hand unseen sustains the Poles
On which this huge Creation rolls :
The starry Arch proclaims thy Power,
Thy Pencil glows in every Flower :

In

In thousand Shapes and Colours rise
 Thy painted Wonders to our Eyes ;
 While Beasts and Birds with lab'ring Throats,
 Teach us a GOD in thousand Notes.
 The meanest Pin in Nature's Frame,
 Marks out some Letter of thy Name.
 Where Sense can reach, or Fancy rove,
 From Hill to Hill, from Field to Grove,
 Across the Waves, around the Sky,
 There's not a Spot, or Deep, or High,
 Where the Creator has not trod,
 And left the Footstep of a GOD.

But are his Footsteps all that we,
 Poor groveling Worms, must know or see ?
 Thou Maker of my vital Frame,
 Unvail thy Face, pronounce thy Name,
 Shine to my Sight, and let the Ear
 Which thou hast form'd, thy Language hear.
 Where is thy Residence ? Oh, why
 Dost thou avoid my searching Eye,
 My longing Sense ? Thou Great Unknown,
 Say, Do the Clouds conceal thy Throne ?
 Divide, ye Clouds, and let me see
 The Power that gives me Leave to be.

Or art thou all diffus'd abroad
 Thro' boundless Space, a present GOD,
 Unseen, unheard, yet ever near !
 What shall I do to find Thee here ?
 Is there not some mysterious Art
 To feel thy Presence at my Heart ?
 To hear thy Whispers soft and kind,
 In holy Silence of the Mind ?
 Then rest my Thoughts ; nor longer roam
 In quest of Joy, for Heaven's at home.

But, oh, thy Beams of warmest Love !
 Sure they were made for Worlds above.

How

How shall my Soul her Powers extend,
Beyond where Time and Nature end,
To reach those Heights, thy blest Abode,
And meet thy kindest Smiles, my God?
What shall I do? I wait thy Call;
Pronounce the Word, my Life, my All.
Oh for a Wing to bear me far
Beyond the golden Morning-Star!
Fain wou'd I trace th' immortal Way,
That leads to Courts of endless Day,
Where the Creator stands confess'd,
In his own fairest Glories dress'd.
Some shining Spirit help me rise,
Come waft a Stranger thro' the Skies;
Bless'd JESUS, meet me on the Road,
First Offspring of th' eternal GOD,
Thy Hand shall lead a younger Son,
Clothe me with Vestures yet unknown,
And place me near my Father's Throne.

}

Remember your Creator, &c. Eccles. xii.

I.

CHILDREN, to your Creator, GOD,
Your early Honours pay,
While Vanity and youthful Blood
Would tempt your Thoughts astray.

II.

The Memory of his mighty Name,
Demands your first Regard.
Nor dare indulge a meaner Flame,
'Till you have lov'd the LORD.

III.

Be wise, and make his Favour sure,
Before the mournful Days,
When Youth and Mirth are known no more,
And Life and Strength decays.

IV.

IV.

No more the Blessings of a Feast
 Shall relish on the Tongue,
 The heavy Ear forgets the Taste
 And Pleasure of a Song.

V.

Old Age with all her dismal Train,
 Invades your golden Years
 With Sighs and Groans, and raging Pain,
 And Death, that never spares.

VI.

What will you do when Light departs,
 And leaves your withering Eyes,
 Without one Beam to chear your Hearts,
 From the superior Skies?

VII.

How will you meet GOD's frowning Brow,
 Or stand before his Seat,
 While Nature's old Supporters bow,
 Nor bear their tott'ring Weight?

VIII.

Can you expect your feeble Arms
 Shall make a strong Defence,
 When Death, with terrible Alarms,
 Summons the Pris'ner hence?

IX.

The silver Bands of Nature burst,
 And let the Building fall;
 The Flesh goes down to mix with Dust,
 Its vile Original.

X.

Laden with Guilt, (a heavy Load)
 Uncleans'd and unforgiv'n,
 The Soul returns t' an angry GOD,
 To be shut out from Heav'n.



Miscellaneous Pieces.

An Account of the Publick Transactions that have been done in most Parts of the World, since the Commencement of the Year 1754.

WE could not begin this one additional Part to our original Plan, at a Period more big with interesting Events than the present : A Period in which various Disputes, both Foreign as well as Domestick, agitate the different Countries of *Europe* ; the Issue of which must in Consequence determine the future Figure they are likely to make in the World, and the Influence they may gain in the System of Affairs.

In the North, the strict Alliance lately entered into, as well as the long and invariable Friendship between the two Imperial Courts of *Vienna* and *Moscow*, the indefatigable Endeavours of his *Britannick* Majesty to strengthen that Union, and the Success his Cares have met with, seem to have alarmed one of the most capable Monarchs, either in the Cabinet or Field, that ever perhaps sat upon a Throne, the King of *Prussia*, whose great Designs for the Benefit of his People, and his own Aggrandisement, can only receive a Check from such a Confederacy. This Prince, who well knows how to conceal his Passions, is endeavouring, by his Influence over his Brother-in-Law of *Sweden*, and his necessary Connexion with *France*, to form a Counter-League, which all our freshest Advices mention to be in great Forwardness ; nor is it looked upon as a mere Conjecture, that he has, in Conjunction with *France*, made some Instances to the *Porte*, to wave the *Ottoman* Crescent upon the Dominions of *Russia*. Here, indeed, all Accounts agree, they have met with little Success ; the present Grand Seignior and his Ministry being either of a more pacific Spirit than their Predecessors, or too much burthened with Commotions and Disturbances at Home, to be at Leisure to trouble the Affairs of the Christian World.

A Treaty of Confraternity and Alliance between the Empress Queen and the Duke of *Modena*, in *Italy*, seems equally to disagree with the *Bourbon* Family, as by it they

are shut out, as it were, from any Pretence to disturb that Country ; and if the King of *Sardinia* should enter into the same Treaty, may relinquish all future Longings after the plenteous and pleasing Prospects of that Garden of *Europe*.

The *Spaniards* have been a long Time busy in augmenting their Forces, and restoring and improving their Marine, and still continue their unwarrantable Depredations in *America*. The *Dutch* are struggling under the Ills of Faction and Parties, and seem, as a Maritime Power, in the lowest Condition they ever were reduced to. And as to the *French*, they still continue to be torn by internal religious Disputes : Their antient Judicature, the Parliament of *Paris*, is in Exile, and yet they find Leisure to concern themselves, some Way or other, with the Affairs of every other Nation, and seem growing to as exorbitant and dangerous a Pitch of Power and Influence, and to dictate and cajole as much, as before the Commencement of the last long and tedious War.

By these few Strictures of the present Face of Things, it may be conjectured the World is very precariously situated ; and indeed few of the Stipulations of the late General Peace of *Aix-la-Chapelle* have been complied with, by either of the contracting Parties : And if one were to guess at their real Intentions at that Time, by their Behaviour since, one would be apt to imagine it was entered into only as a temporary Expedient, to give them Opportunity of renewing War with more Vigour and Success, and shedding in more copious Streams the Blood of their poor slavish Subjects.-----After this Introduction, we proceed to the orderly Relation of the Incidents since the Commencement of the Year.

In *TURKEY*, the Prime Vizir has renewed his Assurances to Mr. *Porter*, the *British* Envoy, and the *Russian* and Imperial Residents, that the Disposition of the *Porte*, is not to give any Umbrage or Dissatisfaction to neighbouring Christian States.

RUSSIA has been thoroughly alarmed, by the many frequent Fires that have happened in all Parts of that Empire, particularly at *Petersburgh* and *Moscow* ; and it is assured, that

that Discoveries have been made, that they have been occasioned by certain vile Incendiaries, set on for that Purpose, in order to ruin the Power and destroy the Prosperity of the Nation. Since the burning of the Imperial Palace at *Moscow*, they have, in about a Month, run up a commodious Palace of Wood, exquisitely decorated, in which the Empress kept her Birth-Day; a grand Supper of 220 Dishes was served up, and a magnificent Ball concluded the Evening. The little City of *Wischna Wolschok*, the Hospital at *Petersburgh*, and a Country Seat of the Empress's, near that Place, have been consumed by Fire.

His *DANISH* Majesty has erected a Tribunal, to enquire into and punish the exorbitant Demands of Usurers, throughout his Dominions, whose Sentence is to be executed without Appeal. The *Danes* sent out 90 Vessels, great and small, on the Whale Fishery last Year, which brought Home 344 Whales.

SWEDEN seems the Seat of some very important Negotiations, Couriers perpetually coming to and going from *Stockholm*. *France* and *Spain* have employed their Agents there, to procure the building of several Ships of War and Frigates for their Service.

GERMANY, in many Parts, has suffered by a late great Frost and the consequent Thaw, by which Rivers have overflowed their Banks; particularly the *Weser*, by which the Neighbourhood of *Bremen* was under Water on the 6th of *January*: The *Saubur*, *Kecker*, &c. in *Franconia*, have done incredible Damages by these Floods, which have ruined the Crops of great Extents of Arable and Pasture Land, and carried away many People, and much Goods and Cattle. At *Berlin* a new Company is erected to trade to *Bengal*; and they write that the Number of Births last Year in *Prussia* were 26,578, of Burials 18,898, of Marriages 5,565.

From *Brussels* in *FLANDERS*, by Advices dated the 24th Ult. we are inform'd that a *Dutch* Major General, *M. Cornabe*, and an *English* Engineer, have lately inspected the Works of *Dunkirk*; and that the Affair of the Barrier is likely to be settled upon a proper and advantageous Footing.

The Clergy, by an Account lately taken, possess no less than 20,000 Acres, out of 28,000, the whole Extent of *Austria Hainault*.

ITALY furnishes Advices of some Importance. The King of *Sardinia* relents that the Pope did not nominate his Nuncio to the Purple, at the late Promotion of Cardinals; and it is thought the Holy Father must compromise the Matter with him and the *Poles*, by making two more in the Persons of their Nuncios. The King of *Naples* and the *Malteze* are at Daggers drawing; the former having prohibited the Commerce of the latter in his Dominions, for refusing to submit in Spirituals to the Visitation of the Archbishop of *Syracusa*. The Empress Queen, we are told from *Leghorn*, intends in the Spring to have an Army of 40,000 Men in *Lombardy*, including Garrisons: And from *Milan* we are told, that the Duke of *Modena* arrived in that City on the 14th of *January* at Night, and the next Day took upon him the Government of *Austrian Lombardy*, in the Name of the Archduke, *Peter Leopold*; but that *Vicar of the Empire* is not mentioned amongst his Serene Highness's Titles, for Fear of giving Umbrage to certain Courts, The *Barbary Corsairs* are very alert in the Seas of *Italy*.

The brave, but unhappy *CORSICANS*, who have been massacring each other since the Murder of their Chief *Gafforio*, have resolved, in a general Assembly of all the *Pieves*, to cut out the Tongue of any one that shall propose Peace with the *Genoese*, and have signified to Chancellor *Grimaldi*, the Republick's Commissary, that they would hold no Truce with his Party, till the Murderers of *Gafforio* are delivered into their Hands. That Nobleman, quite tired with the Situation he is in, has at length obtained his Recall, on Condition he stays for his Successor's Arrival.

SPAIN still suffers from the late Draughts, and some late Tempests have done considerable Damages on the Coasts: The Court, however, is in high Spirits, at the Advantages gained over the *Moors* in *Africa*, who had blocked up the Fort of *Ceuta* for above fifty Years: The Marquess *de St. Croix* attacked their Camp, totally defeated them with a
great

great Slaughter, ruined and pillaged their Dwellings, and took a great Booty of Cattle of all Sorts.

In *PORTUGAL* some fresh Differences have arisen between the *English* Merchants and that Court, in Relation to Commerce ; and it is imagined the King has a Design to lay an Indulto of 2 or 3 *per Cent.* upon the Exportation of the *Portuguese* Gold Coin ; though without it we cannot ballance our Imports into that Kingdom.

In *FRANCE*, the Royal Chamber, erected by the King to act instead of the exiled Parliament, still meets with violent Opposition from various Tribunals, as well as the *Chatelet*, who have informed the Chancellor, they could not acknowledge such an unconstitutional Tribunal. The banished Parliament, it is thought by some, will be speedily recalled ; nay, considerable Wagers have been laid at *Paris* thereon. The Remonstrances lately presented by the Parliament of *Rouen*, have not been approved of, and ordered to be erased from their Registers, as contrary to the King's preceding Declarations. But these Domestick Disputes probably will meet with a speedy Issue, as Matters of Foreign Concern seem to bid fair to ingross the Attention of the *French* Ministry, and to direct Unity and Harmony at Home. Mean Time, we are told that their Finances are in the utmost Disorder, and that the Revenues for the Service of 1754, are even already disposed of.

The Troops raised by Col. *Fischer*, in *Germany*, for the Service of the *French East-India* Company, being 1300 Men, have, with a considerable Number from old Regiments, been embarked at *Nantes* for that Part of the World, on a considerable Fleet, furnished with all Sorts of Provisions and warlike Stores, and sailed the Beginning of *January*.

From all Parts of *HOLLAND* we have received terrible Accounts of the Damages done by the late Floods and Inundations, and the consequent breaking down of their Dykes ; by which most Part of the Town of *Deventer* was laid under Water ; and the Inundation was great in the County of *Swent*, and the Country of *Lutphen*. The Neighbourhood of *Zwole* was overflowed for five Leagues, and many People

ple and much Cattle drowned. Half the City of *Emmerick* was under Water, and the Dykes of *Hatem* and *Leuven* giving Way, many thousand Inhabitants are ruined in the Districts of *Leiners*, *Latum*, and *Doesburgh*. At *Leuven* the Parsonage House was carried away, and the Parson and his Sister, and a Maid Servant, drowned. Advices since received, tell us, that the Wind coming Southward, the Waters were so much abated, that in some Places the overflowed Land was become dry. The *Dutch* are, in Earnest, going to rebuild their Fleet, and put it upon a respectable Footing; which, perhaps, is one good Consequence of the Succession of Counsellor *Bentinck* to preside in their Assemblies, who is well known to be an honest Man, and a Lover of his Country.

A M E R I C A.

Hallifax, in *Nova Scotia*, October 22. On the 7th Inst. we had a violent Storm at S. E. which did great Damage here, and tore up all the Trees on the Citadel Hill: Many Vessels were driven from their Anchors, and some stranded upon our Coasts.

I R E L A N D.

Prodigious Damage has been done lately in this Kingdom, by the late Floods and Storms.

DOMESTICK OCCURRENCES.

At *London*, at a General Court of the South Sea Company, a Dividend of 2 per Cent. due the 5th of *January*, was declared, and his Majesty was ordered to be addressed, to continue their Governor

A great Cause, long depending, was finally determined by Sir George Lee, in the Court of Arches, relating to the Estate and Effects of the late Sir Thomas Millington, a Roman Catholick Physician, to the Value of 40,000 l. in Favour of Dr. Boucher, with full Costs of Suit. Sir Thomas left three Daughters, all of whom died without Issue; and the last Survivor left her Estate to the next of Kin, without naming

naming the Person, so that near thirty different Claims have been made to it.

A Report was spread, that the Plague had broke out in *Normandy*; but the next Advices from *Rouen* assured us it was only the Small-Pox, and a malignant Fever, which was greatly abated; however, proper Orders were given in Regard to Vessels bound from *Venice*, and the *French* Court took every Measure to prevent its spreading.

At the Conclusion of the Sessions at the Old Baily, William Ford, for stealing a Mare, Edward Allen, and Daniel Wood, for Sheep-stealing, William James, for stealing some Stockings, William Irons, Benjamin Richford, and Samuel Witham, for House-breaking, Joshua Kidder, for a Footpad Robbery, and Thomas Bernard, for a Burglary, receiv'd Sentence of Death; thirty-four to be transported for seven Years, six to be branded, and five whipp'd. Before the Court rose, Proclamation was made for Elizabeth Canning to appear, which will be repeated at five Courts of Hustings at Guildhall, to proceed to an Outlawry against her.

The Lords of the Admiralty having issued Impress Warrants, for that Purpose, about 3000 Seamen were taken from the Merchant Ships in the River, to man a Squadron designed for the *East-Indies*, on board of which a Regiment will be embarked.

The Traders concerned in taking Copper Coin in large Quantities, met at the Crown Tavern behind the Royal Exchange, and approved of a Petition drawn up to the Lords of the Treasury, praying Relief from the bad Halfpence, by having some Restrictions laid on the Copper Coinage, and more effectual Punishments provided against counterfeiting thereof.

A remarkable large Cow was killed at *Sudbury* in *Derbyshire*, which measured over the Loins, from Hip to Hip, three Feet seven Inches: In cutting the Rump asunder, she cut four Inches and half thick, of sound Fat; one of the Rumps being parted down the Middle, cut seven Inches and a Quarter of solid Fat, and her Cake of Fat weighed 235 Pounds.

Twelve of the Malefactors under Sentence of Death, were executed at Tyburn the 4th of February.

The Husbandman's Meditation in the Field.

WITH toilsome Steps when I persue,
O'er breaking Clods, the Plough-share's Way,
Lord, teach my Mental Eye to view
My Native diffoluble Clay.

And when with Seed I strew the Earth,
To thee all Praises let me give,
Whose Hand prepar'd me for the Birth,
Whose Breath inform'd, and bade me live.

Pleas'd I behold the stately Stem
Support its bearded Honour's Load :
Thus, Lord, sustain'd by thee, I came
To Manhood, thro' Youth's dang'rous Road.

Purging from noxious Herbs the Grain,
Oh ! may I learn to purge my Mind
From Sin, rank Weed of deepest Stain,
Nor leave one baneful Root behind.

When Blasts destroy the opening Ear,
Life, thus replete with various Woe,
Warns me to shun, with studious Care,
Pride, my most deadly latent Foe.

When Harvest comes, the yellow Crop
Prone to the Reaper's Sickle yields ;
And I beneath Death's Scythe must drop,
And soon or late forsake these Fields.

When future Crops, in silent Hoards,
Sleep, for a while to Service dead ;
Thy Emblem this, Oh ! Grave, affords
The Path to Life, which all must tread.

The POET and the ROSE,

A F A B L E.

I Hate the Man who builds his Name
On Ruins of another's Fame.

Thus Prudes by Characters o'erthrown
Imagine that they raise their own :
Thus Scriblers, covetous of Praise,
Think Slander can transplant the Bays.
Beauties and Bards have equal Pride,
With both all Rivals are decry'd.
Who praises *Lesbia's* Eyes and Feature,
Must call her Sister, aukward Creature ;
For the kind Flatt'ry's sure to charm,
When we some other Nymph disarm.

As in the Cool of early Day
A Poet sought the Sweets of *May*,
The Garden's fragrant Breath ascends,
And ev'ry Stalk with Odour bends.
A Rose he pluck'd, he gaz'd, admir'd,
Thus singing as the Muse inspir'd.

Go, Rose, my *Chloe's* Bosom grace ;
How happy should I prove,
Might I supply that envy'd Place
With never-fading Love !
There, Phoenix like, beneath her Eye,
Involv'd in Fragrance, burn and die !

Know, hapless Flower, that thou shalt find
More fragrant Roses there ;
I see thy with'ring Head reclin'd
With Envy and Despair !
One common Fate we both must prove ;
You die with Envy, I with Love.

Spare

Spare your Comparisons, reply'd
 An angry Rose, who grew beside ;
 Of all Mankind you should not flout us ;
 What can a Poet do without us !
 In ev'ry Love-Song Roses bloom ;
 We lend you Colour and Perfume.
 Does it to *Chloe's* Charms conduce,
 To found her Praise on our Abuse ?
 Must we, to flatter her, be made
 To wither, envy, pine and fade ?

An H Y M N.

I.

TO thee, my God, I hourly sigh,
 But not for golden Stores ;
 Nor covet I the brightest Gems
 On the rich eastern Shores.

II.

Nor that deluding empty Joy,
 Men call a mighty Name ;
 Nor Greatness in its gayest Pride,
 My restless Thoughts inflame.

III.

Nor Pleasure's soft enticing Charms
 My fond Desires allure :
 For greater Things than these from thee
 My Wishes wou'd secure.

IV.

Those blisful, those transporting Smiles
 That brighten Heav'n above,
 The boundless Riches of thy Grace,
 And Treasures of thy Love.

V.

These are the mighty Things I crave ;
 O ! make these Blessings mine,
 And I the Glories of the World
 Contentedly resign.

To know when a Person has been bit by a Dog, whether it was mad or not.

WHEN a Person hath been bit by a Dog that is apprehended to be mad, it commonly happens that the Dog is killed before one is assured of his Condition ; and the Person bit continues in a cruel Uncertainty. Mr. *Petit*, an eminent Surgeon in *France*, has discovered an Expedient for putting an End to this Uneasiness. He rubs the Throat, the Teeth, and the Gums of the dead Dog with a Piece of Meat that hath been dressed, taking Care that there be no Blood to stain it, and then offers it to a living Dog. If he refuses it with crying and howling, the dead Dog was certainly mad ; but, if it be well received and eaten, there is nothing to fear.

A Compendious and Methodical Account of Sallad Seeds, shewing their Kinds, Season of sowing, planting, and Culture, according to the New-Style.

LETTICE, the Kinds ; white Cos, green Cos, red Cos, Silesia, brown Dutch, Capuchin, Imperial, Cabbage, curl'd. Lettice is sown in *February* and *March*, on a warm light Soil and open Situation : Those you intend to stand to cabbage, should be hoed or planted out a Foot apart ; and the Cos and other large Lettices a Foot and half apart : You may sow them either on warm Borders, or on a gentle hot Bed ; and they may be sown all the Summer Months on a more shady moist Soil : They are sown in *August* and *September*, to stand the Winter for Use early in the Spring, and must be planted out under Glasses, or in Frames, or under Walls and warm Exposures.

Endive, white curl'd, green curl'd. Endive is sown from *April* till *August*, for a Succession, in a light rich Soil, and open Situation ; about a Month after it is up, it is planted out eight or ten Inches apart ; and when it is full grown, is tied up to blanch, or whiten, as it is wanted : The latter Sowings

Sowings should be planted out under Walls and warm Exposures, in a dry Soil ; and when they are well grown, are drawn up and planted deep on the warm Sides of Ridges to blanch, as it is wanted, and will continue for Use till *April*.

Celery, upright, celeriac. Celery is sown from *March* till *June*, in a light rich Soil ; and in about a Month or six Weeks after it is up, the largest Plants should be pricked out three or four Inches apart ; and about six Weeks after, they should be drawn up, and the Tops and Roots pruned off, and planted into Trenches three Foot asunder, and five or six Inches apart, and as it advances in Height, must be earthed up to blanch. The first Plantings should be in a rich moist Soil, and will begin to be fit for Use in *August* ; the latter Plantings should be on a drier Soil, and will continue for Use till *April*. The celeriac, or Turnip-rooted, is commonly planted out on level Grounds, in a rich moist Soil ; and when they are well grown, earthed up once to blanch.

Small Sallad Seeds, as Garden Cresses, white Mustard, Sandwich Radish, Cole Rape, green-top Turnip, are sown from *January* till *September*, in shallow Drills, and cut in the Seed Leaf ; the first Sowings are on gentle hot Beds, or under Glasses, and on warm Borders under Walls or Hedges ; in *March*, *April*, and *May*, they are sown in more open Ground warmly exposed, and in the Summer Months on more shady Places, and may be continued on hot Beds the Winter Season.

Corn Sallad, or Lamb's Lettice, and common Chervil, are sown early in the Spring, or in *August*, or *September*.

Common Sorrel and Burnet are sown in the Spring, and may be transplanted.

Purslain, green and golden. Purslain is sown in *March* on a gentle hot Bed, or from *April* till *July*, on Beds of light rich Earth, in a warm Situation.

Spinage, round-leav'd, prickly-leav'd. Spinage is sown from *January* till *September* ; the round Sort is commonly sown for the Spring Crops : The first Sowing should be on a warm dry Ground, and in *February* or *March*, in an open Situation, and as the Season advances on a moist Soil, and should

should be hoed out four or five Inches apart, and thinned for Use : The prickly Sort is sown in *August* or *September*, for Use in the Winter, and early in the Spring.

Orach, or Garden Orach. Orach, or French Spinage, is sown in the Spring, and hoed out as Spinage.

Parsley, common, curl'd. Parsley is sown in *February*, *March*, or *April*, or till *September*, in Beds or shallow Drills.

Finochia, or Italian Fennel, is sown from the End of *February* till *July*, for a Succession, in light rich Soil, in shallow Drills, a Foot and a half apart, and after it is up should be thinned, six Inches apart, and when it is well grown must be earthed up to blanch.

Tarragon, or Tarchon, is commonly raised from Slips planted in *March* or *April* ; the Leaves are used in small Sallads, to give a high Flavour.

A Description of the Dwellings of the Tartars, in a Letter to the King of France.

WHEN I first entered among the *Tartars*, methought I was come into a new World ; which I will describe unto your Highness as well as I can.

They have no settled Habitation, neither know they To-day where they shall lodge To-morrow. They have all *Scythia* to themselves, which stretcheth from the River *Danube*, to the utmost Extent of the East. Each of their Captains, according to the Number of his People, knows the Bounds of his Pastures, and where he ought to feed his Cattle Winter and Summer, Spring and Autumn ; for in the Winter they remove into warm Regions Southward, and in the Summer they go up into the cold Regions Northward. In Winter, when Snow lies upon the Ground, they feed their Cattle in Pastures where there is no Water, because then they use Snow instead of Water. Their Houses in which they sleep, they raise upon a round Foundation of Wickers, artificially wrought and compacted together ; the Roof, consisting of Wickers, also meeting above in one little Roundell, out of which there rises upwards a Neck like a Chimney,

a Chimney, which they cover with white Felt, and often they lay Mortar or white Earth upon the Felt with the Powder of Bones, that it may shine and look white; sometimes also they cover their Houses with black Felt. This Cupola of their House they adorn with Variety of Pictures.

Before the Door they hang a Felt curiously painted over, for they spend all their coloured Felt in painting Vines, Trees, Birds, and Beasts thereupon. These Houses they make so large, that they contain thirty Foot in Breadth; for measuring once the Breadth between the Wheel-ruts of one of their Carts or Wains, I found it to be twenty Feet over, and when the House was upon the Cart, it stretched over the Wheels on each Side five Feet at least. I told two and twenty Oxen in one Draught drawing an House upon a Cart, eleven in one Row according to the Breadth of the Cart, and eleven more on the other Side.* The Axle-tree of the Cart was of an huge Bigness, like the Mast of a Ship, and a Fellow stood in the Door of the House, upon the Forefall of the Cart, driving the Oxen. They likewise make certain four-square Baskets of slender Twigs as big as great Chests, and afterwards from one Side to another they frame an hollow Lid or Cover of such-like Twigs, and make a Door in it before. Then they cover the said Chest or House with black Felt rubbed over with Tallow or Sheep's Milk, to keep the Rain from soaking through, which they likewise adorn with Painting or white Feathers. Into these Chests they put their whole Household Stuff, or Treasure, and bind them upon other Carts, which are drawn by Camels, that they may pass through Rivers; neither do they ever take down these Chests from their Carts. When they take down their Dwelling-Houses, they turn the Doors always to the South, and next they place the Carts laden with the Chests here and there within a Stone's Cast of the House, insomuch that the House standeth between two Ranks of Carts, as it were between two Walls.

The

* See the Cut.

The Women make themselves most beautiful Carts. A rich *Tartar* hath a hundred or two such Carts with Chests. The King hath sixteen Wives, every one of whom hath one great House, besides other little Houses, which they place behind the great one, being as it were Chambers for their Women to dwell in, and to each of the Houses belong two hundred Carts. When they take their Houses off the Carts, the principal Wife placeth her Court on the West, and so all the rest in Order; so that the last Wife's House is on the East Frontier, and the Court of each Wife is distant from another about a Stone's Cast.

Hence it is, that the Court of a rich *Tartar* will appear like a very large Village, few Men being to be seen therein: One Woman will guide twenty or thirty Carts at once, for their Country is very flat, and they fasten the Carts with Camels or Oxen, one behind another: A Wench sits in the foremost Cart driving the Oxen, and all the rest of themselves follow a like Pace. When they come to a Place which is a bad Passage, they loose them and guide them one by one, for they go a slow Pace, and not much faster than an Ox can walk.

The best Method of making Cyder, and of the different Kinds of Apples which are most fit for it.

SOME imagine any Kind of Apples will make good Cyder, but with them Connoisseurs do not agree. It is therefore proper to mention such Cyder Apples as have obtained an established Reputation for Fruitfulness, quick Growth, Duration, Hardiness, Plenty and Goodness of Juices.

The *White Sour*, or *Elliot*. This is the most early ripening Cyder Apple: The Fruit is under the middle Size, of a whitish Colour, inclined to Yellow. It comes to Maturity in *August*. It produces, without softening it by racking, a potent Juice agreeable to Lovers of rough Cyder, and will communicate Life and Smartness to dull Cyders made of vulgar Fruits.

The

The Herefordshire Red-streak. This Fruit is very small, beautifully striped with red and sometimes yellow within, the Juice is generally of a very high Colour. It was originally called the *Scudamore Crab*. The rough and smooth are so duly blended in its Juice, as render it palatable to all. An eminent Physician prescribes it for a consumptive Patient.

The Fox Whelp is under the middle Size, long, and of a dark red Colour, contains a richer Juice than the *Redstreak*, though somewhat rougher, if not softened by racking. A Hogsheaf of this Cyder has been sold in *London* for 8 *l.* and it has been exchanged for *French* Wine in equal Quantities.

The Rackamore. This Fruit is flat and large, beautifully streaked with dark red, and has a Bloom on it like a Plum. It makes an excellent strong and palatable Cyder, preferred by some to any other for a Smack of Bitterness, and a Poignancy resembling that of the *Redstreak*.

The Midyate, or Meadiate. This Apple is under the middle Size, of a long Shape, and produced in Cobs, commonly of a yellow Colour, and ripens late. It makes a very rough Cyder, which has this peculiar Quality, that if it be but one 20th of a Hogsheaf, it will predominate, and is therefore very useful to mix with insipid Cyder.

The Royal Wilding is a small long Fruit, of a yellowish Colour. Its Cyder is of a bright Yellow, a noble Body, an excellent Bitter, a delicate Roughness, and a fine vinous Flavour.

The Stiar is middle sized, longish, and of a pale yellow Colour, and makes a bold strong Masculine Cyder, of great Reputation in *Herefordshire* and *Gloucestershire*; but our Author says, he has often tasted it, and can find nothing extraordinary in it.

The Cowley-Bridge Crab is a small Fruit, produced in Cobs, of a dirty purple and green Colour. The Juice is an austere Cyder, but by frequent Rackings may be rendered soft and pleasant.

The Common Crab produces first excellent Verjuice, which is esteemed a sovereign Antiscorbutic, being more wholesome than other Acids, is more proper for making Punch.

Cyder of this Fruit three Years in Casks, and three Years in Bottles, is a bold strong Masculine Liquor, not much inferior to Old Hock.

The *Cocko Gee* is of *Irish* Extraction, the Name signifying Goose Turd. Its Cyder has a vinous pipinary Flavour. *



Publick Transactions in EUROPE since our last, continued from Page 303.

A Native of *Geneva* having gained the Favour and Confidence of the Prime Vizier, in *Turkey*, has obtained thereby an exclusive Privilege, to his Fellow Citizens, of being the only Sellers, throughout the *Ottoman* Dominions, of all Clocks and Watches that do not exceed the Value of eighty-four Sequins. Peace still seems to actuate the Councils of the sublime Porte, and all its Motions, and at present it does not seem probable, that the Troublers of *Europe* should excite them to Hostilities against their Christian Neighbours.

The Empress of *RUSSIA*, who may truly be stiled the Mother of her People, was lately addressed by her Senate, to thank her for easing her Subjects from certain Imposts and Duties, to which she returned a remarkably gracious Answer; and, as an Instance of her private Sense of Gratitude and her extraordinary Generosity, we may mention, her having bestowed an Estate of 25000 Rubles, yearly Revenue in *Livonia*, on Prince *Woronzoff*, in Return for the Pains he took to extinguish the late Fire in her Palace, and the Magnanimity with which he exposed his Life on the Occasion.

His *DANISH* Majesty has given Orders throughout the Dutchies of *Sleswick* and *Holstein*, to prepare for the Reception of a Body of Troops, which is to be encamped there in the Spring: Orders, these, that must afford some Matter for

* The Method of making Cyder will be treated on in our next.

for Speculation ; because at all Times these fertile Dukedoms are sufficiently pestered with Soldiers, and these Motions seem to indicate no less, than that the King of *Denmark* has either changed his System ; or is willing to sell the next Subsidy Treaty he makes to more Advantage than the last, by shewing his Strength and displaying his Readiness, to the two contending Parties for his Alliance.

The late Minister from *Spain* at the Court of *Denmark*, the Marquis *del Puerto*, who is now removed to that of *SWEDEN*, seems quite pleased with his Situation, and has procured such Advantages for the *Swedish* Commerce in *Spain*, that nothing his Catholick Majesty requests, is denied at *Stockholm* ; and tho' a considerable Number of Men of War are on the Stocks, for the Service of that Monarch, the King of *Sweden* has given Assurance, that he shall be ready to furnish a still greater Number.

In *POLAND*, in the Palatinate of *Poznan*, an uncommon Accident lately happened ; for some Days Rain being succeeded by a strong Frost, a Number of Bustards, not much less than the Ostrich, alighting in a Field, their Wings and Feathers were frozen in such a Manner, that they could not rise to fly : Some of them were killed by the Peasants with Bludgeons, and others were taken by Dogs ; but by the stout Resistance they made, a Man was wounded, and two Dogs killed.

From *Strasburgh*, in *GERMANY*, we are informed, that a Person has lately discovered the Secret to make out of 100 Pound Weight of common Salt, the same Quantity of Salt Petre ; so that, upon repeated Trials, the *French* Court had engaged him to establish his new Manufacture in the Neighbourhood of that City, and to supply, for forty Years, all the Magazines of the Kingdom ; towards which they have advanced him 200,000 Livres.

The Empress Queen has prohibited all foreign Soap in her Hereditary Countries for the future ; and the Elector of *Bavaria* has ordered a new Body of Laws to be drawn up for his Dominions, in Imitation of the King of *Prussia's* Code, which admirably tends to hinder the protracting of Law Suits, to the Ruin of the Suitors.

The Consort of the Electoral Prince of *Saxony* was brought to Bed on the 26th of December of a Prince.

The King of *Prussia* has ordered Horses to be provided for all the Supernumeraries of his Cavalry, and a new Battalion of Militia to be raised, Eighteen Persons were lately killed by the falling down of the Lutheran Church of *Silsen* in the Time of divine Service.

Births at *Vienna* in 1753, 5638, still born 304; Burials 5043, of which 897 died of the Small Pox, and 208 by Apoplexies; six only died at upwards of 100.

Births at *Frankfort* 1008; Burials 1097; Weddings 192.

From *ITALY* we are inform'd, that all the Beggars in *Rome* have been taken into Custody, by the express Orders of the Pope, and those capable to get their Bread, are to be set to Work on the new Port making at *Anzio*.

The King of *Naples* has, likewise, provided a new Body of Laws, called the *Carolini* Code; by which the Fees of the Lawyers are curtailed, and all Causes are to be determined in the Space of a Year. He is fitting out two Men of War and a Frigate, to pursue the *Barbary* Corsairs, who have appeared of late, very daringly, in the Canal of *Piombino*.

The Inhabitants of *St. Remo*, subject to the *Genese*, who were lately handled very severely for revolting from them, had concerted a fresh Insurrection, but were discovered before their Project arrived to Maturity; and the principal Conspirators seized, who will no Doubt be made Sacrifices to the wanton Cruelty of their Task Masters.

The King of *SPAIN* is said to be in a very ill State of Health, and seldom stirs abroad. A joint Squadron of *French*, *Spaniards*, and *Portuguese*, is fitting out to demolish entirely the infidel Corsairs of *Barbary*. Nine *Algerine* Xebecs were attacked by some *Spanish* Men of War, two of them taken, three sunk, and the rest got off in a very shattered Condition.

The *PORTUGUESE* have resolved to extend their Trade in the *East Indies*; for which Purpose his most faithful Majesty has granted to Mr. *Oldenburgh*, an exclusive Privilege, for sending five Ships to *Macao* in *China*, in six Years,
and

and four to *Goa* in ten Years: Upon this Grant a Company is to be erected, whose Stock is to be divided into Shares of 480,000 Rees, or 160 l. Sterling each, and the Proprietors are not to sell out without Leave of the Company.

In *FRANCE* many People are still very sanguine in their Hopes of the Return of the Parliament: and one Reason they build them upon is, that they think Money cannot be raised legally, if the Edicts for that Purpose are not register'd by that Tribunal.

They tell us from thence, that *Dupleix* has made himself Master of all the plain Country in the *East-Indies*, driven the *English* to *Madras*, and that he had invested that Place. This Advice came by some homeward bound *East India* Ships, who are put into *Cape Breton*, and sent their Dispatches home by the *Utile* Frigate.

It has been colder in France, by a Degree, than it was in 1740, and more Snow has fallen than for sixty Years before, in which many Travellers have perished.

Upon the Burial of an eminent Burgher of *Amsterdam*, who was of the Party that brought in the late Stadtholder, the Anti-Stadtholderian Mob assembled, and committed a great Number of Disorders, and the same Spirit has continued ever since, to such a Degree that Pasquinades are posted up, even against the young Prince of *Orange* and his Court in general; so that many intelligent Persons presage intestine Confusion approaching in the Republick, and fear that it may produce a fresh Revolution in the Government.

A M E R I C A.

Great Disputes having subsisted between the General Assembly of *Virginia*, and the Governor, occasioned by his demanding a Pistole on each Patent for Land, which they voted illegal, arbitrary, and oppressive; his Excellency prorogued them, and they have sent an Agent to *England* to solicit the Suppression of the new Impost.

S C O T L A N D.

S C O T L A N D.

The Burials in *Edinburgh* and the *West Kirk* Parish, amounted last Year to 1105.

A common Weed has been found out in the West of this Kingdom, which dress'd in Summer, produces a fine strong even Thread, of which Cloth may be made resembling Muslin.

I R E L A N D.

Dublin Castle, Jan. 30. His Majesty having signified his Royal Pleasure, that the Parliament of this Kingdom be prorogued; the said Parliament is prorogued unto Tuesday the 2d Day of April next.

A rich Lead Mine has lately been discovered on the Estate of Lord *Howth*, which is judged to be as good a one as any of the Sort in *Europe*.

D O M E S T I C K O C C U R R E N C E S.

One hundred Chaldron of Coals were given by two charitable Gentlemen, Brothers, to the Poor of the City of *Westminster*.

Twelve Malefactors were executed at *Tyburn*.

The River *Thames* was frozen so hard above *Kingston*, that Persons pass'd and repass'd it with Safety.

Rear Admiral *Watson* and Commodore *Pococke*, set out for *Portsmouth*, to take the Command of the *East India* Fleet.

Eighty Pounds was collected for some Orphans going with Mr. *Whitefield* to *Georgia*, at his Tabernacle in *Moorfields*.

Three Houses were burnt at *Limehouse*.

At a Court of Common Council, a Committee was appointed to consider of the best Means for constructing a Bridge across the *Thames*, from *London* to *Southwark*, who are empowered to draw on the Chamberlain for 100 l. for
Plans,

Plans, Surveys, &c. and are also to take into their Consideration, the Means to make the Passage of *London Bridge* more safe and commodious.

At a Sessions of Admiralty, held at the *Old Baily*, *Thomas Haggerston* was acquitted of the Murder of *John Johnsen*: *John Lancey* was found guilty, *John Lloyd* acquitted, and *Thomas Poe* left Special, for burning the Ship *Nightingale* to defraud the Insurers.

Elizabeth Canning was surrendered, and Bail given for her Appearance, to take her Trial at the *Old Bailey*.

His Majesty, by the Advice of his Privy Council, has made some new Rules and Regulations, for the more effectual performing of Quarantine, in order the better to prevent the Plague being brought into the Kingdom from foreign Parts.

At a Council held at *St. James's*, at which the Judges, going their Circuits, were ordered to attend, the Lord Chancellor, by his Majesty's Command, signified to them his Majesty's great Concern at the melancholy Increase of Robberies and Murders, particularly of Murders by Poisoning; Perjuries, Forgeries, &c. and gave them a particular Charge from his Majesty, to be, at this Time, vigilant and active in punishing all Persons found guilty of such Offences: They were also directed to exhort and admonish the Gentlemen in the Commission of the Peace to do their Duty, for the Support of his Majesty's Government and the Good of their Country.



Prices of STOCKS in FEBRUARY, 1854. BILL of MORTALITY, &c.

L y s	BANK STOCK.	INDIA STOCK.	South Sea STOCK.	South Sea Ann. old	South Sea Ann. new	3 and 1/2 p. C. B. An.	3 p. Cent. H. Annu.	3 p. Cent. Ind. Ann.	Ind Bonds. prem.	B. Cir. P l. s. d.	BILL of Mortality, &c.	
											Jan 22. to Feb. 19.	From
27	Sunday	187 1/2	103 1/2	102 1/2	102 1/2	100 3/4	101 1/2	101 1/2	5l. 2s	1 10 6	Chrif.	Males 599
28	134 1/2	187 1/2	104 1/2	102 1/2	102 1/2	101 1/2	101 1/2	101 1/2	5l. 1s	1 12 6	Buried	Males 958
29	133 1/2	188 1/2	104 1/2	103 1/2	103 1/2	101 1/2	101 1/2	101 1/2	5l. 2s	1 5 0	Buried	Femal. 953
30	133 1/2	189 1/2	104 1/2	103 1/2	103 1/2	101 1/2	101 1/2	101 1/2	5l. 12s	1 7 6	Died under 2 Years old	581
31	133 1/2	189 1/2	104 1/2	104 3/8	104 3/8	105 4/8	105 4/8	105 4/8	6l.	1 5 0	Between 2 and 5	109
1	133 1/2	189 1/2	104 1/2	103 3/8	103 3/8	104 3/8	104 3/8	104 3/8	6l.	1 7 6	5 and 10	43
2	Sunday	188 1/2	105 1/2	103 3/8	103 3/8	104 3/8	104 3/8	104 3/8	1	7 6	10 and 20	69
3	133 1/2	188 1/2	105 1/2	103 3/8	103 3/8	104 3/8	104 3/8	104 3/8	6l. 2s	1 7 6	20 and 30	151
4	133 1/2	187 1/2	105 1/2	103 3/8	103 3/8	104 3/8	104 3/8	104 3/8	6l. 2s	1 7 6	30 and 40	191
5	133 1/2	187 1/2	105 1/2	103 3/8	103 3/8	104 3/8	104 3/8	104 3/8	5l. 18s	1 5 0	40 and 50	193
6	133 1/2	187 1/2	105 1/2	103 3/8	103 3/8	104 3/8	104 3/8	104 3/8	5l. 17s	1 5 0	50 and 60	203
7	133 1/2	187 1/2	105 1/2	103 3/8	103 3/8	104 3/8	104 3/8	104 3/8	5l. 19s	1 5 0	60 and 70	150
8	133 1/2	187 1/2	105 1/2	103 3/8	103 3/8	104 3/8	104 3/8	104 3/8	6l.	1 5 0	70 and 80	134
9	Sunday	188 1/2	105 1/2	103 3/8	103 3/8	104 3/8	104 3/8	104 3/8	6l.	1 5 0	80 and 90	63
10	134 1/2	188 1/2	105 1/2	103 3/8	103 3/8	104 3/8	104 3/8	104 3/8	6l.	1 7 6	90 and 100	9
11	134 1/2	188 1/2	105 1/2	104 3/8	104 3/8	104 3/8	104 3/8	104 3/8	6l. 1s	1 7 6	Within the Walls	1911
12	134 1/2	188 1/2	105 1/2	104 3/8	104 3/8	104 3/8	104 3/8	104 3/8	6l.	1 7 6	Without the Walls	150
13	134 1/2	188 1/2	105 1/2	104 3/8	104 3/8	104 3/8	104 3/8	104 3/8	6l.	1 7 6	In Mid. and Surrey	442
14	134 1/2	188 1/2	105 1/2	104 3/8	104 3/8	104 3/8	104 3/8	104 3/8	5l. 19s	1 10 6	City and Lib. Well.	884
15	134 1/2	187 1/2	105 1/2	104 3/8	104 3/8	104 3/8	104 3/8	104 3/8	5l. 17s	1 10 6		435
16	Sunday	187 1/2	105 1/2	104 3/8	104 3/8	104 3/8	104 3/8	104 3/8	5l. 17s	1 7 6	Weekly Jan. 29	1911
17	134 1/2	187 1/2	105 1/2	104 3/8	104 3/8	104 3/8	104 3/8	104 3/8	5l. 16s	1 7 6	Feb. 5	465
18	134 1/2	187 1/2	105 1/2	104 3/8	104 3/8	104 3/8	104 3/8	104 3/8	5l. 17s	1 7 6		452
19	134 1/2	186 1/2	105 1/2	104 3/8	104 3/8	104 3/8	104 3/8	104 3/8	5l. 17s	1 7 6		489
20	134 1/2	186 1/2	105 1/2	104 3/8	104 3/8	104 3/8	104 3/8	104 3/8	5l. 17s	1 7 6		12
21	134 1/2	187 1/2	105 1/2	104 3/8	104 3/8	104 3/8	104 3/8	104 3/8	5l. 19s	1 7 6		505
22	134 1/2	187 1/2	105 1/2	104 3/8	104 3/8	104 3/8	104 3/8	104 3/8	5l. 19s	1 7 6		1911
23	134 1/2	186 1/2	105 1/2	104 3/8	104 3/8	104 3/8	104 3/8	104 3/8	5l. 18s	1 7 6	Wheaten Peck Loaf 1s. 9d.	
24	Sunday	186 1/2	105 1/2	104 3/8	104 3/8	104 3/8	104 3/8	104 3/8	5l. 17s	1 7 6	Household Loaf 1s. 3d 1/2	
25	134 1/2	187 1/2	105 1/2	104 3/8	104 3/8	104 3/8	104 3/8	104 3/8	5l. 18s	1 7 6		
26	134 1/2	187 1/2	105 1/2	104 3/8	104 3/8	104 3/8	104 3/8	104 3/8	5l. 17s	1 7 6		

Mark-lane Exchange.

Wheat 25s to 30s q	08l. 10s. load	Reading. 08l. 01s load	Farnham. 07l. cos load	Warminster 34s to 40 qr	Devizes. 44s to 45 qr	Birmingham. 45 6d to 4s. 10d	Abingdon. 10l. 10s per load
Barley 17s to 19s	17s to 19 qr	21s to 20 qr	18s to 21 qr	16s to 20	16s to 23	25 8d to 2s 10d	16s to 17s
Oats 12s 6d to 13s	14s to 16 6d	18s to 19	13s to 15s	14s to 17	16s to 21	15 8d to 1s 10d	13s 6d. to 15s od
Beans 16 to 20s od	23s to 25 od	22s to 26	27s to 25s	30s to 38	24s to 34	3s 4d to 3s 6d	18s od to 19s od

Buried
 Within the Walls 150
 Without the Walls 442
 In Mid. and Surrey 884
 City and Lib. Well. 435

The best Method of managing the Fruit to make Cyder.

TO mature the Juices it is necessary to collect the Apples into Heaps, in an open even and airy Part of an Orchard, unshelter'd from the Rain and Dews, which instead of doing Harm will dilute the Juices and promote a speedier Fermentation. Apples of various Kinds, which have dropp'd from the Tree, are to be gather'd up and laid in a Heap by themselves, and may be made into Cyder after having laid about ten Days. Apples which have acquired some Degree of Maturity, and are gathered from the Trees, are to be laid in a Heap by themselves for about a Fortnight. The later hard Fruits, which are to be left on the Trees till the Approach of Frost is apprehended, are to be laid in a Heap for a Month or six Weeks, by which they will receive such a Maturation as they could not have attained on the Trees. The riper and mellow the Fruits are at the Time of laying them in Heaps, the shorter should be their Continuance there, and the harsher immaturer and harder they are, the longer should they rest. In some Counties the Method is to make these Heaps of Apples in an House, or under some Covering inclosed on every Side; but this occasions a great Loss of Juices, a general Rottenness, rancid Smell, and disagreeable Taste.

When the Apples are duely matured, they are to be reduced to a Pummice, or broken Pulp preparatory to the Expression of the Juice. This is best done by an Engine work'd by Coggs, and round which turn two or more Tumblers stuck full of Teeth, which least bruises the Skin Pulp and Kernels of the Apples; for an immoderate Breaking produces Austerity and Bitterness. The Pummice should be received into a large open mouth'd Vessel, capable of containing as much as is sufficient for one making, or Cheese, and should be press'd the same Day it is broken.

The Cheese or Cake is composed of the Pummice or broken Pulp of the Apples and long wheaten Straw or Reeds raised up in a cylindrical Form upon the Floor, Stage or Basen of the Cyder Press. First there is laid in the Middle

Day
STOCK.
BANK
of STOCKS in FEBRUARY, 1754.
INDIA
South Sea
Ann. old
Ann. new
C. B. A. A.
Ind. Ann.
B. L. of MORTALITY, &c.
B. L. of Mortality from
Jan 22. to Feb. 19.

of the Floor a circular Layer of long Straw or Reed, the Diameter exceeding that of the Pummice or Cheese two Feet at least, that a Foot or more of the Straw may be brought up round the Cheese, and the Ends turned in upon it, the Pummice is then laid out in a circular Form to the Height of six Inches, then another Layer of Straw and another Layer of Pummice, and so on alternately till all the Pummice intended to be pressed is laid on. When the Cheese has been some Time press'd and become broader, its Excess should be cut round with a Knife, such as is used for cutting Hay, and the great Beam raised, and the Cuttings laid on the Top, and the Cheese again pressed till it be dry.

As the Cyder runs from the Press it is to be received into a Vessel fixed within the Ground, from whence as it fills it is to be laded out, and put into a Cask with its Head struck out, and a coarse Hair Sieve set over it, that the Cyder may be strain'd, and the grosser Part of the Pulp intercepted.

From this Vessel it is to be transferr'd into a large open Vat, which will contain a whole Pounding or making of Cyder, or as much as can be pressed in one Day. When the Cyder has remain'd in this Vat a Day, or sometimes less, according to the Ripeness of the Fruit and State of the Weather, the grosser Parts of the Pulp will rise to the Top, and in a Day or two more grow very thick; and when little white Bubbles of the Size of the Top of your Finger break thro', it is then presently to be drawn off thro' a Cock or Faucet Hole within three Inches of the Bottom, if large, but not nearer than four Inches, if small, that the Lees may be left behind.

If the Cyder be not immediately drawn off on the first Appearance of these white Bubbles, all the Head which is then become a thick Crust will sink to the Bottom, and the Opportunity of making sweet Cyder will be lost.

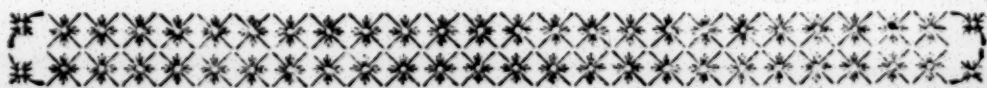
On drawing off the Cyder from the Vat, it must be tun'd into close Casks well scented. Upon letting it remain a longer or shorter Time in these Casks with the Lees and Impurities, the hardening or softening it depends.

To have Cyder perfectly sweet, it is to be carefully watch'd after it is tun'd into close Casks, and when the
white

white Bubbles arise at the Bung Hole, it is immediately to be rack'd off again into another clean and well scented Cask, which Operation is to be continued till the Cyder ceases hissing, and is as sweet as you desire. Weaker Cyder will only bear one or two Rackings: But to make the bolder and stronger Cyders soft, mellow and perfectly sweet, the Rackings must be repeated till the Fermentation ceases.

The Manner of making rough Cyder differs from that of the sweet, in this, that the first Appearance of the white Bubbles may be disregarded, and the Liquor not drawn off till the next Separation. After the Fermentation is over every Hogshead must be filled up to the Bung, once a Month, if this be neglected the Cyder will grow flat and heavy, and contract an ill Taste and Smell from the rancid Air lodg'd in the Vacuity. Vent should be sometimes given at a Spile Hole for three Months. Until it has done hissing, the Bung Hole would be best covered with a Tile or flat Stone, after that it should be closely bung'd.

The best Method of sweetening Casks by the Match is as follows: Take four Ounces of Brimstone, one Ounce of burnt Allom, two Ounces of Wine Brandy, put these together into an Earthen Pan, and hold it over a chafing Dish of glowing Coals till the Brimstone runs; then dip therein little Pieces of new Canvas, and instantly sprinkle them with Powders of Cloves, Nutmegs and Coriander. This Canvas is to be fired and burnt out in the Bung Hole, so as it may be received into the Cask, and bung'd down tight.



Of the A S H.

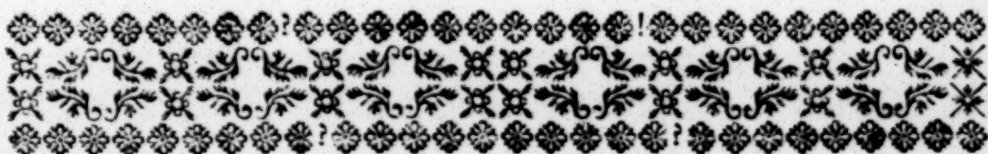
TH E Keys, or Seeds, that you sow to raise this Tree, must be thorough ripe, which will be about *October* and *November*: When they are gathered lay them then to dry; let them be gathered from the tallest and straitest

Trees, by Reason the Seed will be larger and better : Let the Time of Sowing be from *October* till *January*, for they lie a Year before they spring, covering them about an Inch, or Inch and Half, with fine Mould, and scatter some of the Manure thinly over the Bed : When they are up keep them clean of Weeds at first, for they shoot but little the first Year, but the second they will shoot strongly ; the Winter after they may be transplanted ; prune the little side Shoots, and cut the Tap-root, keep them with digging and pruning at the first, and they will soon come to be fine growing tall Trees : When you remove the Ash, do not top him, except he is Top-heavy ; for the Ash, like the Walnut, is not to be headed, they having a great Pith ; the side Boughs may be cut, but then close to the Body, and the Boughs not large ; though it is not like the Elm, to run much into side Branches ; by doing of which your Ashes will grow to large and tall Trees soon. It is not fit to be planted near a fine Garden, for the Leaves turn to Soil, and spoils the Walks, and the Roots running so shallow, will spread into the Beds and Borders : They are as bad for the Plough Ground, for the Roots will draw the Ground, so as to spoil the Corn : But though the Ash does prejudice Corn by its Root, yet the Wood is the usefulest and most universal of all Wood, except the Oak, for the Plough, and many other Uses of the Ploughman : It is a quick growing Wood, and does grow in most Sorts of Soil, provided not too wet ; it thrives best on such Grounds as have the Surface of a loose Nature, so it be not too shallow, and is excellent Timber for several Uses.

Ashes may be propagated from a Bough split off, with a little of the old Wood, and from the old Root, which will shoot forth prodigiously ; from whence comes that called the Ground Ash, so much desired for Arbours, Espaliers, and other Pole Works. The Uses of Ash are many ; as for the Carpenter, Wheel-wright, Cart-wright, Ploughs, Axle-tree, Wheel-rings, Harrows, Oars, and the best Blocks for Pulleys ; also for the Cooper, Turner, and Thatcher ; Pallisadoes, Hedges, Hop-Yards, Poles, Spars, Handlestocks for Tools, Spade-trees, &c. Ladders and other Tackling.

The

The Keys or Seed of this Tree may be sown by the broadcast spread over the Ground, and plowed in; or it may be sown out of a Man's Hand in a Furrow after the Plough, and covered by the Turn of the next Furrow: In either of these Forms of Sowing, the Ground should lie very shallow on the Seed, lest it be what we call buried by the Cover of too much heavy Earth: This is to be done for a Nursery, or standing Wood; but in Case Ashes are to be planted in Hedges, or other particular Places, then Ashen Setts are by far most commodious and most advantageously planted.



Thoughts of a dying CHRISTIAN.

I COME, I come! and joyfully obey
 The fatal Voice that summons me away:
 With Pleasure I resign this mortal Breath,
 And fall a willing Sacrifice to Death.
 O welcome Stroke, that gives me Liberty!
 Welcome, as to the Slave, a Jubilee!
 Of the vain World I take my last Adieu,
 The promis'd Land is now within my View;
 The Clouds dispel, the stormy Danger's past,
 And I attain the peaceful Shores at last.
 My Hope's dear Object, now are all in Sight,
 The Lands of Love, and unexhausted Light;
 The flowing Streams of Joy, and endless Bliss,
 The shining Plains, and Walks of Paradise;
 The Trees of Life, immortal Fruits and Flow'rs,
 The tall celestial Groves, and charming Bow'rs:
 I breathe the balmy empyrean Air,
 The Songs of Angels, and their Harps I hear;
 And scarce the fierce, tyrannic Joy can bear.

}

The

The NIGHTINGALE and GLOW-WORM,

A F A B L E.

TH E prudent Nymph, whose Cheeks disclose
 The Lilly, and the blushing Rose,
 From publick View her Charms will screen,
 And rarely in the Croud be seen ;
 This simple Truth shall keep her wise,
 " The fairest Fruits attract the Flies."

One Night, a Glow-worm, proud and vain,
 Contemplating her glitt'ring Train,
 Cry'd, sure there never was in Nature
 So elegant, so fine a Creature.
 All other Insects, that I see,
 The frugal Ant, industrious Bee,
 Or Silk-worm, with Contempt I view ;
 With all that low, mechanic Crew,
 Who servilely their Lives employ
 In Business, Enemy to Joy.
 Mean, vulgar Herd ! ye are my Scorn,
 For Grandeur only I was born,
 Or sure am sprung from Race divine,
 And plac'd on Earth, to live and shine.
 Those Lights, that sparkle so on high,
 Are but the Glow-worms of the Sky,
 And Kings on Earth their Gems admire,
 Because they imitate my Fire.

She spoke. Attentive on a Spray,
 A Nightingale forbore his Lay ;
 He saw the shining Morsel near,
 And flew, directed by the Glare ;
 A while he gaz'd with sober Look,
 And thus the trembling Prey bespoke.

Deluded Fool, with Pride elate,
 Know, 'tis thy Beauty brings thy Fate ;

Lefs

Less dazzling, long thou might'st have lain
Unheeded on the Velvet Plain ;
Pride, soon or late, degraded mourns,
And Beauty wrecks whom she adorns.

Seeking for H A P P I N E S S.

NO T all that Parent Earth can give,
Can make her Children ever live ;
Nor yet afford them Happiness ;
For Creatures ne'er can truly blest.

If what we drink, and what we eat,
Can never make our Bliss compleat ;
To rich Variety of Food,
And gay Attire, and ev'ry Good ;
Give Honour, Titles, Pomp, and Fame,
With ev'ry Blessing we can name ;
Give Pleasure, Profit, Knowledge, Ease,
Whatever can instruct or please ;
Authority, a vast Estate,
With all that maketh rich and great ;
Yet these cou'd never constitute
A Man much happier than a Brute :
For while our wretched Passions reign,
Felicity is sought in vain.

Where then shall Happiness be found ?
That lovely, pleasing, joyous Sound !
Great Source of Bliss, vouchsafe to show
How I this Pearl of Price may know.

If grateful Souls-----if Souls resign'd
To thy blest Will, this Treasure find ;
To me, great GOD, do thou impart
A thankful, and contented Heart ;
Drive far away all Diffidence,
And give me, Lord, true Confidence
In thy unerring Providence.
Let all my Vices be subdu'd,
Replace 'em, Lord, with Gratitude,

My

My ev'ry Want do thou redress,
Give me ! O give me Happiness.

An EVENING HYMN.

Indulgent GOD, whose bounteous Care
O'er all thy Works is shown !
Oh, grateful let my Praise and Pray'r
Ascend before thy Throne !

What Mercies has this Day bestow'd !
How largely hast thou blest !
My Cup with Plenty overflow'd,
And with Content my Breast.

Safe, 'midst a thousand latent Snares,
Thy careful Hand has led ;
And now, exempt from anxious Cares,
I press the downy Bed.

I fall this Night into thy Arms,
Which I have prov'd so kind :
Oh keep my Body from all Harms,
And from all Sin my Mind !

Let balmy Slumbers close my Eyes,
From Pain and Sickness free ;
And let my waking Fancy rise
To meditate on thee.

So bless each future Day and Night,
'Till Life's fond Scene is o'er ;
And then to Realms of endless Light
Oh ! aid my Soul to soar !



Publick Transactions in E U R O P E since our last, continued from Page 320.

FROM *RUSSIA* we are informed that a dreadful Fire broke out lately in the Capital, at the Palace of *Le Fort*, in which the Empress's Body Guard of 400 Gentlemen with their Families were lodged, to the Number of 3000 Persons. The Flames destroyed all the inside Work, and many Persons lost their Lives in endeavouring to escape the Fire. The same Day, and some Days after, a few Houses were burnt in the Suburbs of *Krasnoe Zelo*, and the House of a Secretary of the Chancery in the *Slabode*.

In *DENMARK*, the Sea has been quite frozen over, from *Denmark* to the *Swedish* Coast, so that People pass it on Foot.

From *SWEDEN* they write that Count *Tessin* and his Countess, having at length obtained Leave to resign their Employments, are retired to their Country Seat. A Peasant, who died lately in *Ostrogotia*, aged 108, had a Son when 105 by his third Wife, whom he married in his 100th Year: He lived 57 Years with his first Spouse, and fourteen with his second.

We have likewise Intelligence from *Stockholm*, that the Difference between their Court and that of *Denmark*, concerning the Limits of the two Kingdoms, is entirely accommodated, and nothing remains to be settled, but the Duty which the *Danes* are to pay for the Wood they bring from *Norway*, and which must pass through some Parts of *Sweden*.

From *GERMANY* we are inform'd, a Proposition to introduce the Princes of *Waldeck* and *Tour* and *Taxis* into the College of Princes meets with great Opposition.

The Castle of *Garbenichen* near *Koningsburg*, is entirely consumed by Fire, forty-eight Horses in the Stables, and other Cattle, perishing in the Flames.

The principal Inhabitants of *St. Remo*, in *ITALY*, having received a favourable Answer to their Remonstrances, as Vassals of the Empire, from *Vienna*, have abandoned their

Town and taken Shelter at *Oneglia*, where the King of *Sardinia* has ordered them to be received as an oppressed and persecuted People.

From *NAPLES* we hear that by an exact List which has been taken of the Troops in that Kingdom, it appears that his Majesty may, in Case of Necessity, assemble an Army of 25 or 30,000 Men, exclusive of the Garrisons left in the fortified Towns. The Misunderstanding between that Court and the Order of *Malta*, continues upon the same Footing. Not long since two *Maltese* Barks, with several Passengers on Board, attempting, in a violent Storm, to take Shelter at *Paola*, a Port of *Calabria*, the Governor obliged them to put to Sea again, which they had had no sooner done but they perished within Sight of the Harbour.

The Palace of Count *Castlebarco*, in *Milan*, has been almost destroyed by Fire, with a very valuable Collection of Medals, and some rich Tapestry.

In *SPAIN* they have had such violent Storms for a Fortnight past, that many Ships of divers Nations have been lost on their Coasts.

We are informed by private Letters from *Madrid*, that a Fire broke out on the 16th of last Month in the Palace of *St. Ildephonso*, the usual Residence of the Queen Dowager of *Spain*, by which Accident one entire Wing of that magnificent Palace was destroyed.

They write from *PORTUGAL*, that eighty-one Carriages are arrived at *Elvas*, laden with 22,464 Pounds Weight of Silver Coin, bought up at *Cadiz*, by Order of the *Sieur Oldenburg*, the Director of a Company lately established, for carrying on a Trade to *China* and the Coast of *Coromandel*.

The *Brazilian* Natives upon the Confines of the Colony of *St. Sacrament*, being spirited up by the *Jesuits*; declare they will not submit to the Treaty which cedes that District to the *Spaniards*.

In *FRANCE* the Disputes still continue between the Court and the People. The Curate of *St. Nicholas des Champs*, having refused to administer the Sacraments to a dying Man, the Chatelet proceeded against him; upon which the King sent his *Lettre De Cachet* forbidding them

to meddle with such Affairs : However, they ventured to pass Sentence, which the King directly annulled ; but they have notwithstanding issued Writs against him.

From *Paris* they write that on the 12th Instant the Officers of the Chatelet wrote a very pathetick Letter to the Chancellor, expressing great Concern and Surprize at the Confinement of Mr. *Grandjean de la Croix*, their Counsellor, who was lately sent to the *Bastile*, and desiring his Lordship to intercede with his Majesty, in order to procure his Liberty. The 13th the Chancellor sent the Lieutenant Civil to acquaint them, that the King would very soon signify his Pleasure to the Chatelet in Relation to that Letter. The Deputies of the Parliament of *Aix*, being upon the Road to *Versailles*, were met by a Courier from Court, who enjoined them to return immediately, which the Parliament being advised of, likewise ordered them to come back.---Some Members of Parliament who had obtained Leave to come here from their Exile to settle their Affairs, have received Orders to return, from whence it is inferred, that the Parliament will continue in the same Situation, unless they think proper to take some Step which may induce his Majesty to restore them to his Confidence, and their Authority.

The Parliaments of *Bordeaux* and *Toulouse* continue vigorously to prosecute the Refusers of the Sacrament.

One of the largest Warehouses in *Marseilles*, full of Goods, and amongst the rest 100 Bales of Cotton, has been entirely consumed by Fire ; the Damage amounts to 200,000 Livres.

Letters from *HOLLAND* inform us, that the College of Admiralty of *Amsterdam* have made a Regulation for the Relief of Seamen, who shall be wounded or maimed by Accidents. To constitute a Fund for that Purpose, the Officers and Seamen are to pay a Proportion of their Wages, according to the Length of their Voyage. A Seaman who loses both his Eyes is to have a 1000 Florins paid him ; for one Eye 250 ; both Arms 1000 ; one Arm 350 ; both Hands 1000 ; one 300 ; both Legs 1000 ; one 250 ; one Foot 250 Florins ; but for the Loss they may sustain in de-

fending their Ship, or sailing against other Vessels, the Owners are to indemnify them.

The States of *Holland* and *Westfriesland* have published a Placart for suppressing the Publication of Libels, Pasquinades, &c. the Printers and Publishers of which are to pay 3000 Florins for the first Offence, 6000 for the second, and in Case of a third Offence, to be perpetually banished from the Province.

By the Contract made between his *Prussian* Majesty and her Royal Highness the Princess Governante of the *Low Countries*, for the Sale of his *Prussian* Majesty's Dominions in *Holland*, the Sum of 700,000 *Dutch* Florins are to be paid for the Estate, and 5000 *Dutch* Florins for the Furniture in the Houses thereupon,

I R E L A N D.

From *Dublin* they write that a considerable Number of the Nobility, Members of Parliament, and other Gentlemen of Property and Distinction, of the Province of *Leinster*, dined together at the Tholsel of that City. After Dinner, a great many Toasts were drank; the following were the most remarkable, may we never want a *Kildare* and a *Boyle* to assert our Loyalty and defend our Liberty. The two Strangers at the Castle. May the Love of the People be the only Treasure ever carried out of this Kingdom. May that Man, who has neither Wife, Whore, nor Estate in *Ireland*, never have any Share in the G----- thereof. May the Statute of Justice, which shews her Backside to the People, shew her Face to the next S----- of P----- The Parliament of *Paris*. A high Wind, lee Shore, and leaky Vessel to all the Enemies of *Ireland*, &c. In the Evening, several Barrels of Ale, and a large Bonfire, were given to the Populace.

While the Tragedy of *Mahomet the Imposter*, was acting on the 2d Instant at the Theatre in *Dublin*, the following Speech in the first Act was *Encored*,

---If

-----If, ye Powers divine,
Ye mark the Movements of this nether World,
And bring them to Account ; crush, crush these Vipers,
Who, singled out by a Community
To guard their Rights, shall for a Grasp of Ore,
Or paltry Office, sell them to the Toe.

and the Actor who spoke it, refusing, by Mr. *Sheridan's* Orders, to repeat it ; Mr. *Sheridan* also refusing to appear on the Stage, and give his Reasons why the *Encore* was not comply'd with, the Audience pull'd up the Benches, demolished the Boxes, Branches, Boxes, Sconces, Instruments, and Scenes, and left the House reduced to a mere Shell.

The King's Letter is arrived, for paying off the National Debt of this Kingdom, of 77,500*l.* the Circulation of which Sum in ready Cash, at this critical Time, will be of great Advantage. It begins to be paid off on *March 26* ; but those that are willing to let their Debentures remain in the Treasury, will be allowed Interest to *June 24*, after which all Interest will cease.---On this Occasion there was the greatest Rejoicings by Ringing of Bells, Bonfires, and Illuminations.---The Merchants and Traders waited on his Grace the Duke of *Dorset*, by whose Benevolence this happy Event was accomplished, with an Address of Thanks. To which his Grace was pleased to return a most gracious Answer.

DOMESTICK OCCURRENCES.

On digging for a Well, at *Burgfield* near *Reading*, a Stratum of white Sand was discovered 20 Feet from the Surface, with Cockle Shells, or Stones very like them, tho' the Place is fifty Miles from any Sea, lies low, and has a clayey Surface.

A Pair of Oxen were killed at *Beverley* in *Yorkshire*, the Property of Mr. *Constable*, of *Burton Constable*. The four Quarters of one weighed 136 Stone 13 Pound ; the Tal-low 15 Stone 13 Pound ; the Hide 10 Stone 7 Pound ; in all 163 Stone 5 Pound : Of the other, 120 Stone 9 Pound ;
the

the Tallow 15 Stone ; the Hide 10 Stone 11 Pound ; in all 146 Stone 6 Pound.----Total of both 309 Stone 11 Pounds, at 14 Pound to the Stone.

There came on lately at *Guildhall*, before Sir *Michael Foster*, the Trial of a Cause, wherein Mr. *Maddox*, an Attorney, was Plaintiff, and an eminent Man-midwife Defendant, on an Action for the latter's Non Attendance upon the former's deceased Wife ; when a Verdict was given for the Plaintiff with 1000 *l.* Damages and Costs of Suit.

The *Arundel* Man of War, Capt. *Lloyd*, failed from *Spithead*, to sink a Ship and Cargo which has been on Quarantine some Time, at the Mother Bank, supposed to have had the Plague on Board.

His Majesty, attended in his State Coach, by the Marquisses of *Hartington* and *Rockingham*, went to the House of Peers, and gave the royal Assent to the Watchmakers, *East-India* Mutiny, Servant's Wages, *St. Luke's* Parish, and *Leith* Harbour Bills, and to several Road Bills and private ones.

Andover, Hants. A Fire broke out at the House of one *Willis*, a Labourer at *Penton*, which consumed 13 Houses, besides Out houses. This is the second Fire that has happened in that Village within eight Months, and 19 Houses out of 31, have been consumed.

The two Gold Medals, given by the Duke of *Newcastle*, to the Batchelors of Arts of the present Year, of the University of *Cambridge*, for Encouragement of Classical Learning, were adjudg'd to Mr. *Hallifax* of *Jesus College*, and Mr. *Emsall* of *St. John's*.

Sail'd from *Spithead*, for *Cork* in *Ireland*, where they are to take in the Land Forces for the *East Indies*, the *Bridge-water*, *Kent*, *Salisbury*, *Eagle*, and *Bristol* Men of War, and the *Kingfisher* Sloop, under the Command of Admiral *Watson*. At the same Time also failed the *Jason* for *Guinea*, and the *Raven* Sloop for the *Irish* Station.

The *Eagle* and *Bristol*, two of the 70 Gun Ships of the above Fleet, run aground upon the *Irish* Coast, and received so much Damage that they must be docked, and two others, the *Tyger* and *Cumberland*, are fitting out to replace them.

April

April the 6th, his Majesty went to the House of Peers with usual State, and gave the Royal Assent to the following Bills, *Viz.*

An Act for granting to his Majesty a certain Sum out of the Sinking Fund for 1754.

An Act to continue several Laws relating to the Distemper now raging among the horned Cattle.

An Act for punishing Persons destroying Turnpikes, Locks, and other Works erected by Authority of Parliament, and declaring all Acts made for erecting Courts of Conscience to be public Acts.

An Act for the more effectual punishing wicked and evil-disposed Persons going armed and disguised, and doing Injuries and Violencies to the Persons and Properties of his Majesty's Subjects; and for the speedy bringing Offenders to Justice.

An Act for the more easy and effectual Proceeding upon Distresses to be made by Warrants of Justices of the Peace.

An Act for the Amendment and Preservation of the public Highways and Turnpike Roads of this Kingdom, and for the more effectual Execution of the Laws relating thereto.

And to divers other public and private Bills.

When his Majesty was pleased to put an End to the Session with the following most gracious Speech.

My Lords, and Gentlemen.

Nothing could have given Me greater Satisfaction, at this Time, than the Unanimity and Dispatch with which you have gone through the Business of this Session. Tho' no particular Point of extraordinary Moment hath offered itself to your Consideration, yet you have shewn the most attentive Regard to every Branch of the Publick Service. As to Foreign Affairs, I shall say nothing at present, except, that it is my fixed Resolution to do every Thing in my Power to maintain the general Tranquillity, and to adhere to such Measures for that Purpose, as I have hitherto pursued in Conjunction with the Powers in Alliance with Me.

Gentlemen

Gentlemen of the House of Commons,

I return you My hearty Thanks for the Supplies which you have so chearfully granted; and which are the more acceptable to Me, as they have brought no new Burthen upon My good Subjects.

My Lords, and Gentlemen,

The Time draws near, when the present Parliament must determine by Law; and it is My Intention very speedily to call a New One: But it would be unjust to this, not to give it a Publick Testimony of my Approbation. The many eminent Proofs which you have given of your Duty and Affection to My Person and Government; of your Zeal for this excellent Constitution, and for the Security of the present Establishment; can never be forgotten by Me. By your vigorous Assistance, under the Protection of the Divine Providence, I was enabled to put an End to an expensive, tho' necessary War, by an honourable Peace; which you have greatly contributed to preserve, by readily and uniformly supporting My Measures. You have gone farther; and, whilst the Difficulties arising from the War were scarce over, seized the First Opportunity to perfect One of the greatest Works of Peace, by concurring in the most proper Means for a gradual Decrease of the National Debt, and, at the same Time, raising the Publick Credit. You have also, by several new Laws, laid a Foundation to strengthen and advance the Commerce of My Kingdoms. Such a Series of wise and steady Conduct cannot fail to recommend you to the Good Will and Esteem of your Fellow Subjects, as well as Mine. For My own Part, I securely rely upon the Loyalty and good Affections of My People; and have no other Aim but their lasting Happiness.

BILL of Mortality from
Feb. 19. to Mar. 26, 1754.

Christ.	Males	801	1510
	Femal.	709	
Buried	Males	1198	2436
	Femal.	1238	

Prices of Goods at Bear Key.

Wheat	28 to 30s.
Oats	11 to 13s.
Barley	16 to 18s.
Rye	17 to 19s.
Beans	17 to 19s.
Flour	29

Price of STOCKS.

Bank Stock, Books shut. India Stock, Books shut.
South Sea Stock, no Price. Three 1 half per Cent. Old
Annuities 1st Sub. Books shut. Ditto 2d Sub. Books
shut. Ditto New 1st Sub. 104 a $\frac{1}{2}$. Ditto 2d Sub. 102 $\frac{2}{3}$
a $\frac{1}{2}$. Three 1 half Bank Annuities, 1st Sub. Book shut.
Ditto 2d Sub. Books shut. Ditto India Annuities, Books
shut. Three per Cent. Bank Annuities, 102 $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{1}{2}$. Ditto
1751, 102 $\frac{1}{2}$. Ditto India Annuities, books shut. New
Bank Circulation, 1l. 12s. 6d. prem. India Bonds
5l. 14s. a 15s. Prem.

A Song to Creating Wisdom.

In Five P A R T S.

I.

ETERNAL WISDOM, thee we praise,
Thee the Creation sings:
With thy loud Name, Rocks, Hills, and Seas,
And Heav'n's high Palace rings.

II.

Place me on the bright Wings of Day,
To travel with the Sun ;
With what Amaze shall I survey
The Wonders thou hast done ?

III.

Thy Hand how wide it spread the Sky !
How glorious to behold !
Ting'd with a Blue of heavenly Dye,
And starr'd with sparkling Gold.

IV.

There thou hast bid the Globes of Light
Their endless Circles run ;
There the pale Planet rules the Night,
And Day obeys the Sun.

P A R T II.

V.

Downward I turn my wond'ring Eyes
On Clouds and Storms below,
Those Under-Regions of the Skies
Thy num'rous Glories show.

VI.

The noisy Winds stand ready there
Thy Orders to obey ;
With sounding Wings that sweep the Air,
To make thy Chariot-Way.

VII.

There, like a Trumpet, loud and strong,
 Thy Thunder shakes our Coast :
 While the red Lightnings wave along,
 The Banners of thine Host.

VIII.

On the thin Air, without a Prop,
 Hang fruitful Show'rs around :
 At thy Command they sink, and drop
 Their Fatness on the Ground.

P A R T III.

IX.

Now to the Earth I bend my Song,
 And cast my Eyes abroad,
 Glancing the *British* Isles along ;
 Blest Isles, confess your GOD.

X.

How did his wond'rous Skill array
 Your Fields in charming Green ;
 A thousand Herbs his Art display,
 A thousand Flowers between !

XI.

Tall Oaks for future Navies grow,
 Fair *Albion's* best Defence,
 While Corn and Vines rejoice below,
 Those Luxuries of Sense.

XII.

The bleating Flocks his Pasture feeds :
 And Herds of larger Size,
 That bellow thro' the *Lindian* Meads,
 His bounteous Hand supplies.

P A R T IV.

XIII.

We see the *Thames* caress the Shores,
 He guides her silver Flood :
 While angry *Severn* swells and roars,
 Yet hears her Ruler GOD.

XIV.

XIV.

The rolling Mountains of the Deep
Observe his strong Command ;
His Breath can raise the Billows steep,
Or sink them to the Sand.

XV.

Amidst thy watry Kingdoms, LORD,
The finny Nations play,
And scaly Monsters, at thy Word,
Rush thro' the Northern Sea.

P A R T V.

XVI.

Thy Glories blaze all Nature round,
And strike the gazing Sight,
Thro' Skies, and Seas, and solid Ground,
With Terror and Delight.

XVII.

Infinite Strength, and equal Skill,
Shine thro' the Worlds abroad,
Our Souls with vast Amazement fill,
And speak the Builder GOD.

XVIII.

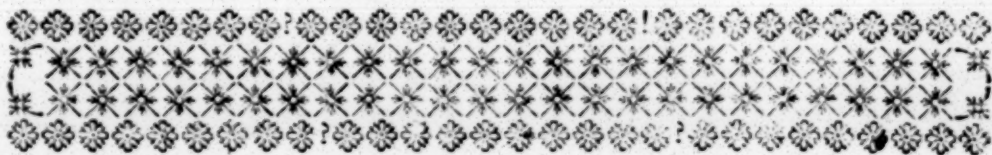
But the sweet Beauties of thy Grace
Our softer Passions move ;
Pity Divine in J E S U S Face
We see, adore, and love.

A Morning H Y M N.

THESE are thy glorious Works, Parent of Good,
Almighty, thine this universal Frame,
Thus wondrous Fair : Thyself how wondrous then !
Unspeakable, who first above these Heavens,
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these thy lowest Works ; yet these declare
Thy Goodness beyond Thought, and Pow'r divine.

Speak ye who best can tell, ye Sons of Light,
Angels; for ye behold him, and with Songs
And choral Symphonies, Day without Night,
Circle his Throne rejoicing; ye in Heaven,
On Earth join all ye Creatures to extol
Him first, him last, him midst, and without End.
Fairest of Stars, last in the Train of Night,
If better thou belong not to the Dawn,
Sure Pledge of Day, that crown'st the smiling Morn
With thy bright Circlet, praise him in thy Sphere,
While Day arises, that sweet Hour of Prime.
Thou Sun, of this great World both Eye and Soul,
Acknowledge him thy greater, sound his Praise
In thy eternal Course, both when thou climb'st,
And when high Noon hast gain'd, and when thou fall'st.
Moon, that now meet'st the orient Sun, now fly'st,
With the fix'd Stars, fix'd in their Orb that flies,
And ye five other wand'ring Fires that move
In mystic Dance not without Song, resound
His Praise, who out of Darkness call'd up Light.
Air, and ye Elements, the eldest Birth
Of Nature's Womb, that in Quaternion run
Perpetual Circle, multiform; and mix
And nourish all Things; let your ceaseless Change
Vary to our great Maker still new Praise.
Ye Mists and Exhalations that now rise
From Hill or streaming Lake, dusky or gray,
Till the Sun paint your fleecy Skirts with Gold,
In honour to the World's great Author rise,
Whether to deck with Clouds th' uncolour'd Sky,
Or wet the thirsty Earth with falling Show'rs,
Rising and falling still advance his Praise.
His Praise ye Winds, that from four Quarters blow,
Beathe soft or loud; and wave your Tops, ye Pines,
With every Plant, in Sign of Worship wave.
Fountains and ye, that warble, as ye flow,
Melodious Murmurs, warbling tune his Praise.
Join Voices all ye living Souls; ye Birds,
That singing up to Heaven Gate ascend,

Bear on your Wings, and in your Notes his Praise.
 Ye that in Waters glide, and ye that walk
 The Earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep;
 Witnesses if I be silent, Morn or Even,
 To Hill, or Valley, Fountain, or fresh Shade
 Made vocal by my Song, and taught his Praise.
 Hail universal Lord, be bounteous still
 To give us only Good; and if the Night
 Have gather'd ought of Evil or conceal'd,
 Disperse it, as now Light dispels the Dark.



*An Account of the various Kinds of Manure for Land, with
 their different Properties.*

DUNG of Sea-Fowls. The Dung of those Birds which
 retire into the Isles near the Continent, is the best of
 all Fowl Dung.

Duck and Goose Dung. This is deemed too hot and
 burning. The Farmer is chagrined to see his Land covered
 with the Dung of wild Geese; but if he would take Care to
 throw Straw over it, or gathering it in a Heap, as well as
 that of tame Ducks and Geese, mix it with the Dung of
 large Cattle, he would bring it to a temperate Heat, and
 draw from it such Advantage as would indemnify him for
 the Pains he should have taken. The Virtue of this Me-
 thod is known by Experience: A Farmer having abandon-
 ed a Piece of Ground to his Geese for the Space of twelve
 Years, at the Expiration of that Term turned them out to
 let the Grass go, and it rose so thick and strong, that the
 Scythe would scarce pass through it.

Hen Dung. This is scattered like a Sort of Spice, in
 small Quantities, upon Land intended to be sown; and on
 Account

Account of its Heat, it is never used except when Rain is foreseen. It is practised with great Advantage for Millet, and is an excellent Manure for Meadows.

Pigeon Dung is much the same with that of Poultry, the only Difference being its superior Heat.

Human Ordure. The Heat of this is beyond Expression, it being replete with an impure and burning Sulphur, that destroys every Thing, unless employed with great Caution ; this Caution consists in mixing it with Straw, or Leaves, if they can be got conveniently from the Wood, and in leaving it exposed for a Year, or several Months at least, to the open Air and Rain. It must be turned up from Time to Time that it may rot, its bad Qualities be destroyed, and its Heat moderated. If these Measures are taken, it will be found as useful as it is commonly thought dangerous, especially if used in Vineyards.

Ass Dung is the most esteemed of any, and may be employed on the Ground in any Shape, without having lain long rotting in the Yard : The Reason assigned for this Excellence is, that the Animal being phlegmatick and strong, eats slowly, and by grinding well his Aliments, digests better than other Creatures ; whence it follows, that his Excrements being more dissolved, neither abound with Heat nor Aumidity, and are nearer to Putrefaction.

Sheep Dung. This is of no Duration, even when taken from the Cotes, and still less durable when the Sheep are folded. In this last Case, in order to prevent a too sudden Evaporation of the Dung, the Ground included in the Fold ought to be covered with chopt Straw or Foliage, before the Sheep enter : But several Farmers are disgusted at this Manner of dunging their Lands, because of the difficulty of dunging them equally ; a Task that requires a very careful and faithful Shepherd, and because, in order to profit by this Kind of Dung it must be immediately buried either with the Spade or the Plough. The Wheat and Barley that grow upon Lands manured with Sheep Dung are not proper for making Beer, which contracts a bad Taste from it, and easily evaporates.

The

The Dung of horned Cattle is the most refreshing of all ; and this well known Quality points out what Ground it best agrees with. It is a wise Precaution to make a Sink in the Stalls, paved and lined with Stone, in which all the Juice of the Dung may be preserved, by which Means it is better kept from becoming acrimonious ; and this Juice is very useful in watering Gardens, Trees and Meadows.

Pork Dung is not commonly esteemed, yet when mixed with that of large Cattle, it manures the Ground as well as any other ; it is in particular deemed specifick in preserving the Hop from the bad Effects of the Mildew.

Horse Dung being naturally dry and warm, is little esteemed by several Farmers, but the most understanding are far from despising it : With this alone are made Hot-beds ; it is quite necessary for Asparagus, and when rotted, is excellent for all the Plants of the Kitchen Garden : Indeed it is not easily rotted, but may be assisted with Rain Water or Soap Suds, which fill it with Salt and Oil : It may likewise be mixed with Cow Dung, which will temper its Heat and Dryness, and then it will be as good as any other Kind of Manure.

Marl, by the Confession of all Authors of Farming, is the most excellent Dung ; It is a Kind of Lime-stone, supposed to be the Beginning of Chalk ; for it is imagined that Chalk, before it acquired its Consistence and Hardness, was of Marl, and that if it could be dissolved and pulverised, it would be as useful as Marl itself. This Stone, which nearly resembles Clay, is either white, black, grey, or yellow ; sometimes found under the first Crust of the Earth, and sometimes taken from the Depth of four or five Fathom, for which Purpose Pits are dug in the Places where it is expected to be found, though as yet there are no certain Signs by which it can be discovered. Some Authors observe, that it is always formed in Marshes that are dried and covered with Earth, and that it is known by the Bull-rushes that shoot up, and the Shells that are found in the Mole-hills of that Sort of Soil. The most ordinary and best Method for being assured whether or not there is Marl in any particular Spot, is to sound it with a long hollow Wimble in which
there

there is a Rod, with a cross Handle at one End. When the Wimble hath penetrated far enough into the Earth, this Rod is drawn out, and brings along with it Marl from the Bottom. Marl is not always solid, but sometimes liquid and muddy, though the Beds of it are always very thick. The Marl being taken out of the Earth, is laid in small Heaps upon the Land, and afterwards spread like ordinary Dung. It is so replete with Virtue, as to fatten the Earth for twelve, fifteen, twenty, nay sometimes thirty Years, during which it will require no other Manure. But it being very hot, and that in different Degrees, the Quality of it must be examined, and proportioned to the Nature of the Land on which it is to be spread. It is dangerous to lay it on too thick, for in that Case it will burn; but whatever Precautions are taken, a good Crop is not to be expected from it the first Year; yet the Farmer is amply recompensed for this transient Barrenness, by the Abundance that follows. It will be convenient to marl the Land in the Autumn or Spring, that being dissolved by the Rains which are usual in these Seasons, it may enter the Earth so as to fertilize it, let it be never so barren.

Green Turf rotted or burnt. Wherever the Farmer is not afraid to strip the Earth, as in old Ditches, Marshes, &c. he carries away as much Turf as he can take, lays it up in an Heap, leaves it to rot for the Space of a Year, and then spreads it on the Ground which he wants to fatten; it may also be used sooner, if Lime be mixed between the Layers of it, for this will help to consume it more quickly, and by impregnating the Turf with its own Virtue, render it more fit to fertilize the Ground. As to burnt Turf, we shall relate in what Manner an expert and industrious Farmer conducted himself in the Operation: He ordered a barren Meadow, and at another Time a Piece of Ground, to be slightly laboured in the Spring, and so leaving them that whole Year, and the following, till the Beginning of *August*, that they might have Time to rot and dry, he gave Directions for paring off the Turf in Pieces two Feet square; of these he built Ovens resembling those that are used by Bakers, with a Side opening below, to the Windward; through this O-

pening

pening a very dry Faggot being thrust into the Oven was set on Fire, and when well kindled, the Oven entirely shut up with Turf, and the Fire preserved within. The People employed to watch over these Ovens, took Care to lay new Turf in every Place where the Fire penetrated and became visible. This Operation lasted several Days and Nights, until at length the Ovens were reduced to Heaps of Ashes, which were strewed pretty thick in a Field that was on the Eve of being sown. It produced the fairest and best of Crops, and the Ground, tho' before but indifferent, was considerably meliorated by this Expedient. As for the Places from whence the Turf had been taken, which remained bare, they were covered with the Remains of the Turf which had not been burnt, together with Earth scraped from the Spots where the Ovens had been: then being ploughed and sown with Oats in the Spring, they were in Condition to produce Grass, as formerly. Those who can find Turf without being obliged to skin their Meadows will still surpass this Farmer in Point of Advantage.



Publick Transactions in E U R O P E since our last, continued from Page 336.

FROM *TURKEY* we are informed that the Plague has lately broke out in their Capital, and makes very great Ravages.

Letters from *RUSSIA* inform us that their Court has ordered a Body of Irregulars, and several Regiments of Regulars, to march towards the Frontiers of *Lithuania*, and the Fleets at *Petersburgh* and *Cronstadt* are order'd to be ready to sail at a Minute's Warning.

The Court of *DENMARK* has renewed its Subsidy Treaty with the *French*.

They write from *SWEDEN*, that his Majesty to promote their Manufactory, has prohibited, for one Year, the Importation of *India* wrought Silks.

From *Prussia*, in *GERMANY*, we hear that the King has lately resolv'd to establish a Mining Company, at *Berlin*, his Capital, and several rich Christian and Jew Merchants are already nam'd as Members. They are to have an exclusive Grant for twenty Years, to work all Mines, Minerals, &c. in his Dominions, and an Exemption from all Duties and Taxes.

11,978 Causes came on to be tried, in the three Regencies of the King's Dominions, during the last Year, and only 229 were left undecided at the End of it.

Letters from *Hanover* say the Distemper among the horned Cattle still rages violently in several Parts of that Electorate; but the Regency are taking all the Precautions necessary to prevent its spreading further.

By Letters from *Leghorn*, in *ITALY*, we are assured the following is an Extract of the *Corfican* Manifesto, address'd to all the Powers of *Europe*, and couched in very strong Terms, which plainly shews how much they lament the Death of *Gafforio*, and how much they honour his Memory.

“ The fatal Death of our Father *Gafforio*, the Honour and
 “ Ornament of the Nation, which he defended by his Cou-
 “ rage, supported by his Constancy, and animated by his
 “ Example, was the most fatal Stroke that could befall us.
 “ We have seen *Cæsar* assassinated, but we hope to find *An-*
 “ *thony's* to revenge his Death, and *Augustus's* to restore
 “ our Glory and Tranquility. We have sworn, and we
 “ call upon God to witness it, that we will all of us sooner
 “ die than enter into any Negotiation with the Republick of
 “ *Genoa*, or return under its Yoke. If the Powers of *Eu-*
 “ *rope*, withdrawing their Compassion from an unhappy
 “ People, should arm themselves against us, and concur in
 “ our total Destruction, we will repel Force by Force; we
 “ will fight like desperate Men, determined either to con-
 “ quer or die, till our Strength and Spirits being exhausted,
 “ our Arms shall fall out of our Hands; and when we
 “ have

“ have not Strength to take them up again, when all the
 “ Resources of our Courage shall be exhausted, our Despair
 “ shall furnish us with the last, which shall be to imitate
 “ the famous Example of the *Saguntines*, by rushing volun-
 “ tarily into the Fire, rather than submit to the Yoke of
 “ Tyranny and Slavery.”

From *Spain* we hear that all the Officers quartered in *Catalonia*, are ordered to their respective Posts, and the Regiments kept in Readiness to march at an Hour's Warning. They are arming in all the Ports of the Kingdom, particularly at *Cartagena*; mean Time a general Complaint is made of the decline of Trade, and a *French* Merchant at *Cadiz* has lately failed for 160,000 Livres.

They write from *FRANCE*, that there is shewn at the Hotel of *Monaco* at *Versailles*, an Automaton of the Figure of a Man, larger than the Life, and painted the natural Colour, placed on a Tun; which pronounces most distinctly a considerable Number of Words and Sentences; the Letters of the Alphabet, and the Months of the Year; wishes the Company Good-morrow, &c. To put it in Motion there are required only a Pair of Bellows and a Cylinder. This most curious Machine has been seen with Admiration by the whole Court.

We hear from *HOLLAND*, that the Number of Vessels intended for the Whale Fishery next Season, is 132.

S C O T L A N D.

By Letters from *Edinburgh* we are informed that a very extraordinary and almost incredible Accident happened in the Parish of *Rothemay*, near *Aberdeen*: One *Mary King*, a Servant Maid of 24 Years of Age, was drawing Water at the Mill-Head of *Rothemay*, and by Accident falling into the Mill-Race, was carried through betwixt the Wheel and the Ark, (which is built of hewn Stone) without so much as a broken Bone, or any other Damage, except one of her Arms a little scratched, and she herself so much frightened that she was for some Time deprived of the Use of her Senses and Speech.

I R E L A N D.

From *Dublin* they write that a Proclamation is published by his Grace the Duke of *Dorset* and the Privy Council, offering a Reward of 500*l.* for discovering the Author of a false, scandalous and malicious Advertisement which was disowned and disavowed by the Free Citizens, other than the Writer of the said Advertisement; and 200*l.* to any other than the Author, for discovering the Printer; and 100*l.* to any other than the Author and Printer, for discovering the Person who posted it up in any Place, besides his Majesty's most gracious Pardon: This Proclamation is to be in Force three Months.

The Advertisement was in these Words: "Whereas
 " the Government of this Kingdom has been at uncommon Pains to enlarge the Prerogative of the Crown at the
 " Expence of the Rights of the People; and as it would
 " show much Inattention to the publick Good to neglect an
 " Opportunity of testifying an Abhorrence of such Proceedings; these are therefore to require all and every of
 " the Free Citizens, to be and appear at the *Smith's Hall* in
 " *Smock Alley*, on *Tuesday* the 12th Instant, in order to censure those bold Invaders, and to take such other Measures
 " as shall convince them we are determined to use all Ways
 " in our Power to render them disrespectful and odious."

DOMESTICK OCCURRENCES.

A Turncock to the New River Company, took a Carp out of the Pipes in *Swallow Street, Golden Square*, 2 Feet long, 18 Inches and a Half round; his Head about 11 Inches round, and his Tail spread 7 Inches and a Half.

A general Court of the *Free British Fishery* has been held, when it was resolved to proceed no further in the Report of the Committee of Enquiry; and a Proposal for letting out a Number of the Society's Busses, on a new Plan, was generally agreed to, and then they adjourned to *Wednesday* in *Easter Week*.

A Cause

A Cause was try'd last *Kingston* Affizes before Sir *Martin Wright*, wherein *William Groome*, was Plaintiff, and *James Shaw*, Esq; Deputy Ranger of *Richmond Park*, and others, were Defendants, upon an Action brought against the Defendants for an Assault and false Imprisonment. The Cause of Action arose from the Defendant's taking the Plaintiff into Custody, for being in, and attempting to go thro' the Park from *Robinhood Gate* to *Richmond*, and carrying him before a Magistrate. After a Trial, which lasted above seven Hours, the Jury brought in a Verdict for the Plaintiff. The Council for the Plaintiff were, Mr. Serjeant *Wynn*, Mr. *Knowler*, Mr. *Burrel*, and Mr. *Harvey*; and for the Defendants, Mr. *Robinson*, Mr. *Hastell*, Mr. *Clarke*, Mr. *Bishop*, and Mr. *Cox*.

A Proclamation has been published by order of the King and Council, for dissolving the Parliament, and Writs were ordered to be issued by the Lord Chancellor, bearing Date *April* the 9th, and returnable on *Friday May 31*, for electing a new one.

The Convocations of *Canterbury* and *York* were ordered to be dissolved, and Writs to be issued for electing new Members, returnable on the 5th of *June* next.

An eminent Physician and Man-midwife of *Shadwell*, was lately called up early in the Morning by a young Woman, under a Pretence of her Mother's being in Labour at *Deptford*, and prevailed with to go along with her. He took with him two Watchmen, and on their Way discoursing with her of her Mother's Circumstances, and finding the Girl prevaricate, and in some Confusion, he suspected something extraordinary, and threatened to punish her severely, if she used any Deceit; on which she confess'd that her Father was a Man, who belong'd to a Gang of desperate Ruffians, and forced her to forge this Pretence; that they were to lay wait for him in the Road to *Deptford*, in order to murder him, and take his Watch or Ring to be delivered as a Signal at his House, which, when they had gained Entrance, they were determined to strip, and if they met with any Opposition, to murder the whole Family. The Girl is secured for farther Examination.

A few

A few Days ago, between two and three o'Clock in the Morning, a Man and Woman were observed by the Watch at the lower End of *Berkeley Square*, disputing about the Carriage of a Sack. The Watchman suspecting something bad, got Assistance, and came up to them, on which the Man fired a Pistol at the Watchman and got clear off. The Woman was taken with the Sack, which contained the Head and Arm of a Man. She was carried to the Round-house in *Dover Street*, and being examined by the Vestry of *St. George's, Hanover Square*, they committed her till something further can be discovered. The Head and Arm were known to belong to a poor Man that drove a Dust Cart, and sometimes Rubbish from Buildings, &c. The Pistol, which the Fellow dropt as soon as fired, appears by some Marks on it, to belong to some of the Military.

Some Days ago a Man indifferently dressed, on Horseback, went to the *George Inn* at *Stoney-Stratford*, and after eating his Supper went to Bed; about seven o'Clock the next Morning the Woman of the House heard an uncommon Noise, and to her great Astonishment saw him come running down Stairs with his Throat cut, and wounded in three Places in the Belly. He was immediately laid hold of and carried back to Bed, and a Surgeon sent for, who sewed up his Throat; but as he had lost much Blood and bled inwardly, he did not long survive it. He would give no Account of himself, or why he did this horrid Action; all he said was, that he was a Shoe-maker, and had a Wife and two Children in *London*, and that he lately lived near *Clerkenwell Green*.

A melancholy Accident lately happened at *Kedleston* near *Derby* the Seat of *Sir Nathaniel Curzon*. The Mother of two Sisters who lived as Fellow Servants, being a dying at *Derby*, one of the Sisters, named *Betty Goadsby*, asked her Leave to go and see her Mother, which she gave her; and afterwards told the other Sister that she might go too; but when the second came down Stairs she found *Betty* stone-dead, with her Throat cut most shockingly; which dreadful Spectacle so surprized her, that she fell in a Fit and expired

pired immediately. Nobody can tell what could induce the first Sister to commit so rash an Action.

On Friday the 19th of *April*, about eleven o' Clock at Night, the Shock of an Earthquake was felt at *Whitby* in *Yorkshire*; not only the whole Town, but the Ships in the Harbour were affected by it. Tho' the Wind had blown pretty hard all Day, it was then quite calm. The greatest Effects of its Violence were the throwing open of Doors that were not lock'd; for, by all Accounts, no Damage was done, nor was the Shock felt at *Pickering*, *Malton*, or over the *Moor*.

As some Labourers were lately levelling a small Barrow on little *Dunford Downs*, near *Salisbury*, they found a Human Skeleton lying on the left Side in a sloping Posture. It was covered over with large Flint Stones, not above two Feet below the Surface of the Earth; the Jaws and Teeth were perfectly found. About twenty Years ago two small Urns of ordinary Clay, and rude Workmanship, were taken out of the same Barrow, about three Feet on the left Side of the above Skeleton; and not above two Yards distant was found a Human Trunk with a Dart in it: Which Urns and Dart are in the Possession of a Member of the Royal Society, who was at *Little Durnford* when they were dug up. The Antiquaries are desired to account for the Bodies of some, and Ashes of others, being buried together in one and the same Tumulus.

On Monday the 29th Day of *April* came on the long expected Trial of *Elizabeth Canning*, for wilful and corrupt Perjury, in falsely swearing a Robbery against *Mary Squires* a *Gypsy*; which was not finished till Ten o'Clock Tuesday Night, the 7th of *May*; when the Jury went out, and after about two Hours Stay, returned and brought in their Verdict *Guilty of Perjury*, but *not wilful and corrupt*. But being told by the Court that their Verdict must be either *Guilty* or *Not Guilty*, they went out again, and in a short Time after returned, and brought her in *Guilty*, but recommended her to the Mercy of the Court; upon which she was committed to *Newgate*. A great Number of Witnesses were examined on both Sides.

Lately

Lately died in *Glamorganshire*, in *Wales*, of mere old Age and a gradual Decay of Nature, at seventeen Years and two Months, *Hopkins Hopkins*, the little *Welshman*, lately shewn in *London*. He never weighed more than seventeen Pounds, but for three Years past no more than twelve. The Parents have still six Children left, all of whom no Ways differ from other Children, except one Girl of twelve Years of Age, who weighs only eighteen Pounds, and bears upon her most of the Marks of old Age, and in all Respects resembles her Brother when at that Age.

Tuesday the 7th of *May* at Four o' Clock ended the Poll for the City of *London*, immediately after which the Sheriffs cast up the Poll Books upon the Hustings, and the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor being sent for, the Sheriffs declared in his Presence that the Election had fallen upon Sir *John Barnard*, *Slingsby Bethell*, Esq; Sir *Robert Ladbroke*, and *William Beckford*, Esq; who were declared duly elected. The Number of Livery that polled at this Election was 5931.

Tuesday Se'nnight about Midnight, the Boy who brought the Cross Mail from *Bristol* for *Bath*, lost it between *Bath* and *Salford*: The Horse was seen about a Quarter of a Mile from *Bath*, with the Saddle on, and something behind it like a Great Coat, but no Mail or Boy, who came Home drunk early the next Morning. When sober, he was examined before a Magistrate, but could give no Account of the Mail or himself, other than that he was drunk and lost it. The Mail is not yet found, and the Boy is committed to Prison. This is supposed by some to be a new Way of robbing the Mail.

Price of STOCKS.

Bank Stock 132 $\frac{5}{8}$ a $\frac{1}{2}$. India Ditto, 189 $\frac{1}{2}$. South Sea Stock, no Price. Three per Cent. Old Annuities 1st Sub. Books shut. Ditto 2d Sub. Books shut. Ditto New 1st Sub. 105. Ditto 2d Sub. 103 $\frac{5}{8}$ a $\frac{3}{4}$. Three 1 half Bank Annuities 1st Sub. 105 $\frac{1}{2}$ a $\frac{3}{4}$ Opening. Ditto 2d Sub. Books shut. Ditto India Annuities, 102 $\frac{3}{8}$. Three per Cent Bank Annuities, 103 $\frac{5}{8}$. Ditto 1751, 103 $\frac{3}{8}$. Ditto India Annuities, 102. New Bank Circulation, 2l. 7s. 6d. Prem. India Bonds, 6l. 1. a 2s. Prem.

BILL of Mortality from March 26,
to April 23, 1754.

Chriften'd	Males	672	1195
	Females	523	
Buried	Males	963	1966
	Females	1.03	

Prices of GOODS at Bear-Key. per Q.

Wheat	26. to 30s.
Oats	11. to 14s.
Barley	15. to 18s.
Pease	26. to 36s.
Brown Malt	18. to 21s.
Pale Malt	22. to 24s.
Fine Flour	27s.

A Letter to ACHILLES, a young Grecian Prince, from his Tutor CHIRON.

O L D *Chiron* to his Pupil thus began,
When he beheld him rip'ning into Man.
Accomplish'd Youth! well worthy of my Pains,
You now are free, and guide yourself the Reins :
Yet hear, *Achilles*, hear, before we part,
A few short Precepts from a faithful Heart.

What tho' the Gods a *Nestor's* Age deny?
Let Management a longer Life supply,
And learn, at least, to live, before you die.
A little Tract well till'd, more Profit yields
Than Realms of wild, uncultivated Fields.

Think not, young Prince, your elevated State,
Birth, Honours, or the empty Name of Great,
Can fix your Joys ; they're ill-secur'd, unless
You know yourself to form your Happiness,
Which in the Shepherd's humble Hut is found,
While Palaces with Discord still resound.

Fortune to Industry is ever kind,
And tho' by the blind Vulgar painted blind,
Is still more equal than the Croud suppose,
Who judge of Happiness by outward Shows ;
She smiles on all Conditions, each may be
A Man of Pleasure in his own Degree.

Yet few with Art their Happiness pursue,
Tho' all Mankind have Happiness in View,
And ev'ry Sense seems made by Nature's Skill
For giving Pleasure, and avoiding Ill.
Nature our common Mother, has been kind,
And for a Race of Joy her Sons design'd,
Who long to reach the Goal, yet lazy, lag behind,
Or wholly blind, or doubtful how t' advance,
They leave the Work of Industry to Chance.
And of those few, who with more active Strife
Pursue this great important End of Life,

Some, too impatient, know not how to wait ;
Or aim at Things beyond their Human State ;
These last thro' too much Delicacy fall,
And by refining rob themselves of all.

Shun then, *Achilles*, shun the Faults of such,
Who still propose too little, or too much.
Stretch not your Hopes too far, nor yet despair,
But above all, of Indolence beware.

Attend to what you do, or Life will seem
But a meer Vision, or fantastick Dream,
Pass'd in Ideas of Delight, at best,
While real Pleasure's lost in doubtful Rest.
In short, learn when, and how to bear ; in vain
He Pleasure seeks, who is afraid of Pain ;
Pleasure's a serious Thing, and cheaply bought
By Labour, Patience, Management, and Thought.

But you, aspiring Youth, by Nature seem
Addicted to an opposite Extreme ;
Impetuous, and restless, soon inflam'd,
And, like a gen'rous Courser, hardly tam'd ;
In all Things violent : But, O ! disdain,
Brave Prince, to let usurping Passion reign,
In one rash Moment sacrificing more
Than Years of sad Repentance may restore.

As *Thracian* Winds the *Euxine* Sea molest,
So Wrath, and Envy, from an Human Breast
Drive Halcyon Peace, and banish kindly Rest.
And no Security for Joy is found,
But in a Mind that's tractable and sound.

Suppress the first Emotions of your Ire,
And smother in its Birth the kindling Fire.
Ere Anger yet possesses all your Soul,
Ere yet your Bosom heaves, and Eyeballs roll,
Think on the useful Precepts I have taught,
And meet the rising Heat with wholesome Thought.

Or seek the sacred Muses with your Lyre.
Who with sweet Peace to lonely Shades retire ;
Gods, and the Sons of Gods, the Heroes, sing,
While Hills and Vallies, with their Praises ring ;

These

These learn to imitate, and those adore,
And sweetly to yourself, yourself restore;
Musick, and Verse, and Solitude controul
Impetuous Fury, and compose the Soul.

For this, I early taught you how to sing,
And form'd your Fingers to the trembling String;
For 'tis not all sweet Pleasure's Path to show,
The Arts of Consolation Man should know:
Our Joys are short, and broken; and in vain
To constant Bliss would human Race attain:
Be oft contented to be free from Pain.

There is a Deity, ordain'd by Fate
To damp our Joys immoderately great,
That none on Earth from Sorrow shou'd be free,
But ev'n our Blessings taste of Misery.
If Fortune gives what rarely we obtain,
An equal Share of Pleasure, and of Pain,
Our Portion is o'er paid, the rest you'll find
But fond Ideas of the wanton Mind.
Which now vain Scenes of God-like Pleasure shows,
And now creates imaginary Woes.

When sad, your Ills examine and compare,
Judge of your own by what another's are.
Consider greater Wretches, and the Fates
Of mighty Heroes, and of mighty States;
Thus real Evils in their proper Light
Appear, the false thus vanish out of Sight.

Nor aim at Pleasures difficult to gain,
Choose rather what you may with Ease obtain.
Who scorns to trifle, is by Pride abus'd:
I pity him, who ne'er can be amus'd,
But fighting Pleasures moderate, and small,
Must live in Rapture, or not live at all.

Great Pleasures still are near ally'd to Pain:
Who quits the peaceful Shore, and ploughs the Main,
Big Waves and mighty Tempests must sustain.

Let not such fond Ambition to be blest,
The humbler Pleasures in your Power molest;

Yet cherish Hope ; for without Hope there's none :
Taste Hope ; but be not fed with that alone.

Some their whole Lives in Expectation spend,
As Life were not begun, or ne'er wou'd end :
Fondly from Day to Day themselves deceive,
Not living, but intending still to live ;
While they neglect the Joys they might possess,
For empty Dreams of future Happiness.

Let Nature in your Pleasures be your Guide,
Nor suffer Art her genuine Charms to hide :
Her Beauties with unwearied Eyes we see ;
The Truth of Beauty is Simplicity.

Live not by Imitation, servile State !
Nor on the Fashion for your Pleasures wait.
Man, otherwise so selfish, and so proud,
Submits his Taste to the fantastick Croud,
And lives not for himself : Do you pursue
Your own Desires, and to yourself be true.

As Bees extract their Sweets from ev'ry Flow'r,
So you your Joys from all Things in your Pow'r,
With Industry and Management produce :
The meanest Trifles are sometimes of Use.

Yet know well what you do, and when 'tis done,
Nor at all Hours to ev'ry Pleasure run ;
But mix with Art your Pleasures, and your Toils ;
For Pleasures have their Seasons, and their Soils.
Thus when the earliest Dawn of Eastern Light,
Proclaims the finish'd Empire of the Night,
Haste to the Field, *Achilles*, nor disdain,
To chace the foaming Monster o'er the Plain,
Or teach the untam'd Steed to feel the Rein ;
Or let your Car and Arms your Nerves prepare,
Or for Olympick Games, or future War :
Then whether Arts or Glory fire your Mind
With Thoughts more generous, or more refin'd,
Aurora to the Muses still is kind.

At Noon, a simple short Repast be made ;
A shorter Slumber in the cooling Shade :

What's

What's gay and light th' unbended Mind employs,
Or Sports, or past Delights, or future Joys.

But when the Evening-Star begins to rise,
When *Phæbus*' fainting Steeds forsake the Skies,
Still cheartful at the well-spread Board be found,
Amidst bright Friends, and with fresh Garlands crown'd,
While Wine, and *Thais* with her Voice and Lyre,
Banish old Sorrows, and new Joys inspire.

Thus when from Toils of Empire you are free,
Nor Camp, nor Council claim your Liberty,
The Morn to Labour and the Muses give ;
At Noon with Temperance and Quiet live ;
Ceres' and *Bacchus*' Gifts at Ev'ning prove ;
Divide the Night with *Somnus*, and with Love.

Thus, thus, *Pelides*, drive your Cares away,
Nor feel the Evil, till the evil Day.
What tho' on *Simois*' or *Scamander*'s Shore,
Far off from Home, the *Greeks* your Death deplore ?
No matter where, or when ; it once must be,
And nothing can revoke the firm Decree.
Tho' *Thetis*' Son, tho' third from mighty *Jove*,
Eternal Monarch of the Realms above,
Nor *Jove*, nor *Thetis*, can your Days recal,
Or for an Hour defer your destin'd Fall.

Mean while a looser Rein to Pleasure give ;
Time flies in Haste, be you in Haste to live :
Seize on the precious Minutes, as they fleet ;
Your Life, however short, will be compleat,
If at the fatal Moment you can say,
I've liv'd, and made the most of ev'ry Day !

One Precept more I fain wou'd recommend,
And then old *Chiron*'s tedious Lessons end.

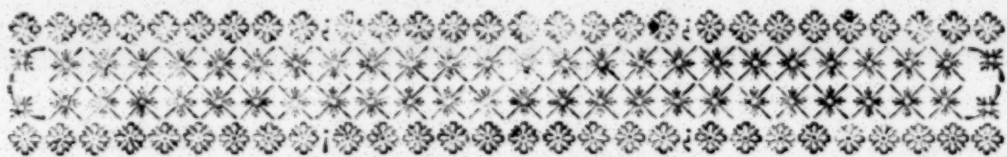
Learn gen'rous Prince, what's little understood,
The God-like Happiness of doing Good.
How glorious to defend, and to bestow !
From nobler Springs can human Pleasure flow ?
A solid Good, which nothing can destroy,
The best Prerogative the Great enjoy.

For

For this, remember, Monarchs, first were made,
 For this, young Prince, be lov'd, and be obey'd,
 At once yourself, and mighty Nations bless,
 And make Humanity your Happiness.

But now *Aurora* ushers in the Day,
 And fond, expecting *Peleus* chides your Stay.

Go then, brave Youth, where'er the Fates may call;
 Live with Design, and fearless wait thy Fall.
 Whatever Space of Life the Gods decree,
 Thy Name is still immortal; for I see
 More than another *Peleus* rise in thee.
 Thy Fame the Prince of sacred Bards shall fire,
 Thy Deeds the Conquest of the World inspire.



*An Account of the extraordinary Way of hatching Chickens,
 practised in Egypt.*

THE Method of hatching Chickens in Ovens is a Curiosity for which *Egypt* is famous, and may be look'd upon as an Art peculiar to that Country; nay, some pretend that only the People of one Village are Masters of the Business, who, at the proper Season of the Year, disperse themselves all over *Egypt* for Employment, there being scarce a Town but what is provided with Ovens for this Purpose. The Season for producing Fowls after this Manner, is from *January* to *April*, while the Weather is temperate, for at other Times the Heat is too violent. The Ovens are built under-Ground in two opposite Rows, with a Gallery or Passage between them; and they are raised one above another, with Holes at the Top, as there are likewise in the Passage, which they open or stop as they would have the Heat diminish'd or augmented. The Fuel they use to heat these Ovens is Dung and chopp'd Straw, which make
 a smo-

a smothering Fire, the Smoke whereof is very offensive. They continue to heat them gently for eight or ten Days together, and then bring the Eggs from the lower Cells, where they had lain in Heaps, and spread them in the upper Apartments, so as only to cover the Floor, and not lie one upon another. The Business is now to turn them every Day, and keep a moderate Fire in a Channel that runs along near the Mouth of the Ovens; and indeed the Art consists chiefly in giving the Ovens a proper Degree of Heat, neither too much nor too little, for in either Case the Labour would not succeed. Their general Rule is, that the Eggs be never made hotter than a Man can bear them to be applied to his Eyelid. Thus with good Management they begin to hatch in about three Weeks, at which Time it must needs be entertaining to take a View of these Places, and to observe some of the Chickens just putting forth their Heads, others half out of the Shell, and others quite deliver'd from their Confinement.-----Thunder, it is said, sometimes occasions great Numbers of Eggs to miscarry; and, at the best, it is observ'd that many of the Chickens want a Claw, or have some Defect or other, which, perhaps, they would not have if they had been hatch'd in the natural Way. ---The Master of the Ovens, according to Mr. Greaves, has one Third of the Eggs for his Pains and Charges, out of which he is to make good to the Owners any of their Number that may happen to be broke or miscarry. The same Gentleman tells us, that the Fire in the upper Ovens, when the Eggs are plac'd in the lower, is thus proportion'd: The first Day the greatest Fire, the second less than the first, the third Day less, the fourth Day more than the third, the fifth Day less, the sixth Day more than the fifth, the seventh Day less, the eighth Day more, and the ninth no Fire at all, the tenth a little Fire in the Morning; the eleventh they close all the Holes with Flax, &c. making no more Fire, for if they should the Eggs would break. In this Manner seven or eight thousand Chickens are hatch'd in a short Time; but some nice People pretend to distinguish one of these by the Taste, from another hatch'd by a Hen, as if the latter were more delicious; though we are apt to think this is nothing but

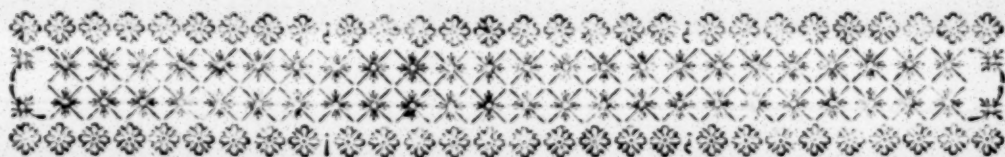
but Imagination. It has been doubted whether this Method of hatching Chickens was practicable in any Country besides *Egypt*, the Nature of the Climate being supposed particularly favourable to that Design; but the same Experiment has been made with Success in *Italy* and other Parts of *Europe*.



Of the C H E S N U T.

TH E R E are several Sorts of this Nut, and though the largest and best comes from abroad, yet there are many raised in this Country, and the best Sort grow to large Trees, and bear a good Nut; and was formerly planted in several Places, as did appear by the many Buildings in and about the City of *London*, before the great and dreadful Fire consumed the same: For in several Places, in the Out-parts, are some Buildings now standing, which has been built above an hundred Years, and the principal Part of the Wood-work is of Chesnut: Therefore as this Timber is so durable, and of speedy Growth, it is great Pity it is not more minded by Gentlemen in planting of their Woods and Hedge Rows: It will grow as Underwood, and being lopped, will increase from their Roots very much, and will produce great Number of the best Stakes and Poles for Pallisadoes, Pediments, and Props for Vines and Hops: The Timber is good for Columns, Tables, Chests, Chairs, Stools, Bedsteads, Tubs and Wine Casks: They are produced by sowing: Let the Nut be first spread to sweat, as you do the Beech Mast, in a Layer of dry Sand, one Row upon another; then put them in Lixivium of the Manure, all that swims are not valuable; then take them out, and dry them for about a Month; then after that sand them again; then dry them till about the Beginning of the Spring; then set them in Rows as you do Beans; put them into the Holes with

with the Point upwards, and do not remove them for two Years; yet they may be planted, where you design they should stand, and not removed at all; if you do remove them let it be about *November*, and that in a light Ground, or a moist Gravel; though they will grow in almost any Soil you have, even in a Clay; in any Place, either on Hills or Declivities of Hills; if Northward they will thrive, keeping them clear of Weeds at the first planting; and prune them as you do the Oak: The Fruit of this Tree has been, and is a very great Dainty in many curious Dishes, both abroad as well as here; they are made into Bread in some Places: In some Countries abroad they put the Leaves into the Mattresses they lie on.



Publick Transactions in EUROPE since our last, continued from Page 352.

WE are informed by Letters from Turkey, that a Tumult happened on the 16th of March amongst the Janizaries, which was soon quelled by seizing twenty of the Ringleaders: A few Days before six hundred Houses were consumed by Fire in the Armenian Quarter of the Capital, which rag'd from eleven at Night till six in the Morning; the Damage done is supposed to be 2000000 Piaftres. The Plague is now entirely ceas'd.

From Russia they write, that the Empress Queen has signed an Order to raise 3000 Recruits, and the Revel Squadron will be augmented with fifty Gallies.

On the 23d ult. the fine Buildings contiguous to the Physick Gardens at Moscow, were consumed by Fire; this is the third Accident of the Kind within the last two Years.

From Sweden we hear the King has granted an Exemption from Taxes, for twenty Years, to his own Subjects, and for ten Years, to Foreigners, who are Protestants, and the free Liberty of carrying on all Sorts of Trade and Commerce, that build Houses in his new Town, on the Borders of the Sound, not far from *Landscreon*. The Weather continues very severe in this Country, the Rocks are still covered with Snow, and the Earth frozen as in the Middle of Winter, an Instance of which the oldest Person cannot remember.

They write from Copenhagen in Denmark, that a great Quantity of Snow has covered the Ground for some Months past, and the last Winter has been the longest that any Person can remember.

Letters from Vienna, in Germany, mention, that the Empress Queen, who at the Expence of 100,000 Florins, procured the Pope's Dispensation for the Abolition of certain Holidays, had the Mortification on St. George's Day, to see the Repugnance which her idle and superstitious Subjects shew to the new Regulation; the Tradesmen walk'd abroad, and tho' the Shopkeepers, agreeable to Orders, open'd their Shops, nobody would buy, nor would they sell the smallest Article; at which she is highly incensed.

From Berlin, the Capital of Prussia, we hear, that a terrible Storm of Thunder and Lightning happened lately at a Village called Sonnenburgh, which set Fire to Scharrow Church, by which that Building and almost the whole Town was reduced to Ashes.

The Republick of Genoa, in Italy, has declared, to the Foreign Courts, who have strongly sollicitated her to join in their several Schemes, That her domestick Affairs don't permit her to concern herself in the Broils of *Europe*, and, moreover, that the Limits of her Power, the Safety of her Subjects, and the Preservation of her Commerce, would not allow her to tempt again the Miseries of War.

From Tortona we are inform'd, that the Emperor has taken the City of St. Remo, and its Inhabitants under his Protection as a Fief of the Empire.

We

We hear from *Leghorn*, that the Malecontents in *Corfica*, have assembled 7 or 8000 Men, to dispossess the Genoese of *St. Fiorenzo*.

The Court of Spain is earnest in their Military Schemes ; Troops, Men of War, Artillery, and Magazines, are the principal Objects of its Attention : *Catalonia* and *Valencia* swarm with Troops, and every Fort from *Roses* to *Malaga* is in a Posture of Defence. Notwithstanding the severe Drought, their Grainaries are full, and the Coasts of the Mediterranean abound with warlike Vessels. The Drought which had entirely desolated *Catalonia* and *Arragon*, is at an End ; the most salutary Showers have succeeded, and the Face of the Country is entirely changed.

They write from *Portugal*, that the Nunnery of *St. Francis* at *Valence du Minho*, in *Entre Minho Douro*, with the Corn Magazine, and all the Provisions of the Convent, were lately consumed by Fire.

The *Maragnan* Fleet brought 2000000 of *Crusadoes* for the King, and 54000 *Octaves* for the Merchants.

Letters from *Bareith* of the 23d inform us, that the Fire at *Prague* was not mastered till the 19th in the Afternoon : Great Part of the Jews Quarter has been consumed, as also the greatest Part of three other Streets, besides several Convents.

We have received the following Advice from *Paris*, dated May 24, viz. Death hath made terrible Havock for some Time in this Capital. In the Parish of *St. Eustathius*, there has been more Burials in the Space of four Months, than used to be in that and all the other Parishes in a whole Year. The Sicknefs still continuing, and giving Reason to suspect that the Middle Region of the Air is partly infected, the Faculty made lately an Experiment on this Subject at the Observatory. A Pound of fresh Meat was fixed on the End of a long Pole, placed on the Top of that superb Edifice, which commands all *Paris*. After remaining an Hour it was taken down, and laid before a Company of Physicians, who pronounced it corrupted, both from the Colour, Smell, Taste, and Touch.

Letters from Schaffhousen by the last Post inform us, that on the 3d of last Month, about Six in the Evening, the fine Stone Bridge, built over the Rhine there, all on a sudden sunk in such a Manner, as that there scarcely appear any Footsteps of it remaining. They write from Mentz, that Provisions were become so excessively dear there, that a great Number of the poor Inhabitants of that City would have perished with Hunger, had not their good Bishop daily distributed considerable Alms among them.----Letters from Augsbουργ advise, that the Postman from the Empire was lately attacked near that City by a Man in Disguise, well mounted and armed, who held a Pistol to his Head, and threatened to blow his Brains out, unless he suffered his Mail to be examined quietly. He then took out several Letters, but meddled with none that had any Bills of Exchange, or Money in them. A Postillion was treated not long since in the same Manner, on the Frontiers of Bohemia.

We have Intelligence from Leipstick, that the Methods that have lately been pursued, in order to establish the Credit of the Royal Steuer, have proved so successful, that they have already been able to pay all the Interest, both of the old and new Capital, up to last Easter.

The Report of the two Encampments, the one in Alsace, and the other in Franche Compté, is confirmed, with these Circumstances, that the first will assemble at Bischweiler, under the Command of the Count de Maillebois, and the second at Gray, under the Orders of the Duke de Randan: The former will consist of 18000 Foot, and 7000 Horse.---The last Letters from Languedoc advise, that three Men died lately at Prades d'Aubrac, whose Ages made up 356 Years. The oldest, who was 126 Years of Age, had never drank any Wine, nor never had any Illness except that which carried him off; and, what is very extraordinary, not many Days before his Death he worked at his Business, which was that of a working Goldsmith.

One Ingebourd died lately in Sudermania, aged 121 Years. She was born in 1633, and had by two Marriages
eight

eight Children and a Number of Grand Children : January 15, 1638, being then 65, she was brought-to-bed of a dead Child : At an hundred she shed her Teeth, but seven Years after she had a new Sett. Last Year she was better able to travel than her youngest Son, who was then 90 Years of Age, and had kept her new Teeth to that Time.

We are informed from Hamburgh, that a Fire broke out on the 8th past, in the House of a Peasant at the Village of Ottensen near Altena, which in a little Time consumed five other Houses. In the House where it began, the Peasant, his Wife, and a Footman, perished ; and in another, a Girl of twelve Years, and a Boy of six, met with the same Fate.

Extract of a Letter from Major Stringer Lawrence to the Court of Directors of the East-India Company, dated at the Camp near Tritchenopoly, Sept. 15, 1753, (which it is supposed should be the 26th of September,) received by the Delawar, May 7, 1754.

Since my Letter of the 14th Instant, Captain Ridge joined me with a Detachment of above 200 Europeans. This Addition made me resolve to attack the Enemy, as the Moonsoon approached, and their Situation was such, that they cut off our Provisions, which must have ended in the Loss of Tritchenopoly : Accordingly, on the 19th, I made a Motion in the Night towards the Left of the Enemy's Camp, for they had Possession of two large Rocks, about a Mile distant from each other, and I found it necessary to gain one of them. The whole Day of the 20th was spent in cannonading ; and the better to conceal our Design, I had ordered out an eighteen Pounder from the Fort, that they might think we had no other View than that of disturbing them in their Camp with our Shot. This lulled them into a Security ; and at Four o'Clock in the Morning of the 21st, our Europeans being disposed into three Lines, with the Seapoys on our Flanks, and the Horse in our Rear, we attacked the Rock on our Left, called the *Golden Rock*, and gained

gained it without any Loss; the Enemy retiring after a faint Resistance, and leaving behind them two Pieces of Cannon. This Earnest of Success encouraged the Men greatly, and determined me to push on to the main Body; so, that no Time might be lost, I disabled the two Guns, and advanced towards the *Sugar-loaf Rock*, just as the Day began to break. The Enemy were drawn up close to the Rock, and had fortified themselves with Breast-works; so it was necessary to gain their black Camp, that we might fall upon them in the Rear. This was effected with little Trouble, and our Soldiers marched through a constant Fire from nine Pieces of Cannon, attacked a Line of Men, which greatly out-numbered themselves, and in ten or twelve Minutes drove the Enemy out of their Lines.

They however rallied, and made some faint Resistance afterwards, supported by the Morattas, who rode up very desperately: But as these could not sustain a galling Fire, which fell upon them from all Quarters, they at length ran away, and left us compleat Masters of the Field of Battle, their whole Camp, Baggage, and Ammunition, and ten Pieces of Cannon. The Remains of their Army retreated, some towards Altoora and Syringham, some towards Tondamons's Country, and some towards Tanjour, The Polligars and Seapoys bring in Prisoners every Minute. The Action lasted near two Hours. We took eight Officers, and 100 Soldiers, besides the Killed, which might be about sixty more. The Morattas saved the rest, and prevented a Pursuit, as they were vastly superior to Monage, our Tanjour Friend, in Numbers. On our Part, we had six Officers wounded, and several Men killed and wounded. I received a slight Wound in the Arm with a Musket Ball; but I thank God it does not prevent me from keeping the Field, and continuing to do my Duty.

DOMESTICK OCCURRENCES.

On the 13th of May ended the Sessions at the Old Bailey, when six Prisoners received Sentence of Death, viz. Wil-
liam

William Bradford, David Edem, Silas Dowling, Hugh M. Kabe, John Parry, and Mary Mayne; two to be transported for fourteen Years, forty-four for seven Years, three to be branded, and two whipped. Mary Mayne pleaded her Belly, and was found quick with Child; and Elizabeth Canning's Sentence was respited till next Sessions.

The Dwelling-House and Sugar-House of Messrs. Barret and Co. Sugar-bakers, near Paul's Wharf, in Thames-street, were lately consumed by Fire, and several Persons, assisting the Sufferers, were hurt: The Presence of the Lord Mayor, Sir Robert Ladbroke, the Sheriffs, and a Guard of a Party from the Tower, were of great Service on this melancholy Occasion.

On Putney Heath a young Highwayman was shot dead by a Servant behind the Coach of a Gentleman whom he had just robbed.---[A few Instances of this Kind would in all Likelihood have a better Effect in suppressing Robberies than 100 Executions.]

A Fire broke out lately at Offun, a Village about a Mile from Stratford on Avon, by which seven Houses with Furniture, Barns, Out-Houses, and Stables, were consumed, as also the Out-Houses, Barns, Corn Ricks, &c. of Mr. Jones, whose single Loss amounts to above 2000 l.

On the 30th of May, Elizabeth Canning was brought to the Sessions-House in the Old Bailey, to receive her Sentence, in Pursuance of an Adjournment from the 13th Instant, when after hearing every Thing that could be urged in the Behalf of the Prisoner, to obtain an Arrest of Judgment, or a new Tryal, by several learned Counsel, the Court proceeded to pass Sentence, which is, one Month's Imprisonment, and Transportation for seven Years. Besides the Lord Mayor, who always presides in this Court, the Lord chief Justice Willes, Mr. Justice Dennison, Mr. Justice Clive, the Barons Legge and Smyth, and the Recorder, were present, who all concurred in the above Sentence, with whom also joined two Aldermen. It was moved by one of the Aldermen then present, that the Sentence might be mitigated to six Months Imprisonment, which met with the Approbation of seven more of them, but was over-ruled.

The

The Parliament met on the 31st of May, when the House of Commons chose the Right Hon. Arthur Onslow, Esq; their Speaker; after which the Members were sworn as usual.

Three hundred Medals of Tiberius Constantinus, well preserved, with the Head of that Emperor with a Helmet on one Side, and on the Reverse a Cross, with the usual Legend, VICT. AVG. have been found in the Island of Candia.

When Elizabeth Canning received her Sentence of Transportation for seven Yaars, she protested her Innocence, and submitted her Cause to GOD. She has behaved resigned and submissive to the Divine Will ever since her Confinement; and the greatest Concern she has expressed, has been for her poor Mother, (a Widow of near threescore,) lest she should be overwhelmed with the Stroke. Her whole Behaviour, under her present Circumstances, has been such as one might suppose conscious Innocence to be, not bold and impudent, as thoughtless Guilt is apt to behave, nor fullen and moody, as if conscious of Crimes she had been unwilling to be detected in.

At a Meeting of the Royal Society, was read an Account of several Experiments lately made by an eminent Surgeon of Guy's Hospital, to prove the Efficacy of the Agaric of Oak in stanching Blood; which, in a great Variety of Cases, he found it to do more effectually, with less Trouble to the Operator, and less Pain to the Patient, than any other Method or Thing yet practised. The Agaric * is almost every where to be found upon the Stumps of old Oaks, and the best on the Tops of Pollard Oaks.

* The Agaric is an Excrecence like a Mushroom, growing upon Oaks, &c.

Price of S T O C K S.

Bank Stock 104 1 qr. India Ditto, 100 1 half. South Sea Stock, no Price. Three 1 half per Cent. Old Annuities 1st Sub. 105 1 Sth. Ditto 2^d Sub. no Price. Ditto New 1st Sub. 105 5 Sths. Ditto 2^d Sub. no Price. Three 1 half Bank Annuities 1st Sub. 104 5 Sths. Ditto 2^d Sub. no Price. Ditto India Annuities, no Price. Three per Cent Bank Annuities, no Price. Ditto 1751, 103 5 Sths. Ditto India Annuities, no Price. New Bank Circulation, 31. Prem. India Bonds, 61. 3s. Prem.

BILL of Mortality from April 23,
to May 21, 1754.

Chriften'd	Males	584	1195
	Females	611	

Buried	Males	1038	1932
	Females	894	

Prices of GOODS at Bear-Key. per

Wheat	27. to 33s.
Oats	12. 6d. to 13s.
Barley	17. to 19s.
Beans	16. to 19s.
Brown Malt	18. to 21s.
Pale Malt	22. to 24s.
Fine Flour	27s.

The Song of ANGELS above.

I.

EARTH has detain'd me Prisoner long,
And I'm grown weary now :
My Heart, my Hand, my Ear, my Tongue,
There's nothing here for you.

II.

Tir'd in my Thoughts I stretch me down,
And upward glance my Eyes.
Upward (my Father) to thy Throne,
And to my native Skies.

III.

There the dear MAN my Saviour sits,
The God, how bright he shines !
And scatters infinite Delights
On all the happy Minds.

IV.

Seraphs with elevated Strains
Circle the Throne around,
And move and charm the starry Plains
With an immortal Sound.

V.

JESUS the LORD their Harps employs,
JESUS my Love they sing,
JESUS, the Name of both our Joys,
Sounds sweet from every String.

VI.

Hark, how beyond the narrow Bounds
Of Time and Space they run,
And speak in most Majestick Sounds,
The Godhead of the SON.

VII.

How on the Father's Breast he lay,
The Darling of his Soul,
Infinite Years before the Day
Or Heavens began to roll.

VIII.

And now they sink the lofty Tone,
 And gentler Notes they play,
 And bring th' Eternal Godhead down
 To dwell in humble Clay.

IX.

O sacred Beauties of the MAN!
 (The GOD resides within)
 His Flesh all pure without a Stain,
 His Soul without a Sin.

X.

Then, how he look'd, and how he smil'd,
 What wond'rous Things he said!
 Sweet Cherubs, stay, dwell here a while,
 And tell what *JESUS* did.

XI.

At his Command the Blind awake,
 And feel the gladfom Rays;
 He bids the Dumb attempt to speak,
 They try their Tongues in Praise.

XII.

He shed a thousand Blessings round
 Where-e'er he turn'd his Eye;
 He spoke, and at the Sovereign Sound
 The hellish Legions fly.

XIII.

Thus while with unambitious Strife
 Th' Ethereal Minstrels rove
 Thro' all the Labours of his Life,
 And Wonders of his Love.

XIV.

In the full Choir a broken String
 Groans with a strange Surprise;
 The rest in Silence mourn their King,
 That bleeds, and loves, and dies.

XV.

XV.

Seraph and Saint, with drooping Wings,
Cease their harmonious Breath ;
No blooming Trees, nor bubbling Springs,
While *JESUS* sleeps in Death.

XVI.

Then all at once to living Strains
They summon every Chord,
Break up the Tomb, and burst his Chains,
And shew their rising LORD.

XVII.

Around the flaming Army throngs
To guard him to the Skies,
With loud *Hosanna's* on their Tongues,
And Triumph in their Eyes.

XVIII.

In awful State the conquering God
Ascends his shining Throne,
While tuneful Angels sound abroad
The Vict'ries he has won.

XIX.

Now let me rise, and join their Song,
And be an Angel too ;
My Heart, my Hand, my Ear, my Tongue,
Here's joyful Work for you.

XX.

I would begin the Musick here,
And so my Soul should rise :
Oh for some heavenly Notes to bear
My Spirit to the Skies !

XXI.

There, ye that love my Saviour, sit,
There I would fain have Place,
Amongst your Thrones, or at your Feet,
So I might see his Face.

XXII.

I am confin'd to Earth no more,
 But mount in haste above,
 To bless the God that I adore,
 And sing the MAN I love.

CUPID, HYMEN, and PLUTUS.

A F A B L E.

AS *Cupid* in *Cythera's* Grove
 Employ'd the lesser Powers of Love,
 Some shape the Bow, or fit the String,
 Some give the taper Shaft its Wing,
 Or turn the polish'd Quiver's Mold,
 Or head the Darts with temper'd Gold.
 Amidst their Toil and various Care,
 Thus *Hymen**, with assuming Air,
 Addrest the God. Thou purblind Chit,
 Of awkward and ill judging Wit,
 If Matches are no better made,
 At once I must forswear my Trade.
 You send me such ill coupled Folks,
 That 'tis a shame to sell them Yokes.
 They squabble for a Pin, a Feather,
 And wonder how they came together.
 The Husband's sullen, dogged, shy,
 The Wife grows sippant in Reply;
 He loves Command and due Restriction,
 And she as well likes Contradiction;
 She never slavishly submits,
 She'll have her Will, or have her Fits;
 He this Way tugs, she t'other draws,
 The Man grows jealous, and with Cause,
 Nothing can save him but Divorce,
 And here the Wife complies of course.
 When, says the Boy, had I to do
 With either your Affairs or you?

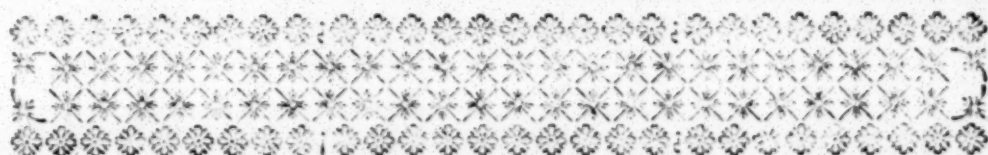
I never

* *The God of Marriage.*

I never idly spend my Darts ;
 You trade in mercenary Hearts :
 For Settlements the Lawyer's fee'd ;
 Is my Hand Witness to the Deed ?
 If they like Cat and Dog agree,
 Go rail at *Plutus*, not at me.

Plutus appear'd, and said ; 'Tis true,
 In Marriage, Gold is all their View ;
 They seek not Beauty, Wit or Sense,
 And Love is seldom the Pretence.
 All offer Incense at my Shrine,
 And I alone the Bargain sign.
 How can *Belinda* blame her Fate ?
 She only ask'd a great Estate.
Doris was rich enough, 'tis true,
 Her Lord must give her Title too ;
 And ev'ry Man, or rich or poor,
 A Fortune asks, and asks no more.

Av'rice, whatever Shape it bears,
 Must still be coupled with its Cares.



To make Ivory Black.

TAKE the Shavings or Raspings of Ivory, which you may easily have at the Comb-makers ; mix them up with a little Linseed Oil, put them into Pan or Crucible, and lute it close, leaving only a little Hole in the Middle of the Cover ; set it on a Coal Fire, and let it stand till you perceive no more Smoak ; then take it off, and set it in Sand, putting another Pan or a Crucible that is entire over it ; when cold, you will have the finest black Colour that can be prepared.

Another

Another Method to burn Ivory either Black or White,

Fill a Crucible with the Wastes of Ivory or Hartshorn, lute it well, and put it in a Fire, and when the Phlegm, Spirit, Oil, and fluid Salts have left them, they will be of a very fine black Colour; but if you keep them longer in the Fire, they will turn as white as Snow.

To make Indian Ink.

Take dry'd black Horse-beans, burn them to a Powder, mix them up with Gum-Arabic Water; and bring them to a Mass, which press in a Mould made for that Purpose, and let it dry.

To make a fine Ink-Powder to write or draw with.

Take half an Ounce of Lamp-black, Plumb or Cherry-stones, Vitriol and Gall-nuts of each half an Ounce; burn it first together in a Crucible; add half an Ounce of Gum-Arabic: All which beat in a Mortar to a fine Powder, and searce it through a fine Searcer, then put it up in a Box, and when you want to use it dilute it with fair Water.



Of the W A L N U T.

THERE are several Sorts of this Nut; therefore they who design to plant must chuse the Sort that is most esteemed, (and to know what Kind will alter for the better) some will be better, others worse, and some near the Sort you design to raise from: Gather your Nuts from a young thriving Tree, that is in the Prime of its bearing: When they are gathered, lay them in some Room to dry, turning of them sometimes with a Broom; about the Beginning of Oc-

tober

tober put them into Sand, a little moistened with the Lixivium of the Manure, till about *Christmas*, for then they'll begin to spear; sow them not in their Husks, neither steep them, as some advise; set or sow them in *January*, or the Beginning of *February*; 'tis good to strew some Furzes broken, or chopt small, to preserve it from Mice and Rats, when the Shell begins to be tender. If you plant the Nuts, where you design them to abide, is well, because this Tree is most impatient of any to be removed: You must keep them digging about, or hoeing and pruning, till they get about six Foot high; if you bud them, it may make them bear the sooner: I have raised them from the Nut, and in seven Years they have bore, and grown larger in that Plant from the Nut, than some replanted that were twenty Years from their first Growth: They delight in a sandy rich Ground, especially inclinable to a feeding, chalky, or Marle, and where it may be protected from the North Wind, (though it affects Cold rather than extreme Heat.) It may be set in Woods, for it will run up (if the under Boughs be cut off) to a great Height, and yield very good Timber for many Uses: It yields a very good Oil for Painters, and other Uses.

It is enough to invite Gentlemen, that have a Convenience to propagate it in a numerous Manner, for that its Wood yields the greatest Price, when arrived to a due Age and Bulk, besides the almost annual Benefit of its Fruit, that in Nuts frequently returns the Owner no little Profit. This Tree, it is true, by the close Texture of its Wood, requires many Years Growth to arrive at its full Bigness, as it is planted and grows in the common Method of planting Trees, which is just to dig a Hole, put in the Roots, and only cover all with Mould, and thus leave it, except perhaps supported at first from falling, with Stalks, Rails, or Bushes, so that here is hardly any Husbandry bestowed upon this Tree, though it is one of the Number that wants it most. To remedy this, if the Ground in which these Roots run was to be kept in a continual tilth Condition, and proper fertile Manure was to be spread over it once in two or three Years, in the Month of *October* or *November*, for the Winter Rains

Rains to wash it in; it would soon show the good Effects of such an Assistance, in a most expeditious thriving Order, even I don't doubt but to grow as fast again as Trees deprived of these Benefits.

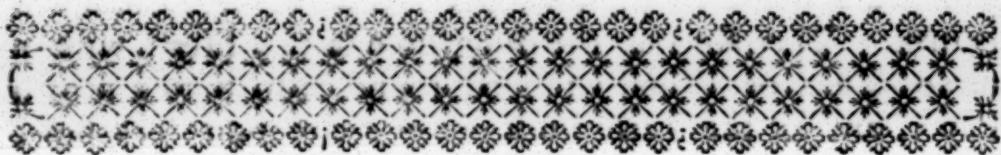
Working Beer and Ale, after a new Way, to their great Advantage.

YEAST is an Acid, as appears by its soon turning sour, and consists of a great Quantity of subtile and spirituous Particles, wrapped up in such as are viscid: When therefore this is mixed with Liquor, it occasions an intestine Motion by the interfering of Particles of different Gravities, as the spirituous Parts will be continually striving to get up to the Surface, and the viscid ones continually retarding such Ascent and preventing their Escape. So that by these two concurring Causes, the Particles extracted from the Grain will, by frequent Occursions, be so comminuted, as continually to increase the more subtile and spirituous Parts, until all that can be made so by Attrition or Fretting are set loose from their viscid Confinements, as a learned Author plainly demonstrates. It is also influenced by the Air that in Summer is warm, light and thin, and greatly promotes it; in Winter it is thick, cold and heavy, and much retards it. Also in Spring, and Summer, the floating Particles of the Air, that are of the same Kind as those in the fermenting Liquor, join them with their Strength, and make the Working more violent. So Malt-Liquors made from Beans, Oats, or other Vegetables, will ferment higher and be stronger, if brewed when they are in Blossom.

In the Working of Beer and Ale, the Spirits have the greatest Opportunity of making their Escape, and therefore here is the Place for your chiefest Care, that the Fermentation may be brought on cool and leisurely under the close Cover of a Lid and Cloths to preserve the Spirits; for, if you put your Nose over it while it is working, you will find the Strength ready to suffocate you; which plainly shews

shews it emits a great deal of spirituous Effluvia, that will fly away if not kept well in. To prevent which, take a little Wort before it is quite cold, and mix it with some Yeast; when it is fermented, put into it a Hogshead or Butt, and on that let the Wort run out af the Back, or pour it out of your Tubs as fine as possible, and as cool as the Season will permit. Then stop up the Bung-hole in the Head with a turned Piece of Wood wrapped round with wetted brown Paper, and let the Yeast work out of a common Cork-hole, made in the Front of the upright Cask within about an Inch of the upper Head, by a little Piece of Leather nailed under it, and a wooden Spout under that, to convey the Yeast into a Tub on the Ground; so will you enjoy a Drink much stronger, finer, and better relish'd, than when work'd and tun'd after the old Fashion: For this Way causes the Beer, or Ale, to taste smooth, and retain a brisk, lively Quality to the last. But then such Working must be in a right Manner, neither too much nor too little. If in the first Degree, it will be apt to boil in the Cask in Summer almost like the Motion in a Copper, and bring it under a stale Hardness, make it taste harsh in the Mouth, and give too deep a Colour to the paler Sort of Drink: For this Reason some will follow this Method of Fermenting it all together in the Cask in the Winter, and not in Summer. If in the second Degree, it will always be sputtering and never fine. But the Danger of these Extreame will not be very hazardous where Care and Judgment attend the Work, and so may be performed at any Time of the Year with Safety, though the Equinoxes or most temperate Seasons, are certainly the best. Besides which here is a great deal of Waste prevented that always accompanies the Vat, Tun, Pump, Pail, or Jett, used in working Malt Liquors after the old Way. And to prove the great Benefit of this Method, make but an Experiment even in your small Beer, and you will find that work'd in the Cask, stronger, pleasanter, and will keep longer, than that first work'd in an open Vessel, and afterwards put into the Barrel, which consequently must likewise render it much wholesomer, than Drink fermented in the

open Tun, because by this Means it is furnished with a great Plenty of its own original Spirits, that otherwise would certainly make their Escape, and the Liquor become flat and weak.



Publick Transactions in EUROPE since our last, continued from Page 368.

WE have Advice from Constantinople, by the Way of Russia, that the Grand Seignior's Health is now perfectly established, and the Janizaries, who appeared ready for a Revolt, during his Illness, are at present very quiet. On the second of May, being the Grand Princess's Birth Day; the Pregnancy of her Imperial Highness was declared at Court.

They write from *Sweden*, that their Envoy at Copenhagen has removed the Difficulties, that retarded the Settlement of the Limits, on the Side of Norway.

A Fire broke out in the Jews Quarter at Prague, in Bohemia, on the 11th of May, which was not master'd untill the 18th: It consumed the greatest Part of that Quarter, almost three other Streets, and many Convents. The Number of the Houses destroyed, was near 700.

By Letters from Saxe-Gotha, in Germany, we are informed, that an Inundation between Heilbron and Fauthenbourgh, has lately done great Damage; before which a more terrible Storm happened than the oldest Man can remember; all the Dykes and Causeways were broken down, and the Fields and Meadows ruined; Houses, Stables, and Cow-houses were overturned, and the Cattle drowned. The Damage done is computed at 100,000 Florins.

Authentic

Authentic Memoirs of the King of Prussia.

One Circumstance in Favour of this Prince, beyond any other in Europe, is the Economy of his Government and personal Expence. The Allowance of his Table is but thirty Crowns a Day, Fish and Wine excepted. *Potsdam* is his favourite Residence, where he avoids all the Ceremonies of a Court. He sits down to Table with twelve Persons; and after his own Ministers, who are most in Favour, are seated, and also those of foreign Princes who happen to be at *Potsdam*, his Officers, even to an Ensign, fill up the vacant Places. His Conversation is easy and chearful, even to Jestings; but he can pass from the Gay to the Serious in an Instant. He requires delicate Foods, but eats moderately, and mixes Water with his Wine. He takes Spanish Snuff to Excess. He used to drink liberally of Champaign, and eat rich Fruits soaked in strong Wine; but having been often afflicted with Fevers, is become abstemious. His Person is rather plump than corpulent; his Complexion sanguine; his Countenance is inclined to the pensive, but very expressive, indicating in some Degree, the incessant Labour of his Mind. Since the late War he is much broken, and stoops, which takes off from the Gracefulness of his Figure. He often appears in Boots, and always in his Regimentals, which are a blue Cloth Frock, with Silver Brandenburgs; and he is Master only of one Change for the Winter, and another for the Summer. His Bed consists of two Mattresses, under the Cover of a Down Quilt, without any Ornament or Mark of Grandeur. He often asks his most familiar Acquaintance, if they think the Condition of a King the most desirable? And then tells them how easily they may rectify their fond Opinions, by observing what great Labour and Attention the Duty of a King requires.

From Leghorn, in Italy, they write, that the Malecontents in Corsica who are more and more inveterate against the Genoese, lately made an Incurfion into the Province of *Balagna*, and did great Mischief. They carried off Guiliani the younger, and several of that Party, and confined them, at

their Return to Corte, in dark Caves under Ground, for some Days, then obliged them to cast Lots, and those who had ill luck were shot.

The Corsican Rebels have made an Attack upon Bastia, but by the Bravery of the Marquis Grimaldi were totally routed.

At Rome on Saturday the 18th of May they had a most furious Storm, accompanied with Thunder, Lightning, Hail of an uncommon Size, and prodigious Rain. The Lightning fell upon Prince Ricci's Palace in the Quarter of San Giovanino, and burnt or damaged the Tapestry Hangings and other Furniture to the Amount of 600 Crowns. A Countryman on Horseback was also killed by it in the Falconiana. But the Damage occasioned by the Rain was much more considerable. Almost all the Streets were laid under Water; particularly the Square of Navone, where the Market was held that Day. A great Quantity of Provisions, Cloaths, and other Effects, exposed to Sale, were spoiled or swept away by the Torrent, the Violence whereof was so great that it overturned a Part of the Wall of the Palace of Monte Cavallo.

At Bassano, in the Marche Trevisane, for some Weeks past they have had an extraordinary Kind of Phenomenon, formed by inflammatory Vapours, which rise in the Night to the Height of a Man, and range the Surface of the Earth in the Shape of Globes of Fire. In the Village of Loria, and its Neighbourhood, in particular, many Barns and Granaries have been fired by them; and the Inhabitants are continually on the Watch, and contrive all Sorts of Means to dissipate these moving Fires, by Stones, Scythes, Halbards, and other Instruments.

Letters from Posenia, in Poland advise, that the Forest in the Neighbourhood of Sierakow, had been set on Fire by the Negligence of the Peasants who live there, and was not extinguished before it had consumed all the Trees that were growing in the Space of a Mile square, or that were already cut down in that Space.

Letters from France mention, that on the 4th Instant, the first President of the Parliament arrived at Versailles from
Soissons,

Soissons, and was above an Hour in Conference with his Majesty, after which he immediately returned, without passing or repassing through Paris, since which it is expected Matters are coming to speedy Accommodation.

The grand News of the Day says our Correspondent at Paris, with which every Mouth is filled, and takes Pleasure in repeating, is the speedy Return of the Parliament, the great Object of the Wishes of this Capital and the whole Kingdom. M. Mapeou got back to Soissons, after his Conference with the King, the 5th Instant about six o' Clock in the Morning; and immediately sent Notice in Writing to all the Gentlemen of the Grand Chamber to meet him in the Afternoon. The Gentlemen having attended accordingly, he gave them an Account of the Reception he met with from the King. He told them, that his Majesty on seeing him come into the Closet, said with the greatest Good-nature and Affability, "You are very punctual, Mr. President: Sit down, for you must be tired." His Majesty commanded him to give him an exact Account of the whole Affair relating to the Parliament, and to speak with the greatest Freedom. M. Maupeou made Use of this Permission to represent all the bad Consequences that had followed the Dispersion of the Parliament; to which the King gave the greatest Attention. It is said that his Majesty also desired the President to give him some Information concerning the Form in which the Parliament would have the Sovereign's Will signified to them: And having been fully satisfied in every Thing, he told M. Maupeou, that he was not insensible of what his People had suffered by the Absence of the Parliament; that he was quite sick of the present Disputes; that he was most desirous of putting an End to them; and would therefore recall his Parliament very soon: Which he gave him Leave to signify to the banished Members. Accordingly as soon as the President had communicated this News to the Members of the Grand Chamber, Couriers were dispatched to every Colony of the Exiles: And it is strongly reported that Orders are given for fitting up the Halls where the several Members sit to do Business. On the other Hand, the Bishops who are in this Capital, assembled a few Days

Days ago at the Archbishop's Palace, to draw up Representations to the King for the Interest of their Body, and the Maintenance of their Rights.---Several Conferences have been held within this Fortnight, both at Versailles and at the East-India House, concerning the Dispatches of a Courier, which was sent by the Duke de Mirepoix from London the 22d of last Month; and he has been sent back with a circumstantial Answer, which does not, however, admit of certain Restrictions, upon which the English Company would ground the Conclusion of an Accommodation; so that, it is feared, it will be some Time longer before this Affair is brought to a Determination.

I R E L A N D.

They write from Dublin, that lately for three Days together they had had as heavy Rains as have been known, which did great Damages, by breaking of Bridges, Mildams, and Sluices; washing away Banks, Houses, Mills, Cabins, Trees, &c. And the fine Bridge at Rathfarnham, being only one Arch of 100 Feet long, was thrown down, the North Abutment being undermined by the Water some Time since, which might have been mended and made staunch for forty Shillings, had it been repaired in Time. Many People and Cattle have been drowned, and several Boats drove out to Sea.

About 68 front, and 44 back Houses, in Silver, Pond, and Castle Streets, in this Town, besides Out-Offices and Stables, were in less than an Hour consumed by Fire. Damage computed at 5000*l*.

S C O T L A N D.

They write from Aberdeen, that the Wife of one Robert Ewing, (who, after serving several Campaigns abroad, now lives on Chelsea Pay, and works as a Day-labourer) brought forth at one Birth, three Sons and a Daughter: The Children are well fixed, lively, and likely to do well, and the poor Woman in a fair Way of Recovery.

DOMES-

DOMESTICK OCCURRENCES.

Anthony Brucer, late of St. George the Martyr, Esq; who died on the 22d of last Month, by his last Will has devised all his real, and the greatest Part of his Personal Estate, (supposed to be worth upwards of 70,000 *l.*) to his Executors therein named; in Trust to sell the same, and to give the whole Produce thereof to such Clergymen of the Church of England, as have taken Orders, and have not more than 40 *l.* a Year, in Spirituals or Temporals, to support themselves and Families; and to such only as his Executors shall think have the greatest Occasion for it: To give to each of such Clergymen, the Sum of 20 *l.* till his whole Estate is given away, not giving to any such Clergyman more than 20 *l.* in one Year.

A Shoe-blacker in Moorfields was called from his Stand to take Possession of an Estate of 50 *l.* a Year, to which he succeeded by the Death of a Relation at Edmonton. The poor Fellow was in the utmost Distress, having been threatened that very Day by the Lord Mayor's Officers.

In Monmouthshire and Gloucestershire was lately the most violent Storm of Hail known in the Memory of Man, which did great Damage to the Corn, Fruit, and Windows, some of the Hail Stones measuring four and six Inches. Immediately after the Hail fell a prodigious Shower of Rain, which occasioned such a Flood, that many Houses were filled four Feet deep with Water, and the Rivers overflowed and cast out Fish. At Coventry the Flood was so great, that for some Time Waggon and Carriages were stopt from passing through the Town.

We hear the Dispute in Regard to the Right of a Way through Richmond Park, will be tried next Michaelmas Term, by a special Jury of the County of Surry, at the Bar of the Court of King's Bench.

By Letters from Virginia, dated in April last, we are informed, that the last Crops have been very short and bad; and that the new Inspectors have been so vigilant in the Execution of their Duty, in burning the bad, that many of the
Ships

Ships will come home half loaded, and some under 6l. per Ton.

By Letters from Portsmouth in New Hampshire, dated May 20th, we are informed, that for near thirty Days past the Woods have been continually on Fire between Merrimack and Kenneback River, and likely to continue; great Damages have been already done to the Woods and Fences, and in several Towns it was with Difficulty the Houses were kept from Firing. The Houses here, with some Winds, are filled with Smoke, though the Fire is fifteen Miles from us.

Advice has been recived that the Toulon Squadron was met between Cape St. Vincent, and the western Islands, standing for North America.

Nine Men of War are getting ready for the Sea at Deptford and Woolwich.

The greatest Man in the Kingdom has publicly declared, that, *rather than lose a Foot of Ground in America, he would oppose the Enemies of his Country in that Part of the World himself.*

There was lately caught in the River Ouze, near Huntingdon, a Sturgeon that weighed above 130 Pounds, and the Spawn of it between 20 and 30 Pounds.

The Amsterdam Gazette tells us, that the Treaty of Commerce between England and the two Sicilies is settled by Sir James Gray, his Majesty's Envoy at Naples, and sent home to England for the Approbation of the King and Council. The Treaty lately concluded between that Prince and the Dutch serves for the Basis of this.

Prices of S T O C K S.

Bank Stock $134 \frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$. India Ditto, no Price. South Sea Stock, $119 \frac{1}{2}$. Three 1 half per Cent. Old Annuities, 1st Sub. $105 \frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{5}{8}$. Ditto 2d Sub. $103 \frac{1}{2}$ to 104. Ditto New 1st Sub. no Price. Ditto 2d Sub. no Price. Three 1 half Bank Annuities 1st Sub. $105 \frac{1}{2}$. Ditto 2d Sub. $104 \frac{1}{2}$. Ditto India Annuities, $103 \frac{1}{2}$. Three per Cent Bank Annuities, $103 \frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{5}{8}$. Ditto 1751. $104 \frac{1}{2}$. Ditto India Annuities, 103. Bank Circulation, 3l. 5s. Prem. India Bonds, 6l. 6s. Prem.

BILL of Mortality from May 21,
to June 25, 1754.

Christen'd	Males	743	1403
	Females	665	
Buried	Males	1085	2184
	Females	1099	

Prices of GOODS at Bear-Key.

Wheat	20 to 28s.
Barley	13 to 14s.
Malt	18 to 22s.
Rye	18 to 20s.
Beans	20 to 21s.
Oats	11 to 14s.

A HYMN to CHRIST.

DEAR JESUS when, when shall it be,
That I no more shall break with Thee!
When shall this War of Passion cease!
When shall my Soul have perfect Peace!

Here I repent, and sin again;
Now I revive, and now am slain:
How often bleeds my wounded Heart!
How often I from CHRIST depart!

When, dearest LORD, when shall I be
A Garden shut to all but thee!
Each Stranger's Hand, each common Foot,
Tramples thy Flow'rs, and plucks thy Fruit.

Too slight the Fence, the Soil too poor,
For Grace to thrive, and grow secure:
'Twill never open, spring, and rise,
Until transplanted to the Skies.

LORD, take me hence, Oh! bear my Soul
Where yon refreshing Rivers roll;
Where all the Plants of Glory bloom,
And shed around a rich Perfume.

Eden, more blest than that of Eve,
Without a Serpent to deceive:
Like Gods indeed we there shall be,
Oh! let me die this Life to see.

Thus sing my Lips; but does my Heart
Join in the Song, and bear its Part?
Am I so wise, indeed, to chuse
The other World, and this refuse?

Why should I not? What can I find,
On Earth, to satisfy my Mind?

To talk, and eat, and drink, and sleep,
Poor Things my Soul from Heaven to keep.

What's Fame, or Health, or Wealth, or Gold,
In tedious Sums to Millions told!
Is it for these I wish to stay
In my frail Tenement of Clay!

Blush, Oh my Soul! repeat the Word;
Wish for the Presence of thy Lord.
Oh! let thy Love be firm and true,
And with more Zeal thy Prayers renew.

Oh may this Dying-life make haste,
To die into True-life at last;
No hope have I of Life before,
But then shall live and die no more.

PSALM XXXIII. Paraphrased.

THE Lord my Pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a Shepherd's Care;
His Presence shall my Wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful Eye;
My Noon-day Walks he shall attend,
And all my Midnight-hours defend.

When in the sultry Glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty Mountain pant,
To fertile Vales and dewy Meads
My weary wand'ring Steps he leads,
Where peaceful Rivers soft and flow,
Amid the verdant Landscips flow.

Tho' in the Paths of Death I tread,
With gloomy Horrors over-spread,
My stedfast Heart shall fear no Ill,
For thou, O LORD, art with me still:

Thy

Thy friendly Crook shall give me Aid,
And guide me through the dreadful Shade.

Tho' in a bare and rugged Way,
Through devious lonely Wilds I stray,
Thy Bounty shall my Pains beguile ;
The barren Wilderness shall smile,
With sudden Greens and Herbage crown'd,
And Streams shall murmur all around.

On E T E R N I T Y.

L E T that Arithmetician come,
Can multiply a boundless Sum,
In Figures can produce a Draught,
Beyond his Pen, beyond his Thought ;
Can join the various Numbers made
E'er since the Poles of Heaven were laid.
Upon your Tables first descry
The Tapers of the Galaxy,
With all the Lamps that Heaven adorn,
And all the Pearls of dewy Morn :
Tell all the vital Rills that flow
Through secret Veins of Earth below,
With upper Streams whose large Command,
Distributes Plenty o'er the Land ;
Tell all the Chrystal Tears that rise,
And fall from weeping Nature's Eyes,
And fleecy Locks that ever spread
Her Limbs with Winter's-coverlid ;
And then into thy Numbers bring
The tender Infants of the Spring,
Their Features and Proportions tell,
And their Complexions and their Smell ;
Then Clusters count which Vineyards dress,
Whose Juice intoxicates the Press,
And all the Stores the Orchard yields,
When rich *September* crowns the Fields ;

Each single Grain of Corn run o'er,
 Which plenteous Harvest ever bore ;
 Count Leaves that fall, when Winter's Breeze
 Does comb the Woods, and poll the Trees ;
 And all the Lives that fruitful Earth
 And pregnant Seas did e'er bring forth :
 Go on, and don't one Atom spare,
 That dances up and down the Air,
 Nor finest Thread that ever suits
 The shaggy Garments of the Brutes,
 Nor smallest Hair that ever spread
 An Ornament on Human Head ;
 Then add the numerous Sands that be
 The Chains of the enraged Sea,
 And all the Spires that e'er were seen
 To cloath the Fields with native Green ;
 Let Myriads then of Years be run,
 As Moments past since Time begun :
 Yet still Eternity surmounts,
 By endless Flight, your vast Accounts.
 What Mind, alas ! can bear to state
 The Durance of the Damned's Fate !
 When they thus long in Flames have roll'd,
 And all these Years in Darkness told,
 No Help, my Friend, no Hope remains,
 To shift their Doom, or slip their Chains :
 Nay, if by joining Millions more,
 You still enhance the nameless Score ;
 When they so many Ages shall have seen,
 Eternity still lives, and still does but begin.

But the Thunder of his Power who can understand ?

Job. xxvi. 14.

'TWAS God that turn'd the rolling Spheres,
 And stretch'd the winding Skies ;
 That form'd the Plan of endless Years,
 And bade the Ages rise.

From

From Everlasting is his Might ;
Unbounded, unconfin'd,
He pierces through the Realms of Light ;
And rides upon the Wind.

He darts along the burning Skies ;
Light Thunders round him roar :
All Heav'n attends him as he flies ;
All Hell proclaims his Power.

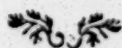
The Sun shrinks back as he appears,
The Moon forgets to shine :
And every blasted Star declares
His Majesty divine.

He speaks; great Nature's Wheels stand still,
And cease their wonted Round :
The Mountains melt; each trembling Hill
Forfakes its ancient Bound.

He scatters Nations with his Breath ;
The scatter'd Nations fly ;
Blue Pestilence and spreading Death
Confess the Godhead nigh.

Ye Worlds of ev'ry living Thing,
Fulfil his dread Command !
Pay duteous Homage to your King,
And own his ruling Hand !

But oh! my Muse! forbear the Theme,
Since thus th' Almighty says :
" What Tongue is equal to my Name ?
" Or who can trace my Ways ?"



Of the different Kinds of Manure for making Land fruitful, particularly Fatteners. (Continued from Page 365.)

PEASE, Vetches, Lupins, and Beans. Nothing is more useful in fattening the Ground, than to sow these Sorts of Grain, and before they come to Maturity, cut them down, till and overturn them in the Earth, without minding the small Profit that might be expected from the Crop, in Case they are left to ripen ; for as these Kinds of Pulse very much exhaust the Earth, it is easy to comprehend, that the nourishing Juices are more abundant and perfect in the Fruit than in the Stalks and Leaves ; and that if the Fruit is carried away, we cannot by over-turning the rest restore to the Earth all that she has given. We ought not, therefore, to diminish in any shape the Produce of the Ground, nor even stay till the Fruits are ripe, in order to bury them ; because then the Stalks have lost a certain Vigour and volatile Spirit, which on Account of their Activity ought to be preserved and shut up in the Earth, where being retained, they are rendered more fit to fructify the Seed which shall be afterwards sown : Besides, we ought to consider, that what is supposed to be lost, in omitting to gather the Fruits, will be retrieved by the saving of Dung, which will not be wanted for the Land, as well as of Carriage and Workmen to spread it. Nevertheless, for a Supply of Grain we may reserve a Piece of Ground to be dunged as usual, on which Pulse may be left to ripen for a Crop. This kind of Fattening is most proper for high Grounds, to which it would be troublesome and expensive to carry Dung.

Pond Mud. Under this Name we understand not only the Mud of Ponds, but likewise the Slime that Rivers deposit when they retire, after having over-flowed their Banks, and that which gathers on the Declivity or at the Foot of high Places, in Pits that are either natural, or prepared by the industrious Farmer. This Soil is excellent, because it is new. It must not, however, be employed immediately, especially the Mud of Ponds, because being extremely

tremely moist it would chill the Earth, and produce an Effect quite contrary to the Farmer's Expectation: It must therefore be left unemployed one Year at least, unless it has been qualified with a Mixture of Chalk; but Care must be taken not to let it lie unused for four or five Years, during which it would lose all its Virtue, by the Evaporation of those light fine Salts with which it was impregnated by the Water, and nothing but dead Earth remain. It ought likewise to be observed, that the Mud of Ponds, being left to dry, presents a Surface mixed with Sand, and a kind of dead Clay, which is good for nothing; but this first Layer being removed, that which we speak of will be found below. This Kind of Manure being warmed and rotted, must be spread equally and pretty thick upon the Land, and turned underground, as soon as possible, lest the Weather causing its light oily Parts to evaporate, the vegetative Virtue of it should be enfeebled.

Ashes. Under this Head we mean to speak only of the Wood-ashes taken from Chimneys, Forges and Ovens, and those of Coal, Earth and Turf. These Ashes are particularly excellent for Pease, Vetches, and other such Pulse; they are scattered or sown when the Plant hath risen about an Inch from the Surface of the Earth; but as their Salt, being very sharp, would in dry Weather infallibly prejudice the tender Vegetables, they are not used until the Farmer can depend upon immediate Rain to dissolve and soften their Acrimony.

Soap-water and Soap-ashes. These, according to some Farmers, are the most precious of all Sorts of Manure; especially Soap-suds, to which may be joined Lye-water. What constitutes the great Virtue of this Manure is, that besides the vegetable Salts and Oils, that enter the Composition of Soap, it likewise contains the Salts and Oils of the animal Reign, that resided in the Linen, which it cleaned and whitened; and these last perfectly soften the Acrimony of the first. This Water ought to be carefully reserved for Gardens, where it will produce admirable Effects. As for the Ashes taken from Soap-houses, they ought to be kept dry,

dry, and never carried to the Ground until it is on the Point of being sown; then it is spread as equally as possible with Shovels; and Care may be taken to lay it on pretty thick, Experience having shown that the Ground is bettered by it for eight or nine Years, during which it will need no other Dung. If there is not a sufficient Quantity of Ashes, Dung may be added to them; but in that Case, they are not so effectual, as may be easily imagined.

Shells. Some Spots of Earth are filled with Shells, which are for the most Part brittle, and crumble into white Powder, which is an excellent Manure, and some Authors pretend that it renders Land fruitful for thirty Years. These Shells are not neglected in *Touraine*, and the expert Farmer who finds such a Mine, will not fail to make his Advantage of it.

Lime and Lime-ashes. The Property of Lime spread upon the Ground, is to destroy noxious Weeds, drive away Insects, fertilize the Earth and keep it clean. The Season for using it, is when the Land is ready to receive the Seed: But it would be dangerous to make Use of pure Lime unslaked: Its extreme Heat would dry the Earth too much, and do it more harm than good; besides, a great Quantity would be required to cover Ground of any considerable Extent, and the Expence of Purchasing, or even of Carriage, would render this Manure very costly. When the Farmer has resolved to fatten the Land with Lime, he orders it to be brought into the Field, or near it, if there is a convenient Place; there it is laid in one Heap, covered with Leaves or chopped Straw, two Feet high. The Top of this Heap is opened for pouring in a Quantity of Water sufficient to flake it, and the Straw and Leaves are watered on the Out-side. The Trouble of this Operation is saved by the falling of Rain, and this may be waited for, if the Lime hath been conveyed in good Time. As soon as the Lime begins to be heated, the Hole above is stopped, in order to oblige the Smoak to attach itself to the wet Straw and Leaves, and when this Smoak penetrates, Straw must be carefully thrown upon it to concentrate it. When the Lime is supposed to
yield

yield no more Smoke, the Covering is pierced on all Sides ; then that which was too dry, totally consumes, and the rest is converted into a Kind of gross Ashes. Thus the Heap of Lime is at least tripled, its dangerous Heat tempered, and the whole rendered more advantageous to the Ground on which it is spread. Lime Ashes do not require this Preparation ; but may be scattered just as they are gathered, with this Caution, which is common to all Ashes, namely, to spread them equally and pretty thick. If the Farmer, in the first Year after having prepared his Grounds in this Manner, does not reap such an abundant Harvest as he had Reason to expect, he ought not to lose his Patience ; the second Year will pay with Interest what the first could not afford. When we say it is proper to prepare entirely for the Seed, the Ground upon which the Lime is to be thrown, we ought to assign the Reason for this Precaution, lest some Person thinking to improve upon our Lessons, should lose his Expence and the Fruit of his Labour ; it must be considered, therefore, that by scattering the Lime and labouring afterwards, the said Lime will be turned under Ground, and its Virtue still descending, can no longer act upon the Surface of the Earth, which will therefore continue to be covered with noxious Weeds and Insects ; and the Intention was to clean and meliorate this very Surface. Wherefore, it is evident that the Ground ought to be entirely laboured, before the Lime be applied, that we may be assured it will remain upon the Surface, and there produce the good Effects we have Reason to expect from its Quality. We will add, that no Part of the Lime may be lost, the Place where it was slaked ought to be scraped off, and these Scrapings impregnated with the Lime, used as the Lime itself.



*Publick Transactions in EUROPE since our last,
continued from Page 384.*

WE hear from Moscow, that the Count de Rasou-
moski, Captain-General of the Ukraine, has pre-
sented

No. 50.

E e e

sent to the Empress a magnificent Coach, which, it is said, cost 40,000 Rubles, and a very handsome Heyduke, seven Feet high, though but just nineteen, and perfectly well shaped.

They write from Vienna, that the Count de Colleredo, Vice-Chancellor of the Empire, has delivered to the Count d'Aubeterre, Minister Plenipotentiary from the King of France, an Answer to the Representations lately made by him in Favour of the Republick of Genoa, in Respect to the Affairs of St. Remo and Campo-Freddo; whereby it appears that the Aulic Council of the Empire are determin'd not to give up the Right of taking Cognizance of, and redressing, the Grievances of the Inhabitants of those two Fiefs.---It is reported that the British Court has sent to Mr. Guy Dickens, its Minister at Russia, the necessary Instructions and Powers for concluding at Petersbourg the Negotiation entered upon at Moscow, on the Subject of a new Treaty of Subsidy, by Virtue whereof the Empress of Russia is to keep constantly on Foot, in the conquered Provinces, an Army of 70,000 Men, who are to be at the Disposal of the Crown of Great Britain and its Allies. Some other Powers are invited to take Part in this Treaty, which will be purely defensive, and tend only to the mutual Protection of the Rights and Possessions of the contracting Parties.---It is reported also that a new Regiment of Hussars will be formed, and that the Archduke, of which our august Sovereign was lately delivered, will be appointed Colonel thereof.

They write from Spain, that on the Representations which Mr. Wall has made since his Arrival from London, concerning the State of Affairs between that Court and that of Great Britain, his Majesty has given this Minister such Instructions as, it is presumed, will enable him soon to adjust with Mr. Keene the Point in Dispute between the two Courts.

They write from Paris, that Monsieur de Maupeou, first President of the Parliament, has lately had several private Audiences of the King, at the last of which his Majesty ordered him to acquaint the Parliament, that he gave them Leave to return. As soon as he came out of the King's
Closet,

Closet, he received the Compliments of the Nobility upon the Occasion. At his Return to Soissons, he signified his Commission to the Members of the Grand Chamber, and sent circular Letters to the several Colonies of exiled Members, to acquaint them that his Majesty permitted their Return. It's pretended, that as this great Body was dispersed by Virtue of Letters de Cachet, it cannot be reunited without the same Authority, and that Letters de Cachet are preparing accordingly. The Counsellors of the Grand Chamber are some of them come to Paris, and others gone to their Country Seats. As it must be some Time before all the Members can be got together, it's said that a Chamber of Vacations will be established in the Interim for the Management of such Affairs as will not admit of Delay.

An Extract of a Letter from the Hague, dated July 1. confirms the Account of the Dangers that have attended the Stadtholder, the Princess Royal and Caroline, in their Journey to Orange-Woude. "The Court of the Prince Stadtholder is happily arrived at Orange-Woude, after having passed through Alkmar, Horn, and Enckhuysen, Cities of North Holland, where almost every Body shewed how much they thought themselves honoured by their Presence, by giving them a very different Reception to that which the other Cities of the Province, and which these same have usually given them: The Cannon of the Ramparts being fired, and the Burghers put under Arms as they passed through. But if Credit is to be given to private Letters from Friesland, which have been published, some wicked People in that Province entertained a Design to have destroyed this illustrious Family in their Passage over a Bridge, which, as it was contrived, would certainly have broke down with them; but it is said, the Princess Royal having Notice of it in Time, went another Way; and, the same Letters say, some of the Accomplices of this atrocious Project have been arrested. We have likewise been informed, that it was not only in Friesland that their Royal and Serene Highnesses were exposed to very great Danger from the Plots of the Discontented, but at the Schermerhornburg, in North Holland, a Bridge in the Road from

Alkmer to Horn. On this Bridge was a triumphal Arch, finely adorned, in Honour of their Royal and Serene Highnesses, the Supporters whereof were sawed in such a Manner, that had they passed under before it had been discover'd, they would have been in the utmost Danger. This is undoubted Fact. The Council of the Dignes of this Quarter, which is the Tribunal, have caused an Advertisement to be inserted in the Dutch Amsterdam Gazette, promising a Reward of one hundred Ducats to whoever will discover the Perpetrators of this hellish Design, or any concerned in it. We cannot say what will be the Success of this Journey, and whether Madam the Princess Royal will be able to engage the eldest Princess Dowager to renounce her Pretensions to be at the Head of the Tutelage in the States of Friesland and Groninguen, of which Provinces the Princes of Orange are hereditary Stadtholders; so this Princess pretends Right of Tutelage anterior to that of Madam Royal. The two Princesses have each of them their Party: It is necessary that one of them should yield to the other, for the Sake of the Pupils, who will reap no Advantage from their Divisions."

There are some Advices from the Frontiers of Turkey, which seem to be of an extraordinary Nature, as they do not agree with the Notions the Polanders have entertained of the pacific Dispositions of the Porte. These Letters, dated from Caminieck the 23d of June last, say, that they are forming an Army of 25,000 Turks in the Neighbourhood of Ockzakow, another of 15,000 en near Choczim, and the like Number in the Neighbourhood of Bender. To which is added, that a great Number of Waggon, loaded with Ammunition, &c. are arrived at Choczim. They are impatient to know whether this News will be confirmed, as also what may have occasioned so sudden an Alteration in the Disposition of the Porte.---We are informed by our last Letters from Lithuania, that a dreadful Fire had lately broke out at Polotsko, which had entirely reduced to Ashes upwards of 1200 Houses, as likewise the Church belonging to the College of Jesuits, the Convent of the Dominicans, that of the Franciscans, and a Greek Church.

We

We hear from Paris, that the Earl of Albermarle has made Representations to the King's Ministers about the present Situation of Affairs in North America. It seems, as the Court of France sets forth, that the Commandants of the French Troops in Canada, being desirous to secure that Province from being insulted by the Indian Allies of the English, have advanced towards a River called Ohio, in order to cover their Territories on that Side, and maintain themselves in the Enjoyment of the Lands, that made Part of their ancient Possessions. However, we hope that the Hostilities committed in those Parts will not be attended with bad Consequences, and that all Things will be made easy, as soon as the two Crowns come to a right Understanding, about the Limits of their respective Possessions. The Baggage and Furniture of the Gentlemen of the Great Chamber, arrive daily from Soissons, as do those of the Inquests and Requests from Bourges, and both are followed with the Acclamations of the People. The Royal Chamber expects daily to see its Period, and the Chatelet takes no Cognizance of spiritual Cases.

Almost every Body here, says our Correspondent from Amsterdam, are under the greatest Surprize at what her Royal Highness the Princess Governante has done, in Favour of the Baron de Torck, Lord of Rosendael, one of the Regents of the Province of Guelderland, who has caballed more than any Body against the House of Orange. Her Royal Highness has promised to give him the Reversion of the lucrative Post of Grand Bailiff of Vronhove and Maestricht, in Favour of his Son. The Meaning of this no Body comprehends; because it's well known that neither Favour, nor Employment, nor any Thing in the Power of the Princess Governante to give, are capable of effacing the Hatred of the House of Orange from the Souls of the Regents of this Country; so that her Royal Highness would gain nothing by bestowing in such Manner this Favour, which might have been of great Service to her, and might have established in her Interest some other Family, which were already well disposed towards the House of Orange.-----After the Prince Veldt-Marshall, Duke of Brunswick

wick Wolfenbuttel, shall have taken a Survey of the fortified Places in the Provinces of Overijssel and Groningen, particularly those upon the Frontiers of the Dominions of the King of Prussia, from whom, however, it seems as if we had less to fear than we have on the Side of the Barrier, if a War should happen, his Highness will repair to his Government of Bois-le-Duc. There is great Likelihood, that, during the Absence of her Royal Highness, the States-General will take into Consideration the repeated Complaints of most of the Provinces against the Grand Council of War, to whom the late Stadtholder has attributed Rights, which infringed upon those of the Magistrates of the Cities in all the Provinces; so that, in Case the Consent of her Royal Highness the Princess Governante can be obtained, the States-General will disannul this Grand Council, which cost much, and does nothing more than the ordinary Councils of War did before its Establishment.

A M E R I C A.

Extract of a Letter from Virginia, dated June 12, brought by the Patriot, Capt. Trenchard, arrived at Bristol.

“ The French had Intelligence of four or five Waggons with Provisions, going to our Camp at Ohio, and immediately sent a Party of thirty-five Men to intercept them, which coming to the Ears of Capt. Washington, one of our Officers, he went himself directly with forty-five Men, and had an Engagement on the 1st Instant, in which seven of the French were killed, and all the rest taken Prisoners, except three, who made their Escape, but were afterwards met by some Indians in Alliance with us, who killed and scalped them. The Prisoners came down to Williamsburgh Yesterday, and are all confined, except the Officers; one of whom is Monsieur le Force, a Person of high Rank and Distinction.”

E A S T - I N D I E S.

Extract of a Letter from a Gentleman in India, dated at Calcutta, Jan. 10, 1754.

“ Since my last I can give you a Piece of News which is authentic: We have had another smart Engagement in these

these Parts, and have put the French so entirely to the Rout, that I should think that they will not be able to face us again; our Forces were inferior much to theirs, 9000 Europeans and Indians; and on their's 21000: The Want of Provisions, and extreme hard Service in our Army, induced them to attack the French in their Trenches, and they have obtained a complete Victory, taking all their Artillery, consisting of eleven Pieces of Cannon, several Mortars, &c. all their Baggage, four or five hundred Europeans Prisoners, with the Officers of the Day, the General being gone to make a Visit to the neighbouring Nabob. In the Bazar or Market, was great Plenty of all Manner of Refreshments, which was of the greatest Consequence. The Number of Killed and Wounded on our Side was inconsiderable; as to their's I can not give any Account, the Letter I received from one of the Officers being wrote in so great a Hurry, that he does not mention any Particulars, but the French themselves were so secure of Victory, that they had posted a Party of Horse to oppose our Retreat; and a Report was spread, that they were ordered to give no Quarters."

DOMESTICK OCCURRENCES.

They write from Edinburgh, that the Ship the Prince of Wales, from Greenland, has brought Home a very great Curiosity, viz. the entire Head and Horn of a Sea-Unicorn; the Horn is about seven Feet long, beautifully wreathed and twisted. This great Rarity is deposited in the Royal Infirmary. This Animal was found floating on the Sea, the Body mostly consumed by the Sharks.

It is the Opinion of the most knowing of the Moderns, that there is no such Thing as a Land Unicorn, though those that write about it, tell us wonderful Stories of it; such as that it is mightily fond of chaste Persons; and therefore in order to take it, a Virgin is placed in its Way, whom, when the Unicorn spies, he lies down by, and lays his Head in her Lap, and so falls asleep; upon which the Virgin making a Signal, the Hunters come in and take the Beast.-----Some say it resembles a Horse, others an Ass, others

thers a Goat by its Beard ; others an Elephant, others a Rhinoceros, &c.

At the last Sessions at the Old Baily, at the Opening of the Court, a Motion was made that the Court should contract with another Person instead of Mr. Stewart, (who is present Contractor for the Transportation of Felons) to carry Elizabeth Canning to America ; and, Mr. Stewart in Court consenting to wave his Contract, the Motion was granted, (on a Division, as we are informed,) the present Contractor being to transport her to some of his Majesty's Colonies in America, according to the Sentence, under the usual Penalty.

The Aldermen that appeared at the Old Baily, in Favour of Elizabeth Canning, were Sir *Robert Ladbrooke*, Sir *Joseph Hankey*, Alderman *Alsop*, Alderman *Alexander*, Alderman *Scott*, Alderman *Fludyer*.

On the second of July the Town of Hindon, in Wilts, about fourteen Miles from Salisbury, was almost entirely burnt down. It began at Mr. John Tyler's, Cutler, and was occasioned by the Sparks flying from the Forge upon the Thatch, which set it on Fire : The Wind being high, and the Houses mostly thatched, it soon laid hold of Mr. Day's Malt-house adjoining. From thence the Wind shifting, the Flames were driven to the opposite Side of the Way, and burnt down eighty Houses : The Wind turning, the Fire was renewed to the same Side, and burnt down sixty. One Person perished in the Flames. There were thirteen Publick Houses destroyed out of fourteen. The Inhabitants are reduced to great Extremities.

Prices of STOCKS.

Bank Stock 133 $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$. India Ditto, no Price. South Sea Stock, Books shut. Three 1 half per Cent. Old Annuities 1st Sub. 105 $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$. Ditto 2d Sub. 104 $\frac{1}{2}$. Ditto New 1st Sub. Books shut. Ditto 2d Sub. Books shut. Three 1 half Bank Annuities 1st Sub. 105 $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$. Ditto 2d Sub. 104 1 qr. to $\frac{1}{2}$. Ditto India Annuities, 103 3 qrs. to $\frac{1}{2}$. Three per Cent Bank Annuities, Books shut. Ditto 1751, 102 1 half to $\frac{1}{2}$. Ditto India Annuities, 102 $\frac{1}{2}$. Bank Circulation, 3l. 12s. 6d. Prem. India Bonds, 6l. 7s. Prem.

PRICES of GOODS at the Corn Exchange in Mark-Lane.

Wheat	23 to 28s. per Quarter.	Pale Malt	— 20 to 23s. per Qr.
Barley	12 to 15s.	Pease	— 22 to 30s.
Rye	17 to 17s. 6d.	Beans	— 18 to 20s.
Oats	12 to 15s.	Tares	— 20 to 25s.
Brown Malt	18 to 20s.	Hemp Seed, West Country,	24s.

Directions for the Cultivation of Flax, wrote by an understanding Man, who lived long in Holland, where Flax is managed in the best Manner.

THE Soil for Flax must be fat:-----Upon this depends the Quality of the Grain, together with the Number and Strength of the Stalks. In some Countries, however, they prefer a light and warm Soil: The Flax which this produces yields a fair, finer, and softer Thread; but the Harvest is indifferent, and the Seeds degenerate from the first or second Year.----The *Dutch*, whose flourishing Trade evinces their Dexterity in this Particular, sow very little Flax in the Province of *Holland*, because the Soil of it is poor; but in *Zealand*, where the Land is extremely fat, and moist enough, they reap that which they employ in the Manufactures. The Linseed which they rear in that Province is sold dearer, and much more esteemed, than that which is brought from the *Baltic*.

A Soil, suitable as above, being fixed upon, we are directed to give it a Year's Fallow, to manure it well; but to be careful if Dung be what we bestow upon it, that it be thoroughly rotted, the better to prevent Weeds, which do more Injury to Flax than to most other Grain: We are also to bestow upon it four Tilths before we commit the Seed to the Ground.

As Flax requires a competent Moisture, but is ruin'd by too much, we are recommended to follow the Industry of the *Zealanders*. With them it is disposed into uniform Beds, separated by small Ditches; the Beds being from fifty to sixty Feet broad, and the Ditches about two or three Feet deep, and a Foot and an half broad. This Disposition maintains a suitable Degree of Moisture in the Ground: The Breadth and Uniformity of the Beds keep them in a Condition to retain Water enough to secure them from Drought; and the Ditches sunk at proper Distances, discharge the Superfluity in Time of excessive Rains. In Soils, however, tolerably light and dry, we may spare ourselves these Pains; for the *Flemings* are so much per-

suaded of the Necessity there is for a certain Degree of Moisture to the Flax, that in their light and dry Grounds they make no Ditches at all; but usually make the Surface of the Field very even and uniform, that it may the longer retain the Rain-water.

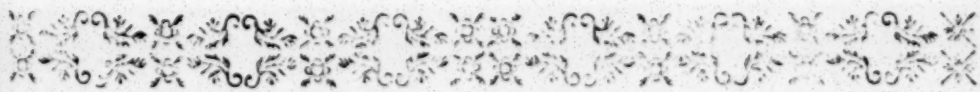
The Seed we are to make Choice of should be short, roundish, firm, oily, heavy, of a shining or clear brown Colour. And as Linseed is particularly apt to degenerate soon, let the Soil on which it is produced be never so strong, it is proper to change the Seed, and the more often the better: to sow in strong Ground the Seed which is gathered from a light Soil, and to commit to a light Soil what has been produced in a strong one. To prevent, however, some Mistakes which a servile Compliance with this Rule may occasion, we are to observe, that the smallest Difference in the Nature of the Soil is sufficient to hinder the Seed from degenerating. The Quantity of Seed sown upon any Field has a great Influence upon the Crop. If we sow a smaller Quantity than the Field is able to bear, the whole will profit by that Deficiency; the Stalks will be strong and the Seed excellent. If the Seed be sown thicker, the Flax will produce a finer Thread, the Harvest will be more plenteous, but the Seed will be of an inferior Quality. The *Dutch* and *Flemings* employ about three or four Bushels *per* Acre: But this we are to regulate by the *Condition* of our Soil, allowing *more* Seed to a *strong* than a *light* one.

Linseed must be sown in mild, dry Weather: And may be committed to the Ground in the Month of *March*, if the Season be favourable. Being thus early sown, it will be ripe at the End of *June*, or the Beginning of *July* at farthest. Thus the Farmer will be Time enough for a Crop of Turnips to succeed the Flax upon the same Ground. Care must be taken to sow the Seed even; to harrow it well in, and to roll it. When the Blade is two Inches high, we are to begin to weed, and may continue that Operation till it rises to five.

It is bad Husbandry to pull the Flax before it be thorough ripe. The *Flemings*, whose Experience may be depended upon, leave it growing as long as possible, on Purpose to have

have a finer Thread; and that they may have it as ripe as it can be, for their Manufactures of Linen or Lace, they often run the Risk of losing the Seed, which easily escapes. When the Flax begins to be yellow, or rather to approach a Citron-colour, it is usually Time to reap it. In *Holland*, the Flax, being pulled, is laid softly upon the Ground in large Handfuls; and several Handfuls are put one over another, until the Heap is a Foot and a half high. Care must always be taken to lay the Heads towards the South: For the Flax being thus disposed, continues to receive from the Sun the Degree of Maturity it may want, and is secured from the Rain if any should fall. But this Disposition is only observed when the Weather is uncertain; for when it is dry, they content themselves with spreading the Flax by Handfuls upon the Field, that it may be the sooner ready to carry off. If the Season is favourable, twelve or fourteen Days are sufficient to make it perfectly dry; but when the Weather is wet, they are sometimes obliged to leave the Flax in little Heaps, for the Space of eighteen or twenty Days. In Countries exposed to high Winds, it is made into Bottles that stand on End, exposed to the Sun, in order to be aired and dried. The *Dutch* and *Flemish* shell it as soon as it is brought from the Field.

Flax is easily lodged by the Wind and Rain, to prevent which the best Way is, not to sow it too thick; for tho' the Flax does not, by this Management, yield so fine a Thread, yet the Stalks rise strong enough to support themselves.



Aspiring after G O D.

WHEN wilt thou speak, and tell me thou art mine?
 O how I long to hear that Word divine!
 When that transporting Sound shall bleis my Ear,
 Fly sudden Grief, and ev'ry mortal Care;

Fly Days, and Hours, and measur'd Time, with speed,
And let the blest Eternity succeed !

'Till then the rolling Orbs my Love shall hear,
And let the whole Creation lend an Ear.
Witness, ye crystal Streams, that murm'ring flow,
For you the Secret of my Passion know ;
Ye Fields, ye Glades, and ev'ry shady Grove,
The sweet Retirements, and Delights of Love,
I call you all to witness to my Flame,
For you have learnt the dear inspiring Name ;
In gentle Echo's you have oft reply'd,
And in soft Breezes through the Valleys sigh'd ;
The Valleys, mossy Caves, and open Lawn,
The silent Ev'ning, and the chearful Dawn ;
Thou Moon, and ev'ry fair conspicuous Star,
Whose silver Rays the Midnight Horrors cheer ;
And thou bright Lamp of Day, shall Witness prove,
To the perpetual Fervour of my Love.
To Heav'n and Earth my Tongue has oft confest,
And Heav'n and Earth my Ardor can attest.
Angels, for you the solemn Truth can tell,
And ev'ry pious Midnight Sigh reveal ;
You feel the Warmth of this celestial Flame,
And bless, with me, the dear transporting Name ;
Be Witness that my raptur'd Vows aspire,
To the high Theme of your immortal Lyre.

Man's Dependence on his Creator.

THRO' all the various shifting Scene
Of Life's mistaken Ill or Good,
The Hand of God conducts, unseen,
The beautiful Vicissitude.

He portions with paternal Care,
Howe'er unjustly we complain,
To each their necessary Share
Of Joy and Sorrow, Health and Pain.

Trust

Trust we to Youth, or Friends, or Pow'r,
Fix we our Foot on Fortune's Ball,
When most secure, the coming Hour,
If he sees fit, may blast them all.

When lowest sunk with Grief and Shame,
Gorg'd with Affliction's deepest Cup,
Lost to Relations, Friends and Fame,
His powerful Arm can raise thee up.

Before his Throne the Poor, oppress'd
With stand'rous Rage, acquitted stand ;
He guides the Exile to his Rest,
And Country, in a foreign Land.

His pow'rful Consolations cheer,
His Smiles erect th' afflicted Head,
His Hand can wipe away the Tear,
That secret wets the widow'd Bed.

All Things on Earth, and all in Heav'n,
On his eternal Will depend ;
And all for greater Good were giv'n,
Would Man pursue th' appointed End.

This be my Care : To all beside
Indifferent let my Wishes be ;
Passion be calm, and dumb be Pride,
And fix'd my Soul, my God, on Thee.

The GOOSE and the SWANS :

A F A B L E.

TO AN AFFECTED LADY.

I HATE the Face, however fair,
That carries an affected Air ;
The lisping Tone, the Shape constrain'd,
The study'd Look, the Passion feign'd,

Are

Are Fopperies, which only tend
To injure what they strive to mend.

With what superior Grace enchants
The Face, which Nature's Pencil paints !
Where Eyes, unexercis'd in Art,
Glow with the Meaning of the Heart !
Where Freedom, and Good-humour sit,
And easy Gaiety, and Wit !
Tho' perfect Beauty be not there,
The Master Lines, the finish'd Air,
We catch from ev'ry Look Delight,
And grow enamour'd at the Sight ;
For Beauty, tho' we all approve,
Excites our Wonder, more than Love,
While the Agreeable strikes sure,
And gives the Wounds, we cannot cure.

Why then, my *Amoret*, this Care,
That forms you, in Effect, less fair ?
If Nature on your Cheek bestows
A Bloom, that emulates the Rose,
Or from some heav'nly Image drew
A Form, *Apelles* never knew,
Your ill-judg'd Aid will you impart,
And spoil by meretricious Art ?
Or had you, Nature's Error, come
Abortive from the Mother's Womb,
Your forming Care she still rejects,
Which only heightens her Defects.
When such, of glitt'ring Jewels proud,
Still press the foremost in the Croud,
At ev'ry public Shew are seen,
With Look awry, and aukward Mein,
The gaudy Dress attracts the Eye,
And magnifies Deformity.

Nature may underdo her Part,
But seldom wants the Help of Art ;
Trust her, she is your surest Friend,
Nor made your Form for you to mend.

A Goose,

A Goose, affected, empty, vain,
The shrillest of the cackling Train,
With proud, and elevated Crest,
Precedence claim'd above the rest.

Says she, I laugh at human Race,
Who say, Geese hobble in their Pace ;
Look here !-----the stand'rous Lie detect ;
Not haughty Man is so erect.

That Peacock yonder ! Lord, how vain
The Creature's of his gaudy Train !
If both were stript, I'd pawn my Word,
A Goose would be the finer Bird.

Nature, to hide her own Defects,
Her bungled Work with Fin'ry decks ;
Were Geese set off with half that Show,
Would Men admire the Peacock ? No.

Thus vaunting, cross the Mead she stalks,
The cackling Breed attend her Walks ;
The Sun shot down his Noon-tide Beams,
The Swans were sporting in the Streams ;
Their snowy Plumes, and stately Pride
Provok'd her Spleen. Why there she cry'd,
Again, what Arrogance we see !-----
Those Creatures ! how they mimic me !
Shall ev'ry Fowl the Waters skim,
Because we Geese are known to swim ?
Humility they soon shall learn,
And their own Emptiness discern.

So saying, with extended Wings,
Lightly upon the Wave she springs ;
Her Bosom swells, she spreads her Plumes,
And the Swan's stately Crest assumes.
Contempt, and Mockery ensu'd,
And Bursts of Laughter shook the Flood.

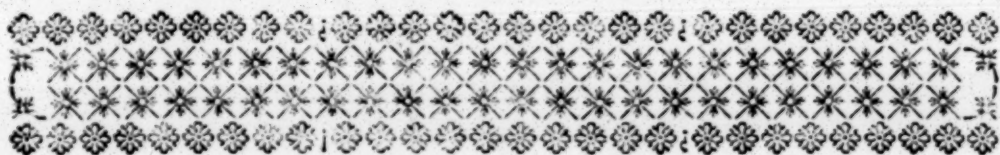
A Swan, superior to the rest,
Sprung forth, and thus the Fool address'd.

Conceited Thing, elate with Pride !
Thy Affectation all deride ;

These

These Airs thy Aukwardness impart,
 And shew thee plainly, as thou art.
 Among thy Equals of the Flock,
 Thou hadst escap'd the public Mock,
 And as thy Parts to Good conduce,
 Been deem'd an honest, hobbling Goose.

Learn hence, to study Wisdom's Rules;
 Know, Foppery's the Pride of Fools;
 And striving Nature to conceal,
 You only her Defects reveal.



*Of the different Kinds of Manure for making Land fruitful,
 continued from Page 393.*

BLOOD. It is not a little surprizing that People should so much neglect this, which is one of the principal Species of Manure. The Nature of Blood, which is replete with Salts, Oils, and Spirits, ought to have demonstrated how proper it was to fertilize the Earth. Every judicious Farmer will, therefore, take Care not to lose one single Drop of that which is taken from the Beasts; and even furnish himself with as much as he can procure from the Shambles, fully perswaded that this small Trouble will requite him an hundred-fold, by the Fruitfulness of the Land upon which it is sprinkled.

The Earth of Conflagrations and Furnaces. By this Earth are understood the Ashes and Rubbish that remain after a Conflagration or Fire, as well as those of old demolished Furnaces. The Earth will be the better the more it contains of burnt Straw, and the more it is mixed with Clay, because the soft Salts of these Matters will blunt the pungent Salts of the Wood.

The Dirt of Streets. The Goodness of this Manure consists in its being fat, well brayed, diluted, and mixed with
 Abundance

Abundance of Animal Dung, and Sweepings thrown from Houses, abounding with Things which have the Virtue of Dung. It ought not, however, to be used until some Time after it hath been collected, when it is thoroughly rotten; and in order to accelerate its Preparation, it should be stirred from Time to Time.

Soot contains a very volatile Salt, and agrees best with Onions; but with Regard to other Vegetables, it ought not to be used without great Caution, on Account of its Acrimony.

Salt-Petre or Nitre, and common Salt. We might here amply expatiate upon the Article of Salt-Petre and common Salt; and we may likewise restrict ourselves to a few Words. This last is the Method we shall choose, contenting ourselves with observing that Nitre and Salt are the most efficacious Principles of Vegetation, and that in them only consists the Virtue of all the Dung that is used: Wherefore, all Matter impregnated with these Salts, is proper for fertilizing the Earth.

Scraped Earth, or what is collected in Yards when they are cleaned after Rain. It is laid in Heaps, and left some Time to rot; then being carried to the leanest Land, it is beaten, and in tilling put under Ground. This Manure is so vigorous, as to fatten the Earth for several Years.

Plaister and Rubbish of old Houses. This Matter is universally thrown away, as absolutely useless, into Places where it can turn to no Account: Nevertheless, a prudent Farmer will observe, that after the Bricks, Tiles and Stones are taken away, what remains will be useful, as it is a Mixture of Lime and Clay, which hath received the Impressions of the Air, and the Exhalations of the Earth, during a long Series of Years; without reckoning the Wood, Straw, and other rotten Matters, which are always found in such Places.

Fragments of Slate and Lye Ashes. When Ground that is too fat, wants to be lightened, a better Method cannot be taken, than to sprinkle it with powdered Slate or Lye Ashes, which separate the Clods of Earth, and give them Air, that, penetrating into their interior Parts, sets in Motion, and heats the Salts and Oil with which they are replete.

Putrified Animals. Every Body knows what Benefit Trees receive from Animals that are buried at their Roots. This is an approved Remedy for their Distempers and Barrenness.

All putrified Substances. Putrefaction is the Operation by which Nature dissolves one Body for the Formation of another ; it is therefore easy to conceive, that every Thing which is putrified, must favour Vegetation ; and it is unnecessary to insist further upon the Subject.

Urine is full of Salt and Spirit ; but they are so strong and sharp, that they burn every Thing when the Urine is employed by itself ; it is therefore convenient to mix and soften it with Rain Water, and then it becomes an excellent Manure.

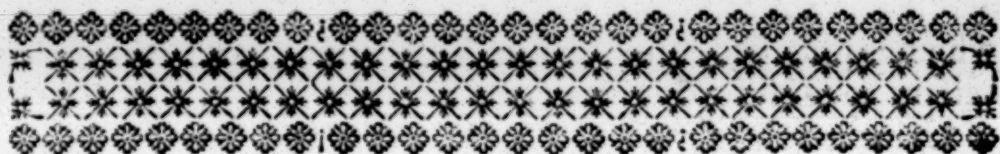
Wine Lees. Of all Vegetables there is none more abundantly impregnated with the solar Virtue, than the Vine ; therefore, the Lees which the Wine deposits in the Cask, cannot but be replete with vigorous Salts and Spirits : But Care must be taken, in covering Ground with them, that their most subtile and volatile Parts do not escape.

Currier Lye, &c. To this Lye must be added all that comes from Tan-works, Fulling-mills, Dyers Vats, and Manufactures of Wooll, as well as all the Waste in dressing Hides, Hair and Horns of Animals, and Leather-works. All that belongs to the Animal Reign is precious in itself, on Account of the Salts with which it abounds ; and these good Qualities are augmented by the Oil and Fat used in preparing the greatest Part of it, or in keeping the Leather in Repair. That old Leather, therefore, which is usually thrown away, ought to be carefully preserved ; and whether scattered upon the Land, after having been cut in small Pieces, or steeped and rotted in all Sorts of greasy and dirty Water, such as Dish-washings, Soap Suds, &c. kept for enriching the Ground, the wonderful Effects of it will soon appear.

Potters Earth is usually employed on sandy Grounds, and such as retain no Water : It binds the Earth, and enables it to bear.

Pit

Pit Coal being replete with Sulphur and Oil, Sea-Sand and Sea-Weed, which abounds with Salts, and all Sorts of saline and oily Matter in general, always form an advantageous Manure; for these Salts and Oils constitute all that is useful in the ordinary Kinds of Dung.



*Publick Transactions in EUROPE since our last,
continued from Page 400.*

DURING her Imperial Majesty's Residence at Moscow, several considerable Improvements have been made to her Palace at Petershoff. The old Apartments have been enlarged, and several new ones added, which are furnished with great Magnificence. The Gardens have likewise been adorned with several additional Statues by the greatest Masters in Italy.

According to the last Advices from Abo, the Swedish Commissaries cannot yet agree with those of Russia about certain Districts in the Dutchy of Finland, which are claimed by both Courts.

We hear that the Interview of those two Princes the Elector of Manheim and Mentz has occasioned some important Conferences between them, from which there is Reason to hope some favourable Effect in future Affairs of the Empire.

On Wednesday the 3d of July her Neapolitan Majesty was safely delivered of a Princess. Though some Progress has been made in the Negociation of the Treaty of Peace between the Court of Naples and that of Great Britain, there are some Difficulties left still with Regard to the collecting of the Duties which are to be paid upon English Commodities in the several Ports of that Kingdom; but we hope they will soon be removed.

There has lately been handed about a Plan of a Treaty of Confederacy between several Princes in Italy, for the Preservation of Peace in that Part of Europe ; and some People go so far as to insinuate, that this Plan has already been the Foundation of some Proposals which have been made. We cannot absolutely say that it is authentick, though, from several Parts of it, it might be looked upon to be so, the Plan for uniting the different Princes being calculated very wisely for preventing fresh Disturbances, and the bad Consequences which might arise from clashing Interests. The Treaty lately concluded between the Imperial Court and the Duke of Modena seems to have given the Hint for the Foundation of this Plan.

We hear from Lisbon, that the commercial Difficulties between the King of Portugal and Great Britain are settled to the mutual Satisfaction of both Nations, to which the prudent Conduct of M. Castres, the British Minister, has not a little contributed.

The Court of Spain has equipped several Vessels in the Ports of that Kingdom, and sent them away successively to America, where they are to be employed as Guarda Costas. A grand Council has been held at Court on some important Dispatches received from Vienna. The Imperial and British Ministers have also had Conferences with M. Wall. The Dispatches that occasioned the said Council and Conferences, seemed to have turned on the State of Affairs at the Courts of Naples and Turin. On the 22d ult. at Night, M. de la Ensenada was by Order of his Catholic Majesty arrested, and sent under a Guard to Granada ; and at the same Time M. Hordennana, chief Secretary to M. de la Ensenada, was also arrested, and sent under a Guard to Valladolid.

On Wednesday, July 24, died at Versailles, the Marquis de St. Contest, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and grand Master of the Ceremonies. And on Sunday his most Christian Majesty was pleased to appoint M. de Rouille, Secretary for the Marine, to succeed M. de St. Contest in both those Employments ; M. de Machault to succeed M. de Rouille in the Department of the Marine ; and M.

de

de Sechelles, to be Coptroller-General of the Finances, in the room of M. de Machault. The Parliament have received their Letters de Rappel, and are by his Majesty's Orders to assemble at Paris the latter End of this Month. The Parliament's Return being decided, the Royal Chamber, which exercised its Functions, will soon be dissolved: The Letters Patents for this Purpose have already been signed at Compeigne. All the Sentences and Decrees pronounced by that Chamber are to remain in full Force, it being previously stipulated, that the Parliament, after its Return, shall not alter nor repeal them. In Consequence of the Return of the Parliament, the Royal Chamber is ordered to be suppressed, and the necessary Letters Patent are preparing for that Purpose, but all their Decrees are to remain irrevocable.

We are informed by a Letter from Paris, dated August 1, that lately the following unhappy Affair happened in the Neighbourhood of la Port de Paris: A young Man coming there, to answer a Charge brought against him by a Girl, stabbed her in the Throat with a Knife, and afterwards went into another Room and stabbed himself in several Places with the same Knife, in such a Manner, that he died on the Spot, but the Girl is yet alive.---Letters de Cachet are every Day dispatching to the several Places where the Parliament has been banished, in order to recall the Members, who were all to re-assemble there on the 20th, or, at farthest, on the 25th of August.

It is assured, that the Spanish Ministry will use their utmost Endeavours to dislodge the English from the Fort which they are erecting upon the Musketo Coast, and that some Men of War which are now in the Bays of Campeachy and Honduras, will be sent upon this Expedition.

We hear from Posnania, that great Havock has been lately made by the Locusts in the Neighbourhood of Biala. They write from several Places in Upper Poland, that the heavy Rains which have fallen lately, have occasioned most of the Rivers to overflow, which has done great Damage to the Country.

Letters from Hildesheim inform us that a Fire broke out on the 26th past at Emmerke, a Village about a League from

from thence, which in a short Time burnt down the whole Place, except the Church and about fifteen Houses, and has reduced the Inhabitants to such Distress, that most of them will be obliged to beg their Bread.

Letters from Genoa advise, that the Director of the Post Office of that City is gone off with 500,000 Livres, and has taken his Rout to Venice and Ragusa, in order, it is said, to go to Smyrna, where he is to be joined with two Ships which he freighted some Time since.

They spare no Pains or Expence at present in France to encourage the Arts of Clock and Watch-making, laying it down as a certain Maxim, that if their Artists can once reach Perfection, they will soon draw to themselves all the Advantages that can possibly result from it as a Trade.

Letters from Elfinour, dated the 27th of July, give an Account, that three Days before, his Danish Majesty dissolved the Danish West-India Company, by taking the Colony into his own Hands, allowing a free Trade to every Body; the Conditions and Time of taking Place are not yet known.

Letters from Charles Town in South Carolina, dated the 4th of June, say, that a barbarous Murder had been committed upon Capt. William Curtis, Master of the Hopewell, bound for Annapolis, by four of his Ship's Company: After the Perpetration of the Murder, they pirattically carried the Ship and Cargo near to a Place called Caper's Island, upon that Coast, there left her, and made their Escapes. A Vice Court of Admiralty is soon to be held, for condemning the said Hopewell and her Cargo, unless Proof appears to the contrary before the said Court.

DOMESTICK OCCURRENCES.

It is reported by Persons of Credit, that an Alliance between this Kingdom and Spain has been lately concluded, in Regard to Commerce.

By a Letter from Nottingham we learn, that the Rains lately fallen in that County, and the adjacent ones of Leicestershire,

cestershire, Derbyshire, and Lincolnshire, have been excessive, and that the Floods occasioned thereby exceed any Thing of the Kind remembered for many Years past. Our Correspondent adds, that the Damage sustained in the Hay and Corn, on this Account, in the above Counties, is computed at upwards of 50,000 l.

They write from Walton in Suffolk, that they had such a violent Storm of Hail and Rain, attended with Thunder and Lightning, on the 28th of July last, between Six and Seven in the Evening, as has not been known before: The Hail Stones in general were as large as Pigeons Eggs, in various Shapes, and jagged like broken Pieces of Ice. It has done considerable Damage, especially in the Corn Fields, where the Wheat is almost half beat out, the Barley Ears lie as if cut off with a Scythe; Oats, &c. have suffered greatly, and the Turnips are all washed away, so that the Ground must be sown again: Several have had all the Glafs in their Windows broke, that there is scarce a whole Quarry remaining; and the Fruits in the Gardens are entirely spoiled. The Damage done by the Storm, is computed to near 500 l. Where the Hail fell so very thick, was about a Mile in Length, and half a Mile in Breadth. It seems to have fallen down with a Whirlwind, like a Tornado, and not to have spread itself.

Some Time since, one Sarah Robinson was committed to the New Gaol, Southwark, by William Clark, Esq; for farther Examination, touching a violent Assault made upon her Husband, and giving him several Wounds with a Case Knife in the Face, and one almost through his Windpipe, by which his Life is in great Danger. When before the Magistrate, she declared she was sorry she had not cut his Head off.

Captain Vear was lately attacked in St. George's Fields by two Footpads, armed with Cutlasses, who, notwithstanding he made a stout Resistance, robbed him of three Half Guineas and some Silver; the Captain was wounded in the Knee and Arm, and carried in a Coach to Lloyd's Coffee-House, where his Wounds were dressed.

A few

A few Days since, one Mr. Bifield going over Putney Heath in a single Horse Chaise, was robbed by a Footpad as he was going in a gentle Manner up the Hill from the Turnpike; he was looking over the Park Wall, and the Fellow jumped into the Chaise, and presented a Pistol to his Breast, demanding his Money, on which the Gentleman put his Hand in his Pocket and offered it him; there was some Silver, and a Guinea in Gold; he took the Guinea and left the Silver; he likewise took his Watch, which was Silver.

We hear from Cambridge, that the Hon. Mr. Frederick Cavendish, Fellow Commoner of Peter House, had the Misfortune, in reaching out of his Window to look at something in the Court, to fall down and fracture his Skull in so dangerous a Manner, that there is little Hope of his Recovery.

A few Days since, as a Man and his Wife were coming to London on the Road on this Side of St. Albans, two Farmers Men laid hold of the Woman, and the Husband making Resistance, they knocked him down, broke one of his Legs, and otherways very much abused him, so that his Life is in Danger, and afterwards brutally ravished his Wife; one of them, however, was taken and committed to Hertford Gaol, the other made his Escape.

We hear that a few Days ago Sir John Ligonier had the Misfortune to have a Fall in his Garden at Cobham, by which Means he broke one of his Ribs.

A Presentation has passed the Seal, to enable the Rev. Samuel Marks, B. A. to hold the Rectory and Parish Church of St. Michael le Coombe, in the County of Cornwall and Diocese of Exeter, lately vacant by the Cession of the last Incumbent, worth upwards of 130 l. per Annum.

Prices of S T O C K S.

Bank Stock 134. India Ditto, 183 $\frac{1}{2}$. South Sea Stock, 117 $\frac{7}{8}$. Three 1 half per Cent. Old Annuities 1st Sub. 106 to $\frac{1}{8}$. Ditto 2d Sub. 104 3 qrs. to $\frac{7}{8}$. Ditto New 1st Sub. 105. Ditto 2d Sub. 104. Three 1 half Bank Annuities 1st Sub. 106 $\frac{1}{8}$. Ditto 2d Sub. 104 3 qrs. to $\frac{7}{8}$. Ditto India Annuities, 104 $\frac{1}{8}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$. Three per Cent Bank Annuities, 104. Ditto 1751, 103 $\frac{1}{2}$. Ditto India Annuities, 103 3 qrs. Bank Circulation, 3l. 17s. 6d. Prem. India Bonds, 6l. 9s. to 10s. Prem.

PRICES of GOODS at the Corn Exchange in Mark-Lane.

Wheat	25 to 28s. per Quarter.	Pale Malt	— 22 to 23s. 6d. per Qr.
Barley	14 to 16s. 6d.	Pease	— 24s.
Rye	16 to 17s. 6d.	Beans	— 19 to 21s.
Oats	11 to 15s.	Tares	— 25s.
Brown Malt	20 to 21s.	Hemp Seed, West Country,	24s.

An ODE on the Morning.

A Rise my Soul, survey the Morn
And purple Beauties of the Dawn,
In Order as they shine ;
The Herbs that with the Dew Drops glow,
The Grass, the Shrubs, the Flow'rets, show
Their Maker all divine.

Hark how the warbling feather'd Throng
Now tune their soft melodious Song
From every leafy Spray ;
The Black-bird here with mellow Throat,
And there the Thrush with softer Note,
In Concert pour the Lay.

Do thou, my Soul, responsive join,
Ambitious of a Theme divine,
And sing thy Maker's Praise ;
Unnumber'd Objects he supplies
For Contemplation's wond'ring Eyes,
And all the Muses Lays.

JEHOVAH, thy all-forming Hand
The World produc'd at thy Command,
That World shall melt away ;
Soon the Arch-Angel's Trump shall sound,
The starting Dead shall cleave the Ground,
And Graves admit the Day.

But yonder glitt'ring Orbs of Light
That now distinguish Morn from Night,
No more shall shed their Rays ;
Then shall break forth a Beam divine,
And then the Light himself shall shine
In one eternal Blaze.

Against DRUNKENNESS.

I.

IS it not ~~strange~~ that every Creature
Should know ~~the~~ Measure of its Thirst,
(They drink ~~but~~ to support their Nature,
And give due Moisture to their Dust ;)

II.

While Man, vile Man, whose nobler Kind
Should scorn to act beneath the Beast,
Drowns all the Glories of his Mind,
And kills his Soul to please his Taste !

III.

O ! what a hateful, shameful Sight,
Are Drunkards reeling through the Street !
Now they are fond, and now they fight,
And pour their Shame on all they meet.

IV.

Is it so exquisite a Pleasure
To trol down Liquor through the Throat,
And swill, and know no Bound nor Measure,
'Till Sense and Reason are forgot ?

V.

Do they deserve th' immortal Name
Of *Man*, who sink so far below ?
Will GOD, the Maker of their Frame,
Endure to see them spoil it so ?

VI.

Can they e'er think of Heaven and Grace,
Or hope for Glory when they die ?
Can such vile Ghosts expect a Place
Among the shining Souls on high ?

VII.

The meanest Seat is too refin'd
To entertain a Drunkard there.
Ye Sinners of this loathsome Kind,
Repent, or perish in Despair.

The ELEPHANT *and the* BOOKSELLER,

A F A B L E.

TH E Man, who with undaunted Toils
Sails unknown Seas to unknown Soils,
With various Wonders feasts his Sight :
What stranger Wonders does he write !
We read, and in Description view
Creatures which *Adam* never knew ;
For, when we risk no Contradiction,
It prompts the Tongue to deal in Fiction.
Those Things that startle me or you,
I grant are strange ; yet may be true.
Who doubts that Elephants are found
For Science and for Sense renown'd ?
Borri records their Strength of Parts,
Extent of Thought, and Skill in Arts ;
How they perform the Law's Decrees,
And save the State the Hangman's Fees,
And how by Travel understand
The Language of another Land.
Let those, who question this Report,
To *Pliny's* ancient Page resort.
How learn'd was that sagacious Breed !
Who now (like them) the *Greek* can read !
As one of these, in Days of Yore,
Rummag'd a Shop of Learning o'er,
Not like our modern Dealers, minding
Only the Margin's Breadth and Binding ;
A Book his curious Eye detains,
Where, with exactest Care and Pains,
Were ev'ry Beast and Bird portray'd,
That e'er the Search of Man survey'd.
Their Natures and their Powers were writ
With all the Pride of Human Wit ;
The Page he with Attention spread,
And thus remark'd on what he read.
Man with strong Reason is endow'd ;
A Beast scarce instinct is allow'd :

Il h h 2

But

But let this Author's Worth be try'd,
 'Tis plain that neither was his Guide.
 Can he discern the diff'rent Natures,
 And weigh the Pow'r of other Creatures,
 Who by the partial Work hath shown
 He knows so little of his own ?
 How falsely is the Spaniel drawn !
 Did Man from him first learn to fawn ?
 A Dog proficient in the Trade !
 He, the chief flatt'rer Nature made !
 Go, Man, the Ways of Courts discern,
 You'll find a Spaniel still might learn.
 How can the Fox's Theft and Plunder
 Provoke his Censure, or his Wonder ?
 From Courtiers Tricks, and Lawyers Arts,
 The Fox might well improve his Parts.
 The Lion, Wolf, and Tiger's Brood
 He curses, for their Thirst of Blood ;
 But is not Man to Man a Prey ?
 Beasts kill for Hunger, Men for Pay.

The Bookseller, who heard him speak,
 And saw him turn a Page of *Greek*,
 Thought, what a Genius have I found !
 Then thus addrest with Bow profound.

Learn'd Sir, if you'd employ your Pen
 Against the senseless Sons of Men,
 Or write the History of *Siam*,
 No Man is better Pay than I am ;
 Or, since you're learn'd in *Greek*, let's see
 Something against the Trinity.

When wrinkling with a Sneer his Trunk
 Friend, quoth the Elephant, you're drunk ;
 E'en keep your Money, and be wise ;
 Leave Man to Man to criticise,
 For that you ne'er can want a Pen
 Among the senseless Sons of Men,
 They unprovok'd will court the Fray,
 Envy's a sharper Spur than Pay,
 No Author ever spar'd a Brother,
 Wits are Game-Cocks to one another.

An Account of the great GLASS-WORKS in France, and of the Method of making all Sorts of Glafs.

TOWARDS the End of the last Century, the *French* made a great Improvement in the Glafs Manufacture, by inventing a Method to cast very large Plates, till then unknown, and scarce practised yet by any but themselves and the *English*. The Invention is owing to the *Sieur Abraham Thevart*, who first proposed it to the Court of *France* in 1688, where he met with the Encouragement he deserv'd. The chief, if not the only Manufactory of this Kind in *France*, is at the Castle of *St. Gobin*, three Leagues from *Laon*, where the Number of Furnaces, Forges, Work-Houses for Smiths, Carpenters, &c. together with Apartments for these and other Workmen employed about the Glafs, appear more like a Town than a Manufactory.

The Melting-Furnaces used in this Manufacture, are of a vast Size, and those for annealing the Glasses when formed, are still larger. Round a Melting-Furnace there are at least twenty-four annealing Furnaces or Ovens, which are called *Carquasses*, each having two Tiffarts or Apertures to throw in Fuel, and two Chimnies; and besides these, there are Furnaces for making Frit, † and calcining old Pieces of Glafs. The Inside of the Furnaces is made of a Sort of Earth

† This Name is given to the Matter or Ingredients whereof Glafs is to be made, when calcined or baked in a Glafs Furnace, after which they are more readily melted and turned into Glafs. The Materials used in the Composition of Glafs, are Salt and Sand or Stone. The Salt is of the fixed Kind, such as will not evaporate with the most intense Heat; and is procured chiefly from the Ashes of a Plant called *Kali*, *Glass-Weed*, or *Salt-Wort*, which grows plentifully in *Egypt* and *Syria*, and also on the Coasts of *Provence* and *Languedoc*. The Salt extracted from the Ashes of a Species of *Kali*, growing about *Alicant* in *Spain*, is reckoned the best, and is used in making the Plate-Glafs here described. The Ashes of Fern also yield a Salt that makes excellent Glafs; and those of Bean-Stalks, Coleworts, Brambles, Rushes, and many other Plants, may be used for the same Purpose.—As to Stone, the other Ingredient in Glafs,

Earth that is able to sustain the Action of the Fire, and the Melting-Pots and Cisterns are made of the same. These Pots are as big as Hogsheds, containing above two thousand Weight of Metal; so the Workmen call the melted Matter of which the Glasses are formed. The Cisterns are much smaller, and serve for the Conveyance of the liquid Glass, which is taken out of the Pots, to the Casting-Table. Such is the Violence of the Fire, that the Furnaces are repaired every six Months, and seldom last longer than three Years, being then rebuilt from Top to Bottom.---When the Furnace is heated to a proper Degree, they fill the Pots with Materials, which is done at several Times to facilitate the Fusion; and when the Matter is melted, settled, and refined, which is commonly in four and twenty Hours, they fill the Cisterns with it in the same Furnace, where they let them remain about six Hours longer, till they appear all white with the excessive Heat. By Means of Pullies, and a large Iron Chain, the Cisterns are raised out of the Furnace, and placed upon a Sort of Carriage, whereby they are conducted to the Table where the Glass is to be run. This Table or Mould is of Pot-Metal, about nine Feet long, and broad in Proportion, having Iron Rims or Rulers on the Edges of it, which being moveable, so as to be set closer or further apart at Pleasure, determine the Width of the Glasses. Upon these Rulers rest the Extremities of a Brass Roller, by Means of which the burning Liquid, when pour'd upon the Table from the Cistern, is equally spread from one End to the other, and rendered of an uniform Thickness. When the Glass is come to a proper Consistence, they shove it off into the annealing Furnace, and so continue casting other

Glass, the best is that which will easily melt, is white, and transparent; and this is found principally in *Italy*, being a Sort of Marble, called *Tarso*. Nothing indeed makes finer and clearer Glass than Flint, but it is seldom used, because of the Charge of preparing it. The Preparation necessary for Stone is to calcine, powder, and sift it; but where proper Stone cannot be had, Sand is used, which is to be well washed, and needs no other Preparation. Our Glass-Houses are furnished with white Sand for their Crystal Glasses from *Maidstone*, and with a coarser Sand for green Glass from *Hitchin*.

other Plates till the Pots of Metal are exhausted ; removing the Table from one annealing Furnace to another, as fast as they are filled, where the Plates remain ten Days or longer, and by the gradual Decrease of the Heat, they are equally consolidated in every Part. It is really surprising to behold with what Quickness and Address the Workmen go through this dangerous Business, how they raise the Cisterns full of flaming Matter out of the Furnace, convey them to the Table, pour out the fiery Torrent, spread the Glass, &c. In short, the whole is inconceivable to such as have not been Eye-Witnesses of this wonderful Manufacture.

Their Manner of heating the Furnaces is so singular, that it deserves to be mentioned. The Person employed in doing it, runs round the Furnace as fast as he is able, throwing into each Aperture, as he goes along, a Billet or Piece of Wood cut for that Purpose ; and this Course he continues for a certain Number of Hours, at the End of which he is relieved by another. This constant and regular Supply of Fuel keeps the Furnace to a proper Degree of Heat, which is such, that a large Bar of Iron laid at one of its Mouths, becomes red-hot in less than half a Minute.---It is computed that one of the Melting-Furnaces, before it is fit to run Glass, costs above three thousand five hundred Pounds, that three Months are required to repair it, and six at least to build it anew, and that when a Pot of Metal bursts in the Furnace, the Loss of Matter and Time is more than two hundred and fifty Pounds.

The Manner of blowing *Round Glass*, under which Name is comprehended our Drinking Glasses, Bottles, Bowls, and other Vessels, is as follows :

When the Matter contained in the Melting-Pots is sufficiently vitrified, the Operator takes his Blowing-Iron, which is a hollow Tube about two Feet and a half long, dips it into the Pot, and there turns it round ; by which Means the Metal sticks to the Iron, like a glutinous or clammy Juice. For each Glass or Vessel he dips four Times, and at each Dip rolls the End of his Instrument, to which the Glass adheres, on a Piece of Iron placed over a Vessel of Water, the

Coolnels

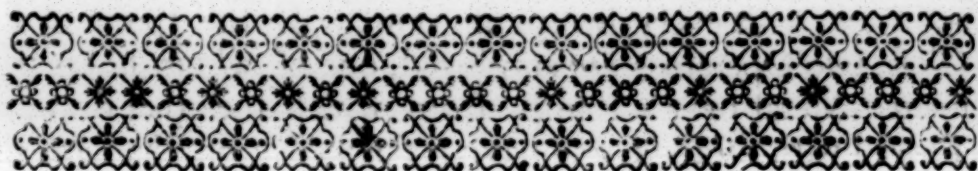
Coolness whereof more readily consolidates the Glass, and disposes it to bind the better with the Matter taken out by the next Dip of the Instrument. Having taken up Matter enough by these Dippings, the Workman begins to blow gently through the Iron, by which he raises or lengthens it much like the blowing up a Bladder; and to give it a Polish, he rolls it to and fro on a smooth Stone or Marble. This done, he blows a second Time, and forms the Bunch or Belly of the Vessel, the Matter assuming the Figure of a Gourd, twelve or eighteen Inches in Diameter. The Blowing is repeated as often as the Operator thinks necessary; and in order to lengthen and cool the Glass, he frequently whirls the Iron round his Head. When the Vessel is blown into this Form, it is sometimes returned to the Fire, where it flattens a little of itself; after which it is taken out and cooled, and if the Design requires it, the Workman flats its Bottom by pressing it on the Marble, or moulds it in the Stamp Irons. To disengage the Vessel from the Instrument, they drop some cold Water on the Collet or Neck, which is the narrow Part that cleaves to the Iron; and this making a small Crack, the Fracture by a slight Blow is communicated quite round the Collet. This done, they dip an Iron Rod in the Melting-Pot, and with the Matter that sticks to it, they apply and fasten it to the Bottom of the Vessel, which thus sustained is carried to the great Bocca or Aperture of the Furnace to be heated, where it is left to the Care of another Person, whilst the former Operator rests and prepares himself for the Branching. To branch or make the Bowl, they thrust in an Iron Instrument, and the Aperture thereby made is widened by a second, which is turned about to give the Vessel its proper Form. What is superfluous they cut off with Shears; and when the Vessel is thus opened, they carry it again to the great Bocca, where being sufficiently heated a second Time, the Workman puts a finishing Hand to the Bowl, by turning it with a circular Motion, which he increases in Proportion as the Bowl opens and enlarges. Nothing now remains but to place it in the Leer-Furnace to anneal and harden.

As

As we are now speaking of Glafs, it may not be amifs to take Notice of one of its moft remarkable Properties, *viz.* its Ductility ; for it may be drawn or spun out into long Threads, to a Degree of Fineneſs almoſt incredible. We have of them in the Plumes of Children's Caps, and divers other Works, much finer than any Hair, and which bend and wave with every Breath of Wind. In the ſpinning of Glafs, two Operators are employed, one of whom holds the melted Metal over a Lamp, from which the other draws a Thread with a Hook, and having faſtened it on the Rim of a Wheel, he turns it ſwiftly round, till he has ſpun out the Maſs from whence the Thread is drawn. Thus this brittle Matter becomes ſurprizingly flexible, which is always in Proportion to its Fineneſs ; and the Threads of Glafs may be ſpun as ſmall as that of a Silk-Worm, or even thoſe of a Spider's Web.

From this Deſcription, the Reader may form ſome Idea of the Manner of blowing Glafs Veſſels of different Kinds, but the Dexterity and Expedition with which the Work is performed, can only be conceived by ſeeing the Operation. It is really ſurprizing to obſerve, how the melted Matter obeys the Blaſt of the Artiſt ; how it ſwells, ſpreads, and forms itſelf into a Bottle, a Bowl, a Cup, or other Veſſel ; how he turns it and twiſts it, makes it round as a Ball, or flat as a Waſer ; how he cuts it with Sciffars like a Piece of Cloth, and, in ſhort, fashions it into a thouſand pretty Fancies, or into convenient neat Vaſes for preſerving Liquors, for which Purpoſe it ſerves better than the moſt precious Metals. The various Uſes of Glafs are almoſt innumerable, but one of the moſt common, and perhaps the moſt ſerviceable of all, is that of making Windows to our Houſes. Inſtead of ſplitting Stone into thin *Laminæ* or Plates, in order to render it transparent, as was the Practice of the Antients ; inſtead of uſing Canvas or Linnen, which intercepts our View, and hinders the free Tranſmiſſion of the Light ; or inſtead of making Lattices, which leaves us expoſed to the Cold, Wind, and Rain, how much more convenient is it (as an ingenious Author obſerves) to have Windows of Glafs, which, though ſufficiently denſe and compact to defend us

against the Inclemency of the Weather, are so pellucid as to transmit to us in the Middle of our Houses the chearful Blaze of Day, without any Diminution of its Lustre, and to lay open to our Sight the whole Prospect of Nature !



*Publick Transactions in EUROPE since our last,
continued from Page 416.*

TH E Empress of Russia, who used to go to Moscow and back commonly in the Winter, when there is no other Method of travelling but on Sledges, went last Year in Summer in Coaches, and, as she found this the most agreeable, has been pleased to signify her Intentions of going the same Way for the future. In order to render her Journey the more agreeable, her Imperial Majesty has ordered Apartments to be built at certain Distances upon the Road, proper for the Reception of her Imperial Majesty and all the Noblemen that attend her.

From Paris we are informed, that about the Beginning of September, some Musqueteers were employed to carry to every Member of Parliament a Lettre de Cachet, which put off the Meeting of that Body till Wednesday the 4th.

At the same Time the Counsellors of the Chatelet, who were detained in the Bastile, were set at Liberty.

On the 4th, at Eight o'Clock in the Morning, the Parliament met conformable to the Orders of the King. When the Premier President appeared, there was a loud Huzza. The Affluence of People was so great, that the Presidents and Counsellors had great Difficulty to get through them. The Grand Chamber sat till half an Hour after Twelve, during which Time the King's Declaration was read, and then the Court broke up without coming to any Determination thereupon.

On

On the 6th the Chambers of the Parliament assembled at Eight o'Clock in the Morning, and sat till Five o'Clock in the Evening. A great Crowd of People waited with Impatience in the grand Hall of the Palace, to know the Result of the Assembly. At length the Doors of the Grand Chambers opened, and the People rejoiced as soon as they saw the Premier President appear smiling. It had been debated in this long Sitting, whether the King's Declaration should be registered ; and it was at last agreed that it should, with certain Modifications, and without acknowledging the Imputations which were contained in it : That a solemn Deputation should be sent to the King, to represent to his Majesty, that his Parliament, in the Circumstances they were, had only done in preferring for a Time publick Affairs to private, what the indispensable Duties of their Station, and the Sacredness of their Oaths, required of them ; that the Chambers sacrificing their own Interest to that of the State, and the Welfare of the Subjects, will take upon them their ordinary Service.

The King's Declaration, and the Registry of it, was published the Day following.

The Cardinals Rochefocault and Soubise, with the Archbishops of Paris and Narbonne, lately waited on his Majesty at Choisy le Roy, in order to know his Will concerning the Parliament and Clergy. The King answered, that he only desired Peace among them, and that he would not hear any more of that Affair. When the King returned to Versailles, they went again, and begged Leave to present a Remonstrance at the King's Levee ; but it was not granted ; and his Majesty answered, that he would give them Audience when he came from Chapel : Accordingly the Deputies waited in the long Gallery ; and soon after the Cardinal Soubise had begun to read his Remonstrance, his Majesty stopped him short, and told them he had given his Orders to his Parliament, which he hoped they would conform to ; and then addressing himself to the Archbishop of Paris, desired him to mind the Functions of his Charge, and to be more quiet for the future than he had been hitherto ; and so dismissed them.

The Marquis Doria, who was some Time since appointed to succeed the Marquis Grimaldi, as the Republick of Genoa's Commissary General in Corsica, sailed from thence on Tuesday the 6th ult. for that Island: He was accompanied with two Gallies, in which were a Number of Troops, sent, by Order of this Republick, to reinforce the Garrisons of Bastia, Calvi, and Ajaccio.

We are informed by our last Letters from Corsica, that the Malecontents, who had meditated a Design to besiege Bastia, finding it impossible to carry their Scheme into Execution, had retired to the Mountains with the greatest Part of their Troops, from whence they frequently send Detachments into the Plains, to plunder the Houses of all those who seem to favour the Interest of the Genoese.

Before the Departure of their Imperial Majesties to Moravia and Bohemia, the Marquis d'Azor, the Spanish Minister at the Court of Vienna, had a long Conference with Count Caunitz, to whom he intimated, that the Change in the Spanish Ministry, by the Disposition of the Marquis de la Ensenada, would not in the least alter the Sentiments of the King his Master, with Regard to the maintaining that good Harmony and Friendship which subsists between his Catholick Majesty and the august House of Austria.

They write from Granada, that the President of the Royal Chancery lately received a Packet from Madrid, containing an Order from the King of Spain to interrogate the Marquis de la Ensenada on the Articles laid to his Charge; which was accordingly done a few Days ago. The following are some of the Articles:

The Deficiencies that have been found in certain Parts of the Receipts, and in the Registers of the Royal Treasury, since the Year 1750.

To verify the Employment of the Sums remitted to the Court's Treasures in Foreign Parts; and whether the Application of those Sums answered the Ends proposed?

To give the necessary Eclaircissements on the Misreckoning that has been found in the Articles of Expence concerning the Marine and the Land Forces.

That

That as the new Regulations made in the Commerce of the Indies, have not appeared profitable to the Monarchy, nor contributed to make Trade flourish at Home, he must likewise give proper Explanations on this Head.

The Monopoly of Wooll, and the excessive Price to which it has been raised to Foreigners, under Colour of keeping it at Home for the Manufactories of the Kingdom, is another Head of the Inquiry; as also the Engagements contracted with the Bankers of Italy, for the Court's Remittances to that Country, and for the Things purchased there at sundry Times, either for Naval Armaments, or to make up Cargoes for the West Indies.

The Marquis is likewise required to account for the Non-Execution of the Regulations made for the Encouragement of Tillage, and encreasing the Herds and Flocks; as also for the Cause of the high Price of Corn drawn from the Royal Granaries in Times of Dearth.

There are several other Articles which are not fit for publick Inspection, because they are a Kind of State Mysteries, which must not transpire beyond the Cabinet.

The Marquis de la Ensenada has answered verbally to every Point; but as he could do it only in a summary Manner, he desired Permission to answer the same in Writing; and his Request has been granted.

They write from Dublin, that lately a Beggarman pressed very hard for Charity at a House in James's-Street, and would not depart till some that were present laid Hands on him, and for Amusement searched him for Money, and found in one Pocket 4 s. 11 d. in Brass, and in the other Pocket 127 English Shillings in a Leather Purse; the Money and he were delivered to the Care of the Governor of the Work-House, who lodged him in Bridewell, and applied to the Lord Mayor for Authority to have him properly chastised.

DOMESTICK OCCURRENCES.

We hear from Holburton, a Village near South Brent in Devon, that a Fire broke out in the Day-time, while all the People

People of the Village, except three old Men, were at Harvest; which burnt and consumed thirteen Houses before any Assistance could be had.

On Friday the 13th of September, Jane Ashton, aged upwards of 66, was committed to the High Gaol of the City of Exon, charged on the Coroner's Inquest with poisoning her Husband, William Ashton, of Buckland nigh Torrington in Devon, a Man more than fifty Years old, to whom she had been married thirty Years, and has had five Children by him, one of which, a Daughter twenty-two Years old, is now living. The Poison is said to have been given him in Bacon and Beans, which was prepared for his Dinner, and he died the next Day, to the Surprise of all his Neighbours, who suspecting his Murder by the Wife's strange and confused Behaviour, had the Body taken up and examined by three Surgeons: On opening the Stomach, a Quantity of Arsenick was found therein, which being given to a Cat, it soon killed it. On the Road to Exeter, she told the Constable, it was not designed for her Husband, but for a Landlady to whose House he resorted, and used to keep bad Company. Since she has been in Gaol, she behaves in the most hardened Manner; and on People's speaking to her about this Fact, she replied, What she knows, she'll keep to herself, for they can't force her to confess; sometimes saying, *They may bang ma, or barn ma, but they can't barn ma Soul!* adding, that if it was not for one Word she spoke, she should not have been sent to Gaol.

We hear from Cowes in the Isle of Wight, that one William Beaumont was lately taken up by the Officers of the Customs and Dragoons, for Smuggling, and sent to the County Gaol at Winchester. This is the sixteenth Person that hath been taken in that Isle for Smuggling within a few Months.

The Algerines have taken off the Isle of Rhodes a Maltese Vessel of twelve Guns, who defended herself for several Hours, and the Captain lost one of his Arms in the Engagement.

The Phillis, Captain Holden, from Honduras for New-England, deeply laden, was met at Sea in great Distress, having

having lost her Rudder, and both Pumps at Work; and, not having been heard of since, is feared to be lost.

A Chairman having a Quarrel lately with another Man in Brudenell-Mews, the lower End of Dover Street, the Wife of the latter brought down a Knife, and cut the Chairman in the Arm, Face, and other Parts of his Body, that 'tis thought he cannot live. He was immediately carried to St. George's Hospital.

Some Time since, as Mr. Matthew Price, Factor, of Ave-mary-lane, was crossing from Clerkenwell Green to Cold-Bath-Square, between Ten and Eleven at Night, he was knocked down by five Ruffians at Hockley in the Hole, and robbed of nineteen Guineas, and received some Bruises.

The Speech of his Excellency *Horatio Sharpe*, Esq; Governor and Commander in Chief in and over the Province of Maryland, to both Houses of Assembly, on Wednesday the 17th of July, 1754.

Gentlemen of the Upper and Lower Houses of Assembly,

“ THE Chearfulness with which you have attended every Business relative to the common Interest of these his Majesty's Colonies, obviates every Doubt that I might entertain of any Exception being taken to my calling you together again so soon: And I flatter myself, that the present dangerous Situation of Affairs will not only evince the Necessity of it, at this Time, but engage you, without Hesitation, fully to comply with the Directions contained in the Earl of Holderness's Letter.

“ The Designs of the French must now be evident to every one: They have openly, in Violation of all Treaties, invaded his Majesty's Territories, and committed the most violent Acts of Hostility, by attacking and entirely defeating the Virginian Troops under Colonel Washington.

“ In this Emergency, the Hopes and Expectations of our Neighbours, whom in Duty, Honour, and Interest, we are engaged to support and defend, are fixed upon us for Assistance; and what must the World think of our Conduct, or what Calamities may we not expect, if, from an un-
seasonable

reasonable Parsimony, we coldly look on, while they are cut to Pieces? The boundless Ambition of the common Enemy, and the cruel Rage of their Savage Allies, now upon our Borders, flushed with Victory, indispensably require a vigorous and immediate Exertion of all our Powers, to check their Progress.

“ The Indians, who are our Friends, likewise claim our Assistance: While their Warriors are in the Field with our Troops, their Women and Children are sent to us, to be protected and supported: This is the greatest Demonstration they can give of the Confidence they place in us. Nor can I doubt, but that at this critical Period, when the French are employing every Artifice to alienate their Affections from us, you will embrace so fair an Opportunity of firmly attaching them to our Interest, by taking Care to have their Wives and Children kindly and hospitably treated while they are obliged to stay with us, and implore our Protection.

“ As our Settlements on the Frontiers must be the first exposed to the Inroads of the Enemy, I have ordered a Supply of Ammunition to Frederick County; and, with the Advice of his Lordship’s Council of State, issued a Proclamation for the Militia to be put in the best Posture of Defence, that they may be prepared to act, in case of Necessity. And, by the same Advice, have, at the earnest Request of Colonel Innes, Commander in Chief of the North-Carolina Forces, granted him a Supply of Arms, which, considering the present Urgency of Affairs, could not have been denied.”

Prices of STOCKS.

Bank Stock, Books shut. India Ditto, 187 $\frac{1}{2}$. South Sea Stock, 117 $\frac{3}{4}$. Three 1 half per Cent. Old Annuities 1st Sub. 105 $\frac{5}{8}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$. Ditto 2d Sub. 104 $\frac{1}{2}$. Ditto New 1st Sub. 104 $\frac{5}{8}$. Ditto 2d Sub. 103 $\frac{1}{2}$. Three 1 half Bank Annuities 1st Sub. 105 $\frac{5}{8}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$. Ditto 2d Sub. 104 $\frac{3}{8}$. Ditto India Annuities, Books shut. Three per Cent Bank Annuities, 103 $\frac{3}{4}$ to $\frac{7}{8}$. Ditto 1751, 103. Ditto India Annuities, Books shut. Bank Circulation, 4l. 5s. Prem. India Bonds, 6l. 10s. to 11s. Prem.

PRICES of GOODS at the Corn Exchange in Mark-Lane.

Wheat	24 to 27s. per Quarter.	Pale Malt	— 20 to 23s. od. per Qr.
Barley	12 to 15s. od.	Pease	— 20 to 22s.
Rye	16 to 17s. od.	Beans	— 17 to 18s. 6d.
Oats	13 to 16s.	Tares	— 20 to 25s.
Brown Malt	18 to 20s.	Hemp Seed, West Country,	24s.

Upon the Sight of a Skeleton.

I.

STAY, start not at that Skeleton ;
'Tis your own Picture which you shun :
Alive it did resemble thee,
And thou when dead like that shall be.
Converse with it, and you will say,
You cannot better spend the Day.
You little think how you'll admire
The Language of those Bones and Wire.

II.

The Tongue is gone, but yet each Joint
Reads Lectures, and can speak t' the Point :
When all your Moralists are read,
You'll find no Tutors like the Dead.

III.

If in Truth's Paths those Feet have trod,
('Tis all one whether bare or shod ;)
If us'd to travel to the Door
Of the Afflicted or the Poor ;
Though to the Dance they were estrang'd,
And ne'er their own rude Motion chang'd,
Those Feet, now wing'd, may upwards fly,
And tread the Palace of the Sky.

IV.

Those Hands if ne'er with Murder stain'd,
Nor fill'd with Wealth unjustly gain'd ;
Nor greedily all Honours grasp'd,
But to the poor Man's Cry unclasp'd :
It matters not, if in the Mine
They delv'd, or did with Rubies shine.

V.

Here grew the Lips ; and in that Place,
 Where now appears a vacant Space,
 Was fix'd the Tongue : An Organ still
 Employ'd extremely well or ill.
 I know not if it could rebuke,
 Or vers'd in Language of the Court ;
 But this I safely can aver,
 That if it was no Flatterer,
 If it traduc'd no Man's Repute,
 But where it could not praise was mute ;
 If no false Promises it made,
 If it sung Anthems, if it pray'd,
 'Twas a blest Tongue, and will prevail,
 When Wit and Eloquence shall fail.

VI.

If wise as *Socrates*, that Scull
 Had ever been, 'tis now as dull
 As *Midas* ; or if its Wit,
 To that of *Midas* did submit,
 'Tis now as full of Plot and Skill,
 As is the Head of *Machiavel* :
 Proud Laurels once might shade that Brow,
 Where not so much as Hair grows now.

VII.

Prime Instances of Nature's Skill,
 The Eyes did once those Hollows fill ;
 Were they quick-sighted, sparkling, clear,
 As those of Hawks and Eagles are,
 Or say, did they with Moisture swim,
 Or were distorted, blear'd, and dim :
 Yet if they were from Envy free,
 Nor liv'd to gaze on Vanity,
 If none with Scorn they did behold,
 Nor with lascivious Glances rowl'd ;

Those

Those Eyes, more bright and piercing grown,
Shall view the great Creator's Throne ;
They shall behold the Invisible,
And on eternal Glories dwell.

VIII.

See, not the least Remains appear,
To shew where Nature plac'd the Ear,
Who knows if it were musical,
Or could not judge of Sounds at all ?
Yet if it were by Counsel bent,
To Caution and Reproof attent ;
When the shrill Trump shall rouse the Dead,
And others have their Sentence read,
That Ear shall with those Sounds be blest,
Welcome and enter into Rest.

Meditation in a Grove.

I.

SWEET Muse, descend and bless the Shade,
And bless the Evening Grove ;
Business, and Noise, and Day are fled,
And ev'ry Care, but Love.

II.

But hence, ye wanton Young and Fair,
Mine is a purer Flame ;
No *Phillis* shall infect the Air,
With her unhallowed Name.

III.

JESUS has all my Powers possess,
My Hopes, my Fears, my Joys :
He, the dear Sovereign of my Breast,
Shall still command my Voice.

K k k 2

IV.

IV.

Some of the fairest Choirs above
 Shall flock around my Song,
 With Joy to hear the Name they love
 Sound from a mortal Tongue.

V.

His Charms shall make my Numbers flow,
 And hold the falling Floods,
 While Silence sits on ev'ry Bough,
 And bends the list'ning Woods.

VI.

I'll carve our Passion on the Bark,
 And ev'ry wounded Tree
 Shall drop and bear some mystic Mark
 That *JESUS* dy'd for me.

VII.

The Swains shall wonder when they read,
 Inscrub'd on all the Grove,
 That Heaven itself came down, and bled
 To win a Mortal's Love.



*The best Manner of propagating Plants
 by Cuttings.*

BY a Cutting, we mean a young tender Twig, of the
 last Growth, to be cut from a Plant, in order to make
 it strike Root, by burying Part of it in the Earth, by which
 Way

Way many Sorts of Plants may be increas'd; especially those whose Shoots are the most juicy, or succulent, or contain the most watry Juices: For such Plants as are filled with a gummy or rosinous Sap, will rarely take Root from a Cutting.

When we find such as are for our Turn, we must cut them from the Mother Plant, either in the Spring, just as the Sap is beginning to move in them, or else about Midsummer, when they have just finished their first Shoot; always observing that they are tender. For an Example, we shall propose the Myrtle, whose Cuttings, at these Seasons, are tender, and little inclining to be woody. The Cuttings of this Sort may be about four Inches long, because there will be as many Buds in that Length of a Myrtle Shoot, as one may find in a Shoot of a Vine, and other such like Plants of a Yard long; and the more Buds we bury, so many the more Roots we shall have, and the greater Number of Roots gather a greater Quantity of Nourishment; and, consequently, the Buds above Ground will be better fed, and be more vigorous in their Growth. The Myrtle Cuttings will presently strike Root, if the Earth we plant them in be made very fine, and well clos'd about them, both by the Hand and by watering; but it must be observed, that the Leaves must be taken off with a Knife carefully, from that Part of the Cutting which is to be buried in the Ground, which, in a Myrtle Cutting of four Inches long, should be near three Inches, that we may leave little more than an Inch above the Surface of the Earth.

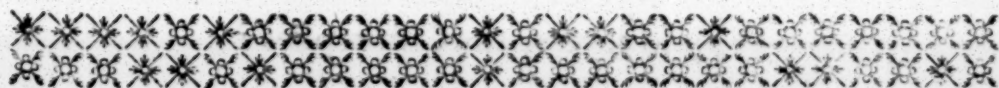
In planting of Vine Cuttings, the *French* Way is better than the common Method practis'd by our *English* Gardeners. The *French* never plant Vine-Cuttings less than a Yard in Length, and then leave only two or three Buds out of the Ground, so that the first Shoots are always strong. Their Way is to open a Trench about *October*, and set their Cuttings in it about a Foot distant from one another, and then fill in the Earth, and tread it down hard; of these Cuttings, perhaps nine or ten Buds of each may be buried only for making Roots; but in *England*, our Vine-Cuttings are seldom longer than a Foot, and, perhaps, not above two

or

or three Buds of each are covered with the Earth ; so that the first Shoots are weak, and will require several Years to gain Strength enough for bearing.

In making Cuttings also of Jessamin, and the Honey-suckle, whose Wood is tough and hard, it is the common Practice to let their Leaves drop before we prepare them for planting. In these the Buds stand wide asunder, and therefore their Cuttings should be of such a Length, that we may bury them a Foot in the Ground, at the least : But if we plant our Cuttings in the Summer, as soon as they have finished the first Shoot, they will answer our End much better ; but then they must be well followed with Water, and be set in a shady Place : Or, to save that Trouble, we may open a Trench, and fill it with fresh Cow-dung, and, upon that lay three or four Inches of good sifted Mould ; in this prepared Bed our Cuttings will prosper exceedingly, for the Cow-dung will keep them constantly moist, and keep the Air from them, and nourish them. It is also to be observed, that all hardy Ever-greens will do best from Cuttings, if we plant them about *October* or *November*, for then their Juices are in Motion. Again, we must remark, that when we collect Cuttings of those Plants which are very succulent, such as the several Sorts of Cerens, Ficoides, Sedums, *Indian* Figs, and such like, we must, in Proportion to the Succulency of such Cuttings, let them lie some Days exposed to the Sun before we plant them, that the wounded Parts may be thoroughly dry, for otherwise, their own Moisture mixing with the Moisture of the Earth, would rot them. The Time of making Cuttings of these is always when we find them inclinable to grow, which is at different Seasons, as the natural Springs of their several native Countries happen to fall out ; for Plants of every Country in the World will always preserve their natural Time of shooting, wherever they happen to be stationed, The great Point to be considered in planting of Cuttings is, that we keep the Air from drying the Parts under Ground as much as possible ; and, in such as are very succulent, to plant them rather upon the natural Earth than in Pots, for from the whole Body of the Earth there will exhale continually a Vapour gently

gently moist, which will dispose them for drawing Root ; but in Pots we must be obliged to water them frequently, which often occasions them to rot, and if we give them too little Water, then the Earth in the Pot will become so dry at particular Times, that the Cutting will be put aside from the drawing of the Roots, though by the Moisture it had at other Times it was disposed to make Roots : For, according to the following Experiment, it is a continued gentle Distribution of Moisture to a Cutting, which will occasion it to strike Root, and when it is once in that Method, if we suffer it to dry, the Intent of making Roots is stopt. The Experiment we mean is, that if we take a Branch of the *Sedum Arborescens*, or Tree Houseleek, and hang it up in the House, we shall see it put out Roots when the Air comes to be of a certain Density or Thickness, and as soon as the Air becomes dry, and more rarified, these Roots become dry, and shrink away ; but if we keep this Plant in some Place where the Air is continually moist, the Roots will be constantly growing as long as there is any Moisture in the Plant ; but the Head, or Top Bud of the Plant, will not grow at all, for that the Roots cannot draw Nourishment enough from the Air to feed it. What we have remarked concerning the planting of Cuttings of *Ficoides*, *Geraniums*, *Cæreas*, *Indian Figs*, *Aloes*, and such like, in the natural Ground, has been experienced to be much the best Way ; they will soon draw Root, and make good Plants, so that we may Pot them about the Middle of *August* of the same Summer, in order for the Green-house.



The L I O N and the C U B.

A F A B L E.

HOW fond are Men of Rule and Place,
Who court it from the Mean and Base !

These

These cannot bear an Equal nigh,
 But from superior Merit fly ;
 They love the Cellar's vulgar Joke,
 And lose their Hours in Ale and Smoke ;
 There o'er some petty Club preside,
 So poor, so paltry is their Pride !
 Nay, ev'n with Fools whole Nights will sit,
 In Hopes to be Supreme in Wit.
 If these can read, to these I write,
 To set their Worth in truest Light.

A Lion-Cub of fordid Mind,
 Avoided all the Lion Kind ;
 Fond of Applause, he sought the Feasts
 Of vulgar and ignoble Beasts,
 With Asses all his Time he spent,
 Their Clubs perpetual President.
 He caught their Manners, Looks and Airs :
 An Ass in every Thing, but Ears !
 If e'er his Highness meant a Joke,
 They grinn'd Applause before he spoke :
 But at each Word what Shouts of Praise !
 Good Gods ! how natural he brays !

Elate with Flatt'ry and Conceit,
 He seeks his royal Sire's Retreat ;
 Forward, and fond to show his Parts,
 His Highness brays, the Lion starts.

Puppy, that curst Vociferation
 Betrays thy Life and Conversation ;
 Coxcombs, an ever noisy Race,
 Are Trumpets of their own Disgrace.

Why so severe, the Cub replies ?
 Our Senate always held me wise.
 How weak is Pride, returns the Sire,
 All Fools are vain, when Fools admire !
 But know, what stupid Asses prize,
 Lions and noble Beasts despise.



*Publick Transactions in Europe since our last, continued
from Page 432.*

TH E King of Prussia has imposed a Duty of one per Cent. on all the Merchandize transported through his Dominions into the Empire of Russia, which will greatly affect their Traffick, especially at the Time of the Fairs at Leipstick.

A furious Storm of Thunder, Lightening, and Hail, which lately happened in the Neighbourhood of Bonne in Germany, has done very considerable Damage on both Sides of the Rhine. The Hail beat off the Fruits of the Trees, and the Torrents of Rain, which tore up and carried away the Vines which the Hail spared, has ruined whole Vineyards for a long Time to come.

The General of the religious Orders in Spain, stunned with the late Injunction against admitting Novices into their Societies for ten Years to come, have applied to the Pope, to shorten the Time of the Prohibition; and on the other Hand, the King of Spain has demanded of his Holiness, that all the Corn produced in the Ecclesiastick State, after Provision is made for the Subsistence of its Inhabitants, shall be for the future sold to him; and that he be immediately supplied with Corn at a reasonable Rate, to the Amount of 50000 Roubles.

A Commissary of the King of Spain's Dock Yards at Galicia has been carried Prisoner to that City, for having sold to the English a large Quantity of Timber cut in the Mountains of Spain. Search is making for some other Commissaries, that have been guilty of the like Practices.

An Advice Boat lately arrived at Lisbon from Rio de Janeiro, with the bad News, that the Castle of St. Sebastian blew up lately, and Vessels are soon to sail with Ammunition and building Materials to supply so considerable a Loss.

Preparations have for some Time been making at Warsaw, for holding the approaching general Diet, the opening of which was fixed for the 30th of September last; but the

Divisions among several of the Palatines of the Polish Kingdom give them great Reason to fear that this Assembly will not prove more successful than the former.

We learn from Rome, that the Sea having again destroyed the Works that were begun for re-establishing the Port of Anzio, it is at length determined to abandon that Design, the Undertakers finding that the Expences which will attend the keeping it afterwards in Repair, will far exceed the Advantages that are expected from it. Some Time since, the ordinary Courier who carries the Letters from Rome to Naples, was attacked by a Gang of Highwaymen between Terracine and Fondi, and robbed of a Casket of Gold Watches and Snuff Boxes, sent by a Banker of that City to his Correspondent at Naples. We learn by Advices from the Sea Coast, that an Algerine Corsair, having landed some Men near Fiumicino, they had the Assurance to march almost up to the very Gates of the Town, being favoured by a thick Fog, and carried off ten Persons into Slavery. We are informed by the last Dispatches received at Genoa from the Marquis Doria, their new Commissary General in Corsica, that he has some Hopes the rebellious Subjects in that Island will in the End submit to the Genoese Government, as the Appearances seem at present very favourable. They write likewise from Calvi in Corsica, that the new Genoese Commissary General in that Island has invited the Malecontents to send Deputies to treat on the Steps necessary to be taken in order to their Return to their Obedience. They write from Naples, that notwithstanding the Pains taken by several of the Powers of Europe, and particularly by the Pope, to reconcile the Differences between that Court and the Order of Malta, that Affair seems very far from being brought speedily to a Conclusion.

According to Advices from Florence, they apprehend there will be an absolute Necessity for making a new Convention, in Contradiction to some Articles of the Treaty of Aix la Chapelle; in order to prevent new Troubles in Italy, since the King of the Two Sicilies (according to some Accounts) has declared, that he does not think himself bound to acquiesce in the Dispositions of the said Treaty, for the
Reasons

Reasons that have been already mentioned : And, pursuant to the invariable Plan of the House of Bourbon, it is expected they will endeavour to make the House of Austria a Loser by such new Arrangement of Convention, or else the latter must venture upon a new War.

They write from Hamburgh, that their Trade with the French Colonies is sensibly declined, because the Sales of Sugar, Coffee, and Indigo, is greatly increased at Stetin, whither they are brought in Prussian Vessels, directly from the Ports of France.

The King of Portugal has issued Orders for making a considerable Augmentation in his Forces by Land ; and a Body of Troops will soon march towards his Frontiers. The Queen Dowager died the Beginning of this Month.

They have had, in the Morea, some Time since, a violent Shock of an Earthquake, which was felt all along that Coast, and nine populous Villages were swallowed up at Lepanto, and many Persons and Cattle lost.

We have an Account, that the King of the Agwhams has deposed the new Sophi of Persia, after a bloody Battle, wherein many were killed on both Sides.

They write from Constantinople, that since the Beginning of September that City has been visited with divers terrible Shocks of an Earthquake, which still continued when the last Advices came from thence. All the People were in the greatest Consternation imaginable. The Damage done by these Earthquakes is very considerable : All Things are in Confusion ; most of the Inhabitants have forsaken their Houses, to seek Safety in the Country ; the French and Dutch Ambassadors are gone to Terapia, a Town on the Canal, within three Leagues of Constantinople ; and the other Foreign Ministers have retired elsewhere.

Advices from Lisbon mention, that besides the nine French Men of War that lately touched at Lagos, in order to take in Provisions, another Squadron of eleven Ships of the same Nation has been seen off of Cape St. Vincent. Private Letters from Lagos import, that those two Squadrons have Orders to join, but their Destination is not known.

Letters from New-York say, that the Spaniards lately came by Land, to fall upon the Bay-Men in the Bay of Honduras, with three hundred Men ; but one hundred only of the Inhabitants attacked and repulsed them, and killed and wounded a great many.

They write from Jamaica, that Don Juan Elanos, in a twenty-four Gun Ship, with a large Xebeck, both filled with disciplined Soldiers, is sailed from the Havannah for the Key Mugar, the Place of Rendezvous, where they are to meet Don Novoretta, the present Governor of Campeachy, with twenty Sail of Vessels, such as Brigs, Schooners, Sloops, &c. They also expect to be joined by a considerable Body from Rio Dolce, so as to make in the whole about two thousand Men. From Key Mugar they were to proceed to extirpate all the Logwood Cutters, and to make a Settlement there themselves ; from thence to the Mosqueta Shore, to do the same at that Place.

Extract of a Letter from an Officer in the Virginian Troops that were defeated by the French, dated July 22.

“ I suppose you have heard of the Engagement we have had with the French, and of our Defeat, before this ; but I question if you have heard a true Account of it, therefore I shall give it you as fully and truly as I can, having been an Eye-Witness to the whole.

July the third, at the Break of Day, we were alarmed by two Men coming up to one of our Centries placed in the Wood, who shot him in the Heel and fled off : They were so nigh him, that the Wadding was left in his Heel. We were immediately under Arms, and sent out a small Party to search round the Camp, but they saw no Body. About an Hour after, four of our Indians who had been sent out the Day before, came in a prodigious Hurry, and informed us that they had tracked a great Number of the Enemy into the Bushes about fourteen Miles from us ; they had gone so nigh to them, that they heard them talk. Upon this News we began to throw up Trenches round a Fort which

we

we had in the Meadows, and sent out the Indians again to see if the French were nigh. They returned in an Hour, running very fast, and told us the Enemy was within half a Mile, marching down the Woods quite naked, which made us imagine they were all Indians. We were drawn up in Order of Battle immediately, reserving only a Number to work at the Trenches, which we had got almost Breast high all round, when the Enemy entered the Meadows. Our Centry whom we had placed there fired at them, killed three, and retired to the Fort, the Enemy firing all the Way at him from the Woods, which they betook themselves to as soon as they came. We marched up to take Possession of the Wood opposite to the Fort, but one of our ----- who is now going to resign, and had always shewn a good deal of Fear in any Danger, called out that the Enemy would take Possession of the Fort, and immediately ordered the Men to the Right about, which they did directly, and fled to the Fort; the French firing at them all the Time, wounded a great many before they got thither. We immediately got our Trenches filled with Men, and began to fire from the Fort and Trenches with three Huzzas, which the Enemy returned with the Indian Halloo. The Engagement began at half an Hour after Ten in the Morning, and continued till Seven at Night without Intermission, the Enemy firing close at us from behind the Trees, and we from our Fort and Trenches. We had our Cannon fired one Round, which did great Execution among the Enemy; but our Gunner did not think it safe to stand another Round, but went into the Fort, and could not be persuaded to fire at them again the whole Day. At Seven o'Clock the Enemy called a Parly, and offered us Terms of Capitulation; upon which we held a Council of War, and after considering our Circumstances, that we had not Provisions for two Days, that none of our Arms were fit for Service, as it rained so excessively all Day, and having a great Number of Men killed and wounded, we thought proper to accept of honourable Terms, and sent Captain Van Braam to have Articles drawn at the French Camp, which were these, viz. That we were to deliver up the Fort by Day-break, and to be

be allowed to march out with our Drums beating and Colours flying, with our Arms and all our Stores, except the Cannon ; that we were not to build any more, or take up Arms against his most Christian Majesty for the Space of a Year. These Articles were signed by Colonel Washington and Captain Mackay ; Mr. La Force was likewise to be delivered up in two Months and a half, with all his People. For the Performance of which, Hostages were demanded and granted, viz. Captains Stobe and Vanbraam. We marched out in the Morning with all our Stores, but the Indians soon took every Thing from us. We had eighty-six killed and wounded, and the French, by the truest Accounts I could get, one hundred and seventeen. They were far superior to us in Number ; they were seven hundred, besides two hundred Indians, and we were only three hundred and fifty, and not above two thirds of these would engage. Among our Killed was Lieutenant Mercier of Captain Mackay's Company : We had about twenty-six killed ; the Wounded were Captain Lewis, Mr. Peronie, Lieutenant Towers, and Mr. Lloyd, a Cadet of Mackay's Company. I would have wrote to you more fully, but as Mr. Splitdorf, by whom this comes, is just going off Express, I am obliged to finish."

They write from Dublin, that not a Day passes without a Duel, nor without some Battles between the Commonalty, whereby many Lives are lost. Eleven Butchers, four Constables, and nine Soldiers, died lately of the Wounds they received in these Squabbles. If the Mob secure a Constable, he receives no Quarter.

They write also from Dublin, that the late Bishop of Cloyne, a little before his Death, sent Mr. Falkner, the Printer, the following Case : " There is at present, while I am writing, a most remarkable Case here at Cloyne, of a poor Soldier in a Dropsy, whose Belly was swoln to a most immoderate Size. He said he had been five Months in an Hospital at Dublin, and having tried other Methods in vain, left it to avoid being tapped. It is some Time since he came to Cloyne, during which he hath drank two Quarts of
Tar-Water

Tar-Water every Day. His Belly is now quite reduced ; his Appetite and Sleep, which were gone, are restored ; he gathers Strength every Moment ; and he who was despaired of, seems to be quite out of Danger, both to himself and to all who see him. It is remarkable, that upon drinking the Tar-Water, he voided several Worms of a very extraordinary Size. This Medicine, which is observed to make some Persons costive, is but one of several Instances, wherein the Dropsy hath been cured by Tar-Water, which I never knew to fail in any Species of that Malady."

DOMESTICK OCCURRENCES.

A few Days since died Mr. Jacob Powell, of Stebbing in Essex, remarkable for his uncommon Bulk and Size. He approached the nearest in Magnitude to the late famous Mr. Bright, of the same County, and weighed as much within a Trifle, his Weight being near 40 Stone, or 560 lb. His Body was upwards of five Yards in Circumference, and the rest of his Limbs in Proportion, and he had sixteen Men to carry him to his Grave. It is observable, that he and the said Bright were the two largest Men recorded in History, and both born in the said County of Essex.

The Dublin Journal informs us, that, for the Honour of Ireland, Mr. Joseph Ravell of Drogheda, has invented a Machine that will be of the greatest Use in Astronomy, Surveying, Navigation, Gunnery, and several other Branches of the Mathematicks ; for, from one Station, it shews the Distance of an Object within Sight, as accurately as if measured with a Chain on even Ground, and at the same Time shews the Elevation or Depression thereof to a Second, as well as the Bearing. By it any one, who can multiply by two or three Figures, may, in a few Minutes, determine the exact Shape and Dimensions of all the Sea Coast within Sight, from any eminent Station, to the greatest Exactness ; as also the Distance and Path-Way of a Ship at Sea, tho' her Tacks be ever so frequent, with her true Distance from any Rock, Island, or other Object at Sea, within Sight. He has

has exhibited this Instrument, and demonstrated the Uses thereof by many Experiments to several Persons of Skill in Dublin.

Three Ship Carpenters are in the Custody of Mr. Carington, one of his Majesty's Messengers in Jermyn-street, for illicit Practices; they have been since examined at the Cockpit.

It is said the Shipwrights were taken up by his Majesty's Messengers on Account of an Information being made that they had sent Models of our new-built Men of War Abroad.

A few Days ago a Woman near Greenwich, who had left her Child in the Cradle, while she went into a back Yard, when she came back, to her great Surprise, found a Sow in the Room, which had torn off the Child's Hand.

Some Time since a Fire broke out at Larling in Norfolk, which entirely consumed two Houses, and two Women were unfortunately burnt to Death in endeavouring to save their Furniture.

A melancholy Accident happened lately at the Seat of John Tuckfield, Esq; at Fullford in Devonshire. A Boy was sent to drive a Boar out of a Field, which turned upon him, and goaded him with his Tusks, that, notwithstanding two Surgeons were sent for from Exeter, he died of his Wounds.

George Cornwall, Esq; who lately died at his House in Surry, hath by his Will left a Legacy of Two Hundred Pounds to the Foundling Hospital.

Prices of S T O C K S.

Bank Stock, Books shut. India Ditto, 184 $\frac{1}{2}$. South Sea Stock, 115 $\frac{1}{2}$. Three 1 half per Cent. Old Annuities 1st Sub. Books shut. Ditto 2d Sub. Books shut. Ditto New 1st Sub. 102 $\frac{3}{4}$. Ditto 2d Sub. 101 $\frac{5}{8}$. Three 1 half Bank Annuities 1st Sub. Books shut. Ditto 2d Sub. Books shut. Ditto India Annuities, 100 $\frac{5}{8}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$. Three per Cent Bank Annuities, 102. Ditto 1751, 101. Ditto India Annuities, 100 to $\frac{1}{8}$. Bank Circulation, 41. 5s. Prem. India Bonds, 51. 2s. to 3s. Prem.

PRICES of GOODS at the Corn Exchange in Mark-Lane.

Wheat	23 to 27s. per Quarter.	Pale Malt	— 21 to 23s. od. per Qr.
Barley	13 to 14s. 6d.	Pease	— 23 to 24s.
Rye	16 to 17s. 6d.	Beans	— 20s.
Oats	12 to 14s. 6d.	Hemp Seed, Yorkshire,	18 to 19s.
Brown Malt	20s.	Ditto, West Country,	24s.

An Address to Atheists.

A THEISTS no more disown that GOD,
Whose Pow'r, is thus diffus'd abroad,
Rules Worlds to us unknown above,
Where glittering Orbs with Order move ;
Sustains by his o'er ruling Hand,
The beauteous Scenes of Sky and Land ;
Instructs the flutt'ring Young to fly,
And all the Tenants of the Sky,
Whose soft melodious warbling Throats,
Point out a GOD in thousand Notes.

No more prophane his Reverend Name,
Who wisely made this spacious Frame,
From a confus'd and jumbled Heap ;
Bounding the impetuous raging Deep.
Who out of Darkness call'd up Light,
Assigning Limits to the Night ;
Diffused Heat through all the Plants ;
Form'd various Insects, Flies and Ants ;
Spread a green Carpet o'er the Ground ;
Whose splendid Works the Groves resound ;
Who sits enthron'd in Realms of Light,
Where Angels pure, divinely bright,
And Saints admiring, guard his Throne,
And tune their Harps to CHRIST HIS SON.

'Tis to this universal Lord
All owe their Being : At whose Word,
When Night dispels the falling Day,
Myriads of Orbs their Beams display.
The scaly Tribe that skim the Sea,
The Whale, and all the inferior Spray,
By his Commission cut the Main,
And sport along the wat'ry Plain.
The Moon, whose faint and glimm'ring Light
Shines through the darksome Shades of Night :

And that bright Globe which rules the Day,
 Thy great Commands great GOD obey.
 What are we then compar'd to thee,
 A Drop to the Immensity
 Of the Ocean, that furrounds the Earth,
 Fix'd as its Limits at its Birth.
 Days, Months, and Years that glide away
 Swiftly, admitting no Delay ;
 Yea Ages, when they've took their Flight,
 Seem but a Moment in thy Sight,
 Thou wise, all-glorious, great Unknown !
 Thou powerful Godhead, Three in one.
 None can escape his searching Eye,
 To all our Thoughts He's ever nigh.
 When He his won'drous Works survey'd,
 He found all very good he'd made :
 The ætherial Clouds and spangling Skies,
 That veil his Brightness from our Eyes,
 Declare himself of Pow'r divine,
 In whom the brightest Glories shine.
 His Footstool is this lower Earth,
 Whence Man himself deriv'd his Birth :
 In all the Sons of *Adam's* Race,
 His wond'rous Footsteps we may trace ;
 The meanest Creatures here below,
 The Pencil of that Artist show.
 Then to this GOD, what Tongue, what Art,
 Sufficient Honour can impart ?
 Oh ! 'tis beyond the Reach of Thought,
 What no one yet e'er learn'd or taught !
 O then desist, no more abuse
 This powerful GOD ; no more misuse
 His Mercies, or his Grace refuse.
 Consider his peculiar Care,
 How he enumerates every Hair :
 Observe his Goodness, and improve
 His Favours, meditate his Love,
 With deep Humility receive
 His gracious Offers, and believe,

'Tis that GREAT HE whom ye defy,
 Who hurls his Thunder through the Sky ;
 Protects the Righteous, and imparts
 His holy Will to humble Hearts.
 But if ye still will urge his Might,
 Still in your impious Course delight,
 Still under *Satan's* Banner fight,
 And still his long Forbearance slight ;
 When all the Nations shall appear,
 And wait their Sentence at his Bar,
 CHRIST the just Judge, your awful GOD,
 Will on such Wretches pour a Load
 Of endless Miseries in Hell,
 Where harden'd Souls must ever dwell.

The dying Christian's Hope.

WHEN faint and sinking to the Shades of Death,
 I gasp with Pain for ev'ry bubbling Breath ;
 O may my Soul by some blest Foretaste know,
 That she's deliver'd from eternal Woe.
 May Hope in Christ dispel each gloomy Fear,
 And Thoughts like these my drooping Spirits cheer.
 What tho' my Sins are of a Crimson Stain,
 My Saviour's Blood can wash me white again :
 Tho' numerous as the twinkling Stars they be,
 Or Sands along the Margin of the Sea,
 Or as smooth Pebbles on some beachy Shore ;
 The Mercies of the Almighty still are more.
 He looks upon my Soul with pitying Eyes,
 Sees all my Fears, and listens to my Cries :
 He knows the Frailty of each human Breast,
 What Passions our unguarded Hearts molest ;
 And for the Sake of his dear dying Son,
 Will pardon all the Ills that I have done.
 Arm'd with so bright a Hope, I shall not fear
 To see my Death hourly approach more near.

M m m 2

But

But my Faith strength'ning as my Life decays,
My dying Breath shall mount to Heaven in Praise.

H Y M N *on* S O L I T U D E.

HAIL, ever-pleasing Solitude!
Companion of the Wise, and Good!
But, from whose holy, piercing Eye,
The Herd of Fools, and Villains fly.

Oh! how I love with thee to walk!
And listen to thy whisper'd Talk;
Which Innocence, and Truth imparts,
And melts the most obdurate Hearts.
Thine is th'unbounded Breath of Morn,
Just as the Dew-bent Rose is born;
And while meridian Fervors beat,
Thine is the Woodland's dumb Retreat;
But chief, when Evening Scenes decay,
And the faint Landskip skims away,
Thine is the doubtful drear Decline,
And that best Hour of Musing thine,

Descending Angels bless thy Train,
The Virtues of the Sage, and Swain;
Plain Innocence in white array'd,
And Contemplation rears the Head;
Religion, with her awful Brow,
And wrapp'd *Urania* waits on you.

Oh, let me pierce thy secret Cell!
And in thy deep Recesses dwell;
For ever with thy Raptures fir'd,
For ever from the World retir'd.

An ancient Author's Receipt to cure Sicknefs in Sheep, of what Kind ſoever it is.

IT is convenient (ſays he) for all Keepers of Sheep to have the following Medicine by them, as well in the Field as in the Houſe, to remedy any ſudden Sicknefs, and ſtay a Sheep alive till other Medicines can be got, eſpecially in the Fever, Pox, Rot, defective Lungs, or the like. It is (ſays he) excellent.----Take Penny-Royal, half a Handful, Scabious and Shepherd's-Purſe, a like Quantity; boil theſe, when you have bruifed them well, in three Pints of ſmall Ale, and ſtrain out the liquid Part by hard ſqueezing and preſſing the Herbs; then put to it two Ounces of *London Treacle*, put it up in a Bottle and ſtop it cloſe, and give a Quarter of a Pint of this to any Sheep you ſee in Diſorder, and it will be of wonderful Uſe for their Preſervation, and reſtoring them to Health.

The moſt general Sicknefs in Sheep proceeds from a defective Stomach, which Shepherds in *Buckinghamſhire*, call Maw-sick; when ſuch Sicknefs is in a great Degree, the Eyes of a Sheep will ſettle in its Head, it will groan much, and pine away, if not timely relieved; wherefore a Remedy that can quickly be got ready, muſt be *a-propos* in this Caſe: To this Purpoſe, take a Pint of new Milk, a Spoonful of Tar, and a Halfpennyworth of Honey; mix them together, and give it warm to a Sheep at twice.

The beſt Method of propagating Plants by Layers.

THE Directions we have given for raiſing of Plants by Cuttings, *Page 437*, may, in a great Meaſure ſerve for the raiſing of Plants by Layers; that is, we muſt take Care to bury Buds enough in the Ground when we make Layers, provided they are ſuch as are found upon a tender Shoot of the laſt Growth; but the old Wood of ſuch Plants, whoſe Subſtance is hard, ſuch as Oak, and the like, will

will not make Roots, tho' we lay them many Years in the Ground. The Season when we commonly make our Layers of Trees is in *September, October, or November*, because they may have Time enough to be acquainted with the Earth before the Spring comes on ; that is, that their gummy or rosinous Juices may be, by Degrees, impregnated with the watry Parts of the Earth, and, by that Means, facilitate their Change. It is a Practise among the Nursery-men, to cut off the Heads of such Trees as they design to increase by Layers, in order to make them produce young Shoots near the Ground, that they may be buried more easily in the Earth. These Mother Plants they call Stoles ; signifying a Shoot or Twig of a Tree sprung from an old Stock. But whatever Layers we make from such Twigs, must, when they are bent to the Ground, be carefully pinn'd down with hook'd Sticks, that when we have once fixed them they may not spring or start from their Places. In making of Layers to be taken from the Stocks, and transplanted without losing of Time, the best Way is to draw the Shoots of Plants through the Holes at the Bottom of Garden-Pots, and then filling the Pots with Earth, they will take Root in the Pots : But in the drawing such Shoots through the Holes in the Pots, we must take Care, that we do not break off the Buds from the Shoots. These Layers, when they have taken Root in the Pots, may be taken from the Mother-Tree, and, with all their Earth be turn'd out of the Pots, and set directly in a Place for bearing. Some Sorts, as Vines, for Example, will strike Root in five or six Months : We may lay them in *November or December*, and we may cut them from the Vine when their Grapes are ripe ; but some Sorts of Plants require to be buried 'till the second Year before they take Root : And, indeed, Vines may be cut from the Mother Plant much sooner, but then their Fruit will not be so perfectly good, as if we let them feed from the old Stock, 'till their Fruit is ripe, and then we may bring the whole Plant, with its Fruit, upon the Table, before we plant it in the natural Ground.

Remarkable

Remarkable Instance of the Uncertainty of Human Judgment.

A Gentleman died possessed of a very considerable Fortune, which he left to his only Child, a Daughter, and appointed his Brother to be her Guardian, and Executor of his Will. The young Lady was then about 18; and if she happen'd to die unmarried, or, if married, without Children, her Fortune was left to her Guardian and to his Heirs. As the Interest of the Uncle was now incompatible with the Life of the Niece, several other Relations hinted, that it would not be proper for them to live together. Whether they were willing to prevent any Occasion of Slander against the Uncle, in Case of the young Lady's Death; whether they had any Apprehension of her being in Danger; or whether they were only discontented with the Father's Disposition of his Fortune, and therefore propagated Rumours to the Prejudice of those who possessed it, cannot be known; the Uncle, however, took his Niece to his House near *Ep-ping Forest*, and soon afterwards she disappeared.

Great Enquiry was made after her, and it appearing, that the Day she was missing, she went out with her Uncle into the Forest, and that he returned without her, he was taken into Custody. A few Days afterwards he went through a long Examination, in which he acknowledged, that he went out with her, and pretended that she found Means to loiter behind him as they were returning home; that he sought her in the Forest as soon as he missed her, and that he knew not where she was, or what was become of her. This Account was thought improbable, and his apparent Interest in the Death of his Ward, and perhaps the petulant Zeal of other Relations, concurred to raise and strengthen Suspicions against him, and he was detained in Custody. Some new Circumstances were every Day rising against him. It was found, that the young Lady had been addressed by a neighbouring Gentleman, who had, a few Days before she was missing, set out on a Journey to the North; and that she had declared she would marry him when he returned: That her
Uncle

Uncle had frequently expressed his Disapprobation of the Match in very strong Terms : That she had often wept and reproached him with Unkindness and an Abuse of his Power. A Woman was also produced, who swore, that on the Day the young Lady was missing, about eleven o'Clock in the Forenoon, she was coming through the Forest, and heard a Woman's Voice expostulating with great Eagerness ; upon which she drew nearer the Place, and, before she saw any Person, heard the same Voice say, *Don't kill me, Uncle, don't kill me* ; upon which she was greatly terrified, and immediately hearing the Report of a Fire-arm very near, she made all the haste she could from the Spot, but could not rest in her Mind, till she had told what had happened.

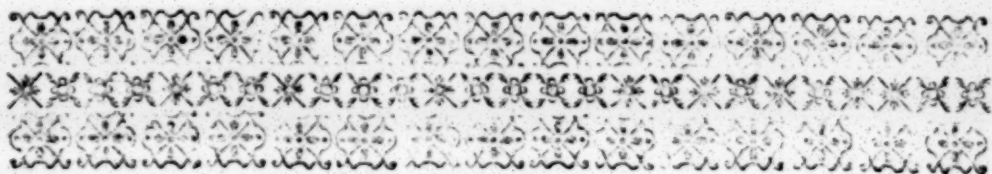
Such was the general Impatience to punish a Man, who had murdered his Niece to inherit her Fortune, that upon this Evidence he was condemned and executed.

About 10 Days after the Execution the young Lady came home. It appeared, however, that what all the Witnesses had sworn was true, and the Fact was found to be thus circumstanced :

The young Lady declared, that having previously agreed to go off with the Gentleman that courted her, he had given out, that he was going a Journey to the North ; but that he waited concealed at a little House near the Skirts of the Forest, till the Time appointed, which was the Day she disappeared. That he had Horses ready for himself and her, and was attended by two Servants also on Horseback. That as she was walking with her Uncle, he reproached her with persisting in her Resolution to marry a Man, of whom he disapproved ; and after much Altercation, she said with some Heat, *I have set my Heart upon it, and if I do not marry him it will be my Death ; and don't kill me, Uncle, don't kill me* ; that just as she had pronounced these Words, she heard a Fire-arm discharged very near her, at which she started, and immediately afterwards saw a Man come forward from among the Trees, with a Wood Pigeon in his Hand, that he had just shot. That coming near the Place appointed for their Rendezvous, she form'd a Pretence to let her Uncle go on before her, and her Suitor being waiting
for

for her with a Horse, she mounted and immediately rode off. That instead of going into the North, they retired to a House, in which he had taken Lodgings, near *Windfor*, where they were married the same Day; and in about a Week, went a Journey of Pleasure to *France*, from whence when they returned, they first heard of the Misfortune which they had inadvertently brought upon their Uncle.

So uncertain is human Testimony, even when the Witnesses are sincere, and so necessary is a cool and dispassionate Enquiry and Determination, with respect to Crimes that are enormous in the highest Degree, and committed with every possible Aggravation.



*Publick Transactions in Europe since our last, continued
from Page 448.*

WE hear from Petersbourg, that on the first of last Month the Grand Dutcheſs was happily brought to Bed of a Prince, the Birth of whom has cauſed great Joy to the Court.

On the ſecond of September about Ten o' Clock at Night they had a violent Shock of an Earthquake at Conſtantinople, which laſted about a Minute; though in other Parts it was thought longer. Its Direction was from the Eaſt, the Night was calm, and clear Moon-light. It has done conſiderable Damage. The famous Moſche of Sultan Mehemet, the firſt built in that City on the Conqueſt, has loſt ſeveral of its Cupolas. Seven Minarets or Steeples were thrown down, by which other Moſches and Houſes have ſuffered. Two of the ſeven Towers with ſome of the Walls are greatly damaged; as were all the Turrets, and many Parts of the Wall of that City. One great Khan totally deſtroyed, another rent and hurt; the Walls of the Priſon

of Galata fell in ; several of the weaker Houses interspersed in that City, are demolished ; and it is said many Persons lost their Lives. At Twelve that Night, and Two in the Morning, the Shock was repeated less violent ; and, to the 14th, at Three in the Morning, there has been daily several very sensible ones. It is reported that some Villages in Asia have been destroyed ; and that Nicomedia has greatly suffered. At or about the Time of the Earthquake, on the 14th in the Morning, a Fire happened near the Sultan's Palace near Besigdash, which he inhabits, and consumed a large Seraglio belonging to Parzade.

From Madrid they write that the King of *Spain* having approved the Infant Don Lewis's Resignation of his Cardinal's Hat, and other ecclesiastical Dignities, and that Prince having desired his Majesty to obtain for him in Marriage the Infanta Donna Maria Anne, second Daughter to the King of Portugal, the King has consented to make the Demand of her, and has appointed the Duke de Montellano, a Grande of Spain of the first Class, to execute this Commission at the Court of Lisbon. This Nobleman is getting ready his Equipage accordingly, and he is to have a numerous Retinue, composed of young Noblemen and Gentlemen of the most distinguished Families in Spain.

We are informed from Paris that the Chapter of Orleans persisting in their Refusal to administer the Sacraments, two Exempts of the Police are sent from thence to seize upon the Temporalities of the Canons which made this Refusal, with Orders to convoke a general Chapter to oblige them to administer the Sacraments, and a Member of Parliament is to attend at this Chapter to give an Account of the Proceedings. --- The Conversation of the Publick is very much engrossed about an extraordinary Secret discovered by a Swiss Physician, who, by Means of a certain Composition, pretends to preserve Life without eating or drinking. At first this was looked upon as a Joke, but People are since of a different Opinion, because, upon being sent for to the Court, he not only asserted the Truth of his Secret, but offered to make an Experiment of it upon any Persons who should be pitched upon for that Purpose, and likewise to make one of the

the Number himself. Accordingly some Soldiers were sent to the Royal Hospital of Invalids, where they were confined and watched for fifteen Days, during which Time they had no Food, except a Dose of Powder composed by this Physician, which he gave them in the Morning and at Night, diluted in Wine, Beer, or Water; and, at the Expiration of the fifteen Days, they appeared, as strong, and in as perfect Health as at first. After this Experiment the Physician underwent the same Course himself, with the like Effect. Notwithstanding these Proofs several suspect some Deceit; and in order to come at a greater Certainty, more Experiments are ordered to be made upon Prisoners, &c. after which the Benefits that may accrue from this Discovery are to be enquired into.

From Germany they write that the Grievances which the Protestants suffer in the Dominions of the Empress Queen are to be laid before the Diet at the next Meeting. This Affair is likely to be carried on with great Vigour, the Ministers of all the Protestant Courts having resolved to intercede with the Court of Vienna on this Occasion. The Minister of Brandebourg has lately intimated, that the King his Master will take the utmost Pains on this Account; and that if the Intercession of his Prussian Majesty, and other Protestant Princes, do not produce the wished for Effect, the Roman Catholics established in the Protestant States of the Empire, must not be surprized if they meet with the like severe Treatment, since the Refusal to do Justice to the Protestants will fully authorize such Reprizal.

A Letter from Amsterdam runs to this Effect: According to our last Advices from Asia, Africa, and America, the Dispute between the English and French, in all these Quarters of the World increase, and grow every Day more serious than other, how well soever the two Nations may seem to agree in Europe. The French Party in the other three Quarters appear to have the upper Hand, having found Means to get the Indian Nations in the Neighbourhood of the English Settlements, over to their Interest; and this is what gives Occasion to Quarrels and Skirmishes between

the two European Nations, who are thereby continually increasing their Inveteracy the one to the other.

S C O T L A N D,

From Edinburgh they write that lately was executed at Inverness, pursuant to his Sentence at last Circuit Court, John Shirvel, Soldier in General Wolfe's Regiment of Foot, for the barbarous Murder of his own Wife and Child. At the Place of Execution he behaved very penitently, and bade the Executioner not to be afraid, but do his Business with Courage, and not mangle his Arm, which was cut off, and fixed on the Gallows above him. He was afterwards hung in Chains.

DOMESTICK OCCURRENCES.

Lately came on in the Court of King's Bench, at Westminster, the long expected Trial at Bar, wherein our Sovereign Lord the King (on the Behalf of the People of Richmond Park) is Plaintiff, and Deborah Burges, Gate-keeper of Richmond Park, Defendant. The Counsel for the Crown are, Sir John Phillips, Bart. Mr. Alderman Richard Beckford, Mr. Starkey, Mr. Moreton, Mr. Parrott, Mr. Crowle, and two others. The Counsel against the Crown are, the Attorney and Solicitor General, and several other of his Majesty's Counsel learned in the Law. And the Trial ended late at Night; when the Jury, after withdrawing for about an Hour and a half, returned, and brought in the Defendant not guilty.

There was lately a grand Ball at St. James's. The King came into the Room soon after Nine o'Clock, when the Ball was opened. His Majesty withdrew soon after Eleven, and the Prince of Wales and Prince Edward continued dancing Country Dances till near Twelve, when the Ball ended. The Quality, especially the Ladies, made a most brilliant Appearance, the Dresses being as rich as Art could invent, and chiefly of British Manufacture. The Right Hon. the Lord

Lord Mayor was there, and received some very high Compliments.

Orders are sent to the Searchers of the Sea Ports in the County of Kent, to be very strict in examining all Passengers of mean Degree, that go to France; it being discovered that many Men, especially Natives of Ireland, daily embark to enlist themselves in the Service of the French King.

Stephen Theodore Janssen, Esq; Lord Mayor elect for the Year ensuing, was sworn at Guildhall on the 29th of October last; when the Chair, and other Ensigns of Mayoralty, were surrendered to him in the accustomed Manner.

The Treasurer of the Foundling Hospital has received his Majesty's Benefaction thereto of 1000 l. directed to be applied towards supplying a Preacher in the Chapel of that Hospital, and to instruct the Children in the Christian Religion, and for other incidental Expences attending the said Chapel, being his Majesty's further Benefaction to that Charity; and a Boy and Girl were lately placed out to Service, as many have already been.

The Smugglers in France stopped lately the Trevoux Stage Coach, but took nothing from the Passengers. A Gentlewoman, however, swooned away with the Fright, and never recovered. They said they wanted a Comptroller of the Farms, who had made a Seizure of some of their Goods.

Private Letters by a late Mail advise, that an Earthquake happened lately at Grand Cairo, which has done much more Damage than the Shocks at Constantinople. According to the confused Accounts which are arrived in Town, many whole Streets were swallowed up, and several thousands of the Inhabitants have perished.

We hear that Ten per Cent. of the Principal of the Hungarian Copper Loan will be paid the 6th of January next, together with the half Year's Interest that will then be due.

We hear the contagious Distemper is broke out amongst the horned Cattle of Thomas Beckett, Farmer, at Westterham in Kent.

Whitehall,

Whitehall, October 26. Letters from Fort St. George in the East Indies, dated the 9th of March last, by the Ship Durrington, lately arrived, have brought the following Advices.

On the 28th of November, 1753, the French made an Attempt to take Titchenopoly (by surprise) a strong Place belonging to the Nabob, in which was a Garrison commanded by Capt. Kilpatrick; they made the Attack about four o'Clock that Morning with 800 Europeans. Their black Forces were to make several false Attacks on different Parts of the Town; by the Darkness of the Night, and the Carelessness of a Guard, they got over the Ditch, fixed their Ladders, and 600 of them, without firing a Shot, got Possession of a Battery on the outward Wall, called Dalton's Battery. By this Time an accidental Shot or two alarmed the Garrison, who immediately repaired to their Posts, and attacked the Party on the Battery, who defended themselves till Day-light, and made several Attempts to scale the inward Wall and pettard the Gate, but were kept off by the Garrison. By Day break, those that did not chuse to venture their Necks by jumping off of the Battery to save themselves called out for Quarter, which was given them. There were taken in the Battery 97 European Prisoners, besides sixty five wounded, and forty two killed in the Ditch, and nine Officers; the rest of the Loss was not known, but it was believed must have been pretty considerable. In this Action the Garrison had scarce any Loss.

From the Time of the before mentioned Action, until the Middle of February following nothing material happened, when Col. Lawrence, who was then encamped near Tritchenopoly, was obliged, according to Custom, to send a Party to escort Provisions to the Camp, consisting of 230 Europeans, eight Officers, about 500 Seapoys, and four Pieces of Cannon. They marched on the 12th of February, and in their Return upon the 15th were attacked by a Party of the Enemy, consisting of 120 of French, two Companies of Foreigners, the French Troop of 100 Men, 1000 Topasses, 6000 Seapoys, all their Black Cavalry, in Number about 8000, and seven Pieces of Cannon. This

Detachment

Detachment moved in the Night, and came up with Col. Lawrence's detached Party by break of Day, as they were on their March. What Men could do they did; but the commanding Officer, unfortunately afraid of losing his Baggage, divided his Force to save it; upon which the Enemy fell in amongst them, and although they paid dearly for it, killed, or took Prisoners, almost the whole Party.

The Governor and Council of Fort St. George, on receiving Advice of this Action, dispatched two Vessels with Troops on board for Fort St. David, to join Col. Lawrence where they arrived about the Middle of March last, and the Colonel advises, that his Men were in good Spirits, and wished for an Opportunity to repair this Slip of their Countrymen.

Those two Vessels were convoyed to Fort St. David by the Durrington, lately arrived in England; and the Company have received no Advices of a later Date than the Time of that Ship's Departure from India, which was about the Middle of March.

Extract of a Letter from Coolmoore, the Seat of Thomas Newenham, Esq; dated October 17.

“ When I came here I found my House in a dismal Condition, occasioned by the most dreadful Shower of Hail that I believe ever happened in the Kingdom of Ireland, which fell last Saturday about four in the Afternoon. The Stones were so large, and edged with Points like Ifficles, that the whole Circumference measured 11 or 12 Inches round; the Stone itself was about eight. I should not have believed it, but many Gentlemen of my Acquaintance affirmed it for Truth, as they measured them. All the Panes in the back Part of the House were broke, except Half a Dozen; many Pigeons (as the House is not finished) were knocked down, and one really killed. The Shower came from the West, West and by South. It just touched Mr. Hodder's of Hoddersfield, and then Mr. Jeffrey's, and then fell all at once upon mine, and some on Mr. Connor's of Ballybreckan, who had some few Panes broke; but the Damage I have received is 20l. in Glass only. The Horses in the Fields were

were so frightened that they had like to have killed themselves by running into the Wood for shelter; and to compleat the Misfortune, in half an Hour after, the Kitchen Chimney was set on Fire by a Flash of Lightning, but thank God it did no farther Damage."

A Stone whose Circumference lengthways measured full seven Inches and three Quarters, round the Centre of it six Inches and a Quarter, and weighed upwards of five Ounces, was lately extracted in the County Hospital at York, from a Patient aged thirty-five, who is now apprehended to be out of Danger.

From Hanover they write, that the Troops of that Electorate are to be new cloathed in the Spring, and to hold themselves in Readiness to be reviewed by the King, who is expected there about the Middle of April.

The Lords of the Admiralty have been pleased to order the Vanguard, the Culloden, and Captain, three seventy Gun Ships, to be forthwith victualled and manned up to their full Compliment, being intended for Channel Service.

And we are informed that several more Men of War will speedily be put into Commission.

By Letters from Paris we learn, that the Right Hon. the Lord Powis Court lately undertook to ride there of his own Horses from Fontainebleau to Paris, being fourteen French Leagues, in an Hour and four Minutes, which his Lordship performed with Ease, and by which he won of the Duke of Orleans, and others of the French Nobility, upwards of One Thousand Pounds.

Prices of S T O C K S.

Bank Stock, no Price. Ditto India, 184 to 183 $\frac{1}{2}$. South Sea Stock, 116 $\frac{1}{2}$. Three 1 half per Cent. Old Annuities 1st Sub. 102 $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$. Ditto 2d Sub. 101 $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$. Ditto New 1st Sub. 100 $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$. Ditto 2d Sub. 102 $\frac{1}{2}$. Three 1 half Bank Annuities 1st Sub. 102 $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$. Ditto 2d Sub. 101 $\frac{1}{2}$. Ditto India Annuities, 100 $\frac{1}{2}$. Three per Cent Bank Annuities, 102 $\frac{1}{2}$. Ditto 1751, 101 $\frac{1}{2}$. Ditto India Annuities, 100 $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$. New Bank Circulation, 11. Prem. India Bonds, 5l. 4s. to 5s. Prem.

PRICES of GOODS at the Corn Exchange in Mark-Lane.

Wheat	22 to 26s. per Quarter.	Pale-Malt	— 20 to 22s. od. per Qr.
Barley	13 to 15s. 6d.	Pease	— 20 to 22s.
Rye	17 to 17s. 6d.	Beans	— 18 to 20s.
Oats	10 to 12s. 6d.	Hemp Seed, Yorkshire,	18s. t 19s.
Brown Malt	18 to 20s. od.	Ditto West Country	24s. od.

The Happy Man.

I.

SERENE as Light, is *MYRON*'s Soul,
 And active as the Sun, yet steady as the Pole :
 In manly Beauty shines his Face ;
 Every Muse, and every Grace,
 Makes his Heart and Tongue their Seat,
 His Heart profusely good, his Tongue divinely sweet.
MYRON, the Wonder of our Eyes,
 Behold his Manhood scarce begun !
 Behold his Race of Virtue run !
 Behold the Goal of Glory won !
 Nor Fame denies the Merit, nor with-holds the Prize ;
 Her Silver Trumpets his Renown proclaim :
 The Lands where Learning never flew,
 Which neither *Rome* nor *Athens* knew,
 Surly *Japan* and rich *Peru*,
 In barbarous Songs, pronounce the *British* Hero's Name.

“ Airy Blifs (the Hero cry'd)
 “ May feed the Tympany of Pride ;
 “ But healthy Souls were never found
 “ To live on Emptiness and Sound.

II.

Lo, at his honourable Feet
 Fame's bright Attendant, *WEALTH*, appears ;
 She comes to pay Obedience meet,
 Providing Joys for future Years ;
 Blessings with lavish Hand she pours
 Gather'd from the *Indian* Coast ;
 Not *Danae*'s Lap could equal Treasures boast,
 When *Jove* came down in golden Show'rs.

He look'd and turn'd his Eyes away,
 With high Disdain I heard him say,
 “ Blifs is not made of glittering Clay.

III.

NOW POMP and GRANDEUR court his Head
 With Scutcheons, Arms, and Ensigns spread :
 Gay Magnificence and State,
 Guards and Chariots at his Gate,
 And Slaves in endless Order round his Table wait :
 They learn the Dictates of his Eyes,
 And now they fall, and now they rise,
 Watch every Motion of their Lord,
 Hang on his Lips with most impatient Zeal,
 With swift Ambition seize th' unfinish'd Word,
 And the Command fulfil.
 Tir'd with the Train that GRANDEUR brings,
 He dropt a Tear and pity'd Kings :
 Then flying from the noisy Throng,
 Seeks the Diversion of a Song.

IV.

MUSICK descending on a silent Cloud,
 Tun'd all her Strings with endless Art ;
 By slow Degrees from soft to loud
 Changing the rose : The Harp and Flute
 Harmonious join, the Hero to salute,
 And make a Captive of his Heart.
 Fruits, and rich Wine, and Scenes of lawless LOVE
 Each with utmost Luxury strove
 To treat their Favourite best ;
 But sounding Strings, and Fruits, and Wine,
 And lawless Love, in vain combine
 To make his Virtue sleep, or lull his Soul to rest.

V.

He saw the tedious Round, and, with a Sigh,
 Pronounc'd the World but Vanity.
 " In Crowds of Pleasure still I find
 " A painful Solitude of Mind.
 " A Vacancy within which Sense can ne'er supply.
 " Hence, and be gone, ye flatt'ring Snares,
 " Ye vulgar Charms of Eyes and Ears,
 " Ye unperforming Promisers !
 " Be all my baser Passions dead,

" And

- “ And base Desires, by Nature made
 “ For Animals and Boys :
 “ Man has a Relish more refin’d,
 “ Souls are for social Blifs design’d,
 “ Give me a Blessing fit to match my Mind,
 “ A Kindred-Soul to double and to share my Joys.

VI.

MYRRHA appear’d : *Serene her Soul*
And active as the Sun, yet steady as the Pole :
In softer Beauties shone her Face ;
Every Muse, and every Grace,
Made her Heart and Tongue their Seat,
Her Heart profusely good, her Tongue divinely sweet :
MYRRHA the Wonder of his Eyes ;
 His Heart recoil’d with sweet Surprise,
 With Joys unknown before :
 His Soul dissolv’d in pleasing Pain,
 Flow’d to his Eyes, and look’d again,
 And could endure no more.
 “ Enough ! (th’ impatient Hero cries)
 “ And seiz’d her to his Breast,
 “ I seek no more below the Skies,
 “ I give my Slaves the rest.”

JESUS the only Saviour.

I.

ADAM, our Father and our Head
 Transgress ; and Justice doom’d us dead :
 The fiery Law speaks all Despair,
 There’s no Reprieve, nor Pardon there.

II.

Call a bright Council in the Skies ;
 “ Seraphs the Mighty and the Wise,
 “ Say, what Expedient can you give,
 “ That Sin be damn’d, and Sinners live?

O O O 2

III.

III.

“ Speak are you strong to bear the Load,
 “ The weighty Vengeance of a God ?
 “ Which of you loves our wretched Race,
 “ Or dares to venture in our Place ?

IV.

In vain we ask : for all around
 Stands Silence thro’ the heavenly Ground :
 There’s not a glorious Mind above
 Has half the Strength, or half the Love.

V.

But O unutterable Grace !
 Th’ Eternal Son takes *Adam’s* Place ;
 Down to our World the Saviour flies,
 Stretches his naked Arms, and dies.

VI.

Justice was pleas’d to bruise the God,
 And pay its Wrongs, with heavenly Blood ;
 What unknown Racks and Pangs he bore !
 Then rose : The Law could ask no more.

VII.

Amazing Work ! look down, ye Skies,
 Wonder and gaze with all your Eyes ;
 Ye heavenly Thrones, stoop from above,
 And bow to this mysterious Love.

VIII.

See, how they bend ! See, how they look !
 Long they had read th’ Eternal Book,
 And studied dark Decrees in vain,
 The Cross and *Calvary* makes them plain.

IX.

Now they are struck with deep Amaze,
 Each with his Wings conceals his Face ;
 Now clap their sounding Plumes, and cry,
The Wisdom of a DEITY !

X.

Low they adore th’ Incarnate Son.
 And sing the Glories he had won ;

Sing

Sing how he broke our Iron Chains,
How deep he sunk, how high he reigns.

XI.

Triumph and reign, victorious Lord,
By all thy flaming Hosts ador'd :
And say, dear Conqueror, say how long.
E'er we shall rise to join their Song.

XII.

Lo, from afar the promis'd Day
Shines with a well distinguish'd Ray ;
But my wing'd Passion hardly bears
These Lengths of slow delaying Years.

XIII.

Send down a Chariot from above,
With fiery Wheels, and pav'd with Love ;
Raise me beyond th' Ethereal Blue,
To sing and love as Angels do.

PLUTUS, CUPID, *and* TIME.

A F A B L E.

OF all the Burthens Man must bear,
TIME seems most galling and severe ;
Beneath this grievous Load oppress'd
We daily meet some Friend distress'd.

Times fugitive and light as Wind ;
'Tis Indolence that clogs your Mind :
That Load from off your Spirits shake,
You'll own, and grieve for your Mistake.
A while your thoughtless Spleen suspend,
Then read ; and (if you can) attend.

As *Plutus*,* to divert his Care,
Walk'd forth one Morn to taste the Air,
Cupid o'ertook his strutting Pace,
Each star'd upon the Stranger's Face,

'Till

* The suppos'd God of Riches among the Ancients.

'Till Recollection set 'em right ;
 For each knew t'other but by Sight.
 After some complimentary Talk,
Time met 'em, bow'd, and join'd their Walk.
 Their Chat on various Subjects ran,
 But most, what each had done for Man.
Plutus assumes a haughty Air,
 Just like our Purse-proud Fellows here.

Let Kings, (says he) let Coblers tell,
 Whose Gifts among Mankind excel.
 Consider Courts : What draws their Train ?
 Think you 'tis Loyalty or Gain ?
 That Statesman hath the strongest Hold
 Whose Tool of Politicks is Gold :
 By that, in former Reigns, 'tis said,
 The Knave in Pow'r hath Senates led :
 By that alone he sway'd Debates,
 Enrich'd himself, and beggar'd States.
 Forego your Boast. You must conclude,
 That's most esteem'd that's most pursu'd.
 Think too, in what a woeful Plight
 That Wretch must live whose Pocket's light :
 Are not his Hours by Want deprest :
 Penurious Care corrodes his Breast :
 Without Respect, or Love, or Friends,
 His solitary Day descends.

You might, says *Cupid*, doubt my Parts,
 My Knowledge too in human Hearts,
 Should I the Pow'r of Gold dispute,
 Which great Examples might confute.
 I know, when nothing else prevails,
 Persuasive Money seldom fails ;
 That Beauty too (like other Wares)
 It's Price, as well as Conscience, bears.
 Then Marriage (as of late profess'd)
 Is but a Money Jobb at best :
 Consent, Compliance, may be sold ;
 But Love's beyond the Price of Gold.

Smugglers

Smugglers there are, who by Retail,
Expose what they call Love to Sale :
Such Bargains are an arrant Cheat ;
You purchase Flatt'ry and Deceit.
Those who true Love have ever try'd,
(The common Cares of Life supply'd)
No Wants endure, no Wishes make,
But ev'ry real Joy partake ;
All Comfort on themselves depends,
They want nor Pow'r, or Wealth, or Friends :
Love then hath ev'ry Bliss in Store ;
'Tis Friendship, and 'tis something more :
Each other ev'ry Wish they give,
Not to know Love, is not to live.

Or Love, or Money (*Time* reply'd)
Were Men the Question to decide,
Would bear the Prize ; on both intent.
My Boon's neglected or mispent.
'Tis I who measure vital Space,
And deal out Years to Human Race :
Though little priz'd and seldom fought,
Without me, Love and Gold are nought.
How does the Miser Time employ ?
Did I e'er see him Life enjoy ?
By me forsook, the Hoards he won
Are scatter'd by his lavish Son.
By me all useful Arts are gain'd,
Wealth, Learning, Wisdom are attain'd.
Who then would think (since such my Pow'r)
That e'er I knew an idle Hour ?
So subtile and so swift I fly,
Love's not more fugitive than I.
Who hath not heard Coquettes complain
Of Days, Months, Years, mispent in vain ?
For Time misus'd they pine and waste,
And Love's sweet Pleasures never taste.
Those who direct their Time aright,
If Love or Wealth their Hopes excite,

In each Pursuit fit Hours employ'd,
 And both by *Time* have been enjoy'd.
 How heedless then are Mortals grown!
 How little is their Interest known?
 In ev'ry View they ought to mind me,
 For when once lost they never find me.

He spoke. The Gods no more contest,
 And his superior Gift confest;
 That *Time* (when truly understood)
 Is the most precious earthly Good.

The RESIGNATION.

'T IS done! the darling Idol I resign,
 Unfit to share a Heart so justly thine;
 Nor can the heav'nly Call unwelcome be,
 That still invites my Soul more near to thee;
 Thou dost but take the dying Lamps away,
 To bless me with thy own unmingled Day.
 Ye Shades, ye Phantoms, and ye Dreams, adieu!
 With Smiles I now your parting Glories view.
 I see the Hand, I worship, I adore,
 And justify the great disposing Pow'r.
 Divine Advantage! O immortal Gain!
 Why should my fond, ungrateful Heart complain?
 Whate'er of Beauty in this ample Round
 The Sun surveys, in THEE is brighter found;
 Whate'er the Skies, in all their splendid Cost,
 Their beamy Pride, and Majesty can boast;
 Whate'er the restless Mind of Man desires;
 Whate'er an Angel's vaster Thought admires;
 In thee 'tis found in its unchanging Height,
 Thou first great Spring of Beauty and Delight;
 What have I lost of excellent, or fair,
 Of kind, or good, that thou can'st not repair?
 What have I lost of Truth or Amity,
 But what deriv'd its gentle Source from thee?

What



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